TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

August, 25¢

The Man Who Won and Lost an Empire

By Tom Bailey

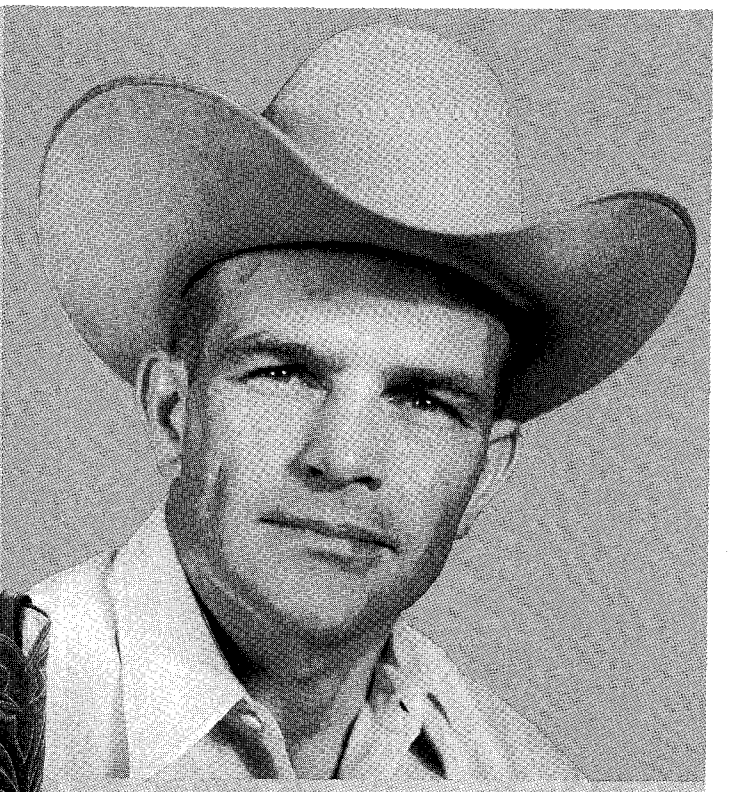
12807-31
E H HOVENDEN D D S
BOX 457
FT JONES CALIFORNIA

Hell-hole of the San Bernardinos • Buried Treasure of the Little Big Horn

Sitting Bull's Picture Story • Steamboat Through Hell's Canyon • The Lost Six-Shooter Mine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Champions Choose Kangaroo



For real comfort and good looks choose Tony Lama boots of aniline tanned benedictine kangaroo. This fine leather deserves the quality construction built into every pair of Tony Lama boots.

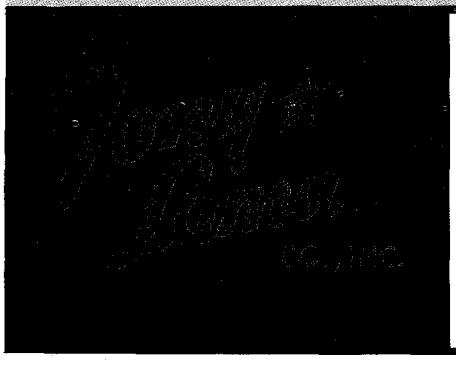
STYLE 332 THE RODEO RIDER

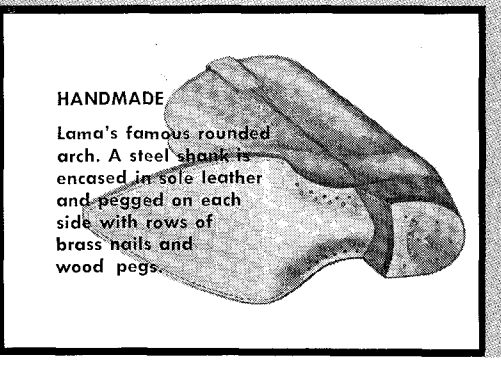
STYLE 39 WELLINGTON

STYLE 11
THE CHAMPION

DEB COPENHAVER: 1955 and 56 Champion Saddle Bronc Rider has been high in the R.C.A. standings for the past nine years. Deb, from Post Falls, Idaho, started rodeoing when he was only 15.

DEB COPENHAVER insists on Tony Lama boots. "Performance after performance Lama's hand crafted construction and western styling give me greater comfort and longer wear," says Deb.





HANDMADE

Lama's famous rounded arch. A steel shank is encased in sole leather and pegged on each side with rows of brass nails and wood pegs.

WRITE FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST DEALER

219 S. OREGON ST.
EL PASO, TEXAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy 12 monthly issues of SHOOTING TIMES

"the gun world's pocket newspaper"

and save 1/3

with this special introductory offer...

USE THIS COUPON OR A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER

That's right! 12 pleasure-packed SHOOTING TIMES for only $2.00 . . . a saving of $1.00 under regular subscription price. And you'll enjoy features on History, Muzzle Loading, Precision Shooting, Gunsmithing, Big Game & Upland Hunting, Reloading, Trap & Skeet, Cartridges, Shotgunning, The Technical Aspect of Guns, Book Reviews, New Products and The Lore of Guns. You'll also enjoy the mammoth classified market place for gun collectors & traders. Take advantage of this offer now! Fill out the coupon below or use a separate piece of paper. (No need to pay now; we'll bill you later.)

SPECIAL OFFER!

SAVE 1/3 on the world's only guns and hunting newspaper. SHOOTING TIMES is yours for just $2.00 per year if you act NOW!

SHOOTING TIMES, Dept. D
Box 1500, War Memorial Dr., Peoria, Ill.

☐ PAYMENT ENCLOSED
☐ BILL ME LATER

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ ZONE _____

State _____

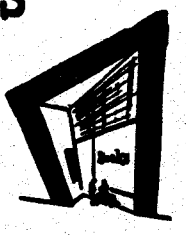
This offer good for a limited time in U.S., possessions & Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McMurray's

the personal Bookshop

Offers The Best In Western Books



THE EARP BROTHERS OF TOMBSTONE by Frank Waters
A new and realistic portrait of Wyatt Earp based on the dictated recollections of Mrs. Virgil Earp. A vivid reconstruction of the gun fighting in the O.K. Corral. The most controversial treatment of the Earp brothers to date. $5.00

THE DAY OF SAN JACINTO by Frank Tolbert
Relates the events of the bloody battle in which Sam Houston and the Texas Irregulars, seeking revenge for the Alamo, drove Santa Ana from Texas. $4.75

WILLIE BOY by Harry Lawton
A story of a famous and exciting man hunt in Southern California during the fall of 1909. The true story behind the story of Willie, the mad dog of the Morongos. $5.95

KELLY BLUE by W. W. Johnson
A fine life of H. O. Kelly—artist, cowboy, stud horse and jack man, latter-day frontiersman without parallel. $3.95

THE APPALOOSA HORSE by Haines, etc.
Their history, their records, their pictures—whatever you want to know of the Appaloosa. $12.50

THE PERALTA GRANT by D. M. Powell
A careful consideration of the most fantastic hoax of them all—James Addison Reavis and the barony of Arizona. $3.75

Magnificent reproduction of the two rarest Western Americana items:

PROSE AND POETRY OF THE LIVESTOCK INDUSTRY by Raymon F. Adams $100.00

CATTLE INDUSTRY OF TEXAS (2 volumes) with introduction by J. Frank Dobie $100.00

If bought as a set, both titles $175.00

A FITTING DEATH FOR BILLY THE KID by Ramon F. Adams
This hard-hitting, objective account discovers the truth about The Kid. For the sake of accurate history and biography, the author places Billy the Kid squarely in the sights of his literary revolver and provides this "fitting death" for the no-account cowboy-gone-bad. $4.95

☐ Check Here For McMurray's FREE BOOK LISTINGS
We will send you descriptive titles of brand new and old favorite reprints of WESTERNS.

THE RAMPAGING HERD by Ramon F. Adams
A bibliography listing and describing reminiscences, local and general histories, brand books, lore, and legends of the West during the range cattle era. $15.00

STORY OF LOTTIE DENO by J. Marvin Hunter
The beautiful Lottie pitted her skill with cards in the notorious gambling halls of old San Antonio before moving on to old Fort Griffin where she played a lonely hand with notorious gamblers. $6.00

TRAILS AND TRIALS OF A TEXAS RANGER by William Warren Sterling
An absorbing autobiography by the man who served in the most remote Texas Ranger Camps on the Rio Grande and eventually became the Commander of the Rangers, the Adjutant General of Texas. $7.50

ORDER FROM McMURRAY'S
—Any Book in Print!—Any Out of Print Book! On out of print books we search and find rare and unusual books and quote price and condition of book without charge to you or obligation to buy the book.

McMurray's Bookshop
1411 Commerce
Dallas 1, Texas

☐ Cash
☐ C. O. D.
☐ Chg. My Reg. Acct.
☐ Please send Credit Card Application.

Please send the following books I have checked below.
( ) The Earp Brothers of Tombstone .....$ 5.00
( ) The Day of San Jacinto .....$ 4.75
( ) Willie Boy .....$ 5.95
( ) Kelly Blue .....$ 3.95
( ) The Appaloosa Horse $12.50
( ) The Peralta Grant .....$ 3.75
( ) Prose and Poetry of the Livestock Industry $100.00
( ) Cattle Industry of Texas $100.00
( ) Prose and Poetry of the Livestock Industry, and Cattle Industry of Texas ..$175.00
( ) A Fitting Death for Billy The Kid ....$ 4.95
( ) The Rampaging Herd $15.00
( ) Story of Lottie Deno .....$ 6.00
( ) Trails and Trials of a Texas Ranger ...$ 7.50

Name .....
Address .....
City .....State .....

July-August, 1960
Volume 7, No. 6
Whole No. 40

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Editor and Publisher

ANGEL LESHIKAR
Associate Publisher

DR. WALTER P. WEBB
Historical Consultant

FLORENCE FENLEY
Field Editor

GAYLE TERBAY
Circulation Manager

SANDRA DATSHKOVSKY
Assistant Editor

PAT WAGNER
Advertising Manager

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, President, American Historical Association for 1958.

In This Issue—

"YESNOYESNOYESNO!" 4
THE MAN WHO WON AND LOST AN EMPIRE ..... By Tom Bailey 6
APACHE LAWS ..... By Miles M. Collier 11
BISBEE'S FIVE BLACK GHOSTS ..... By A. D. LeBaron 12
FAMOUS CARTRIDGES OF THE OLD WEST ..... By Richard H. Chamberlain 15
BUFFALOED BULLS ..... By Charles Wayland Towne 16
HELL-HOLE OF THE SAN BERNARDINOS ..... By Nell Murbarger 18
SITTING BULL'S PICTURE STORY ..... By Norman B. Wiltsey 20
STEAMBOAT THROUGH HELL'S CANYON ..... By Dale Nelson 22
THE LOST SIX-SHOOTER MINE ..... By Milton F. Rose 24
BURIED TREASURE ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN .. By Jean M. Moore 26
FROM SPLIT RAILS TO BARBED WIRE ... By Walter Prescott Webb 28
FIGHTIN' PHYSICIANS ON THE FRONTIER .... By Richard Dunlop 30
I RODE A BEAR .... By Charles Ward Erwin as told to Edwin Henry 32
"THERE'S A HOG THIEF AMONG US!" ..... By Arthur Shoemaker 34
TRULY WESTERN 37
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP ..... By The Old Bookaroos 58

Cover: Taylor Oughton

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin 31, Texas. 25c per copy, $3.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. $3.75 for 12 issues in Canada and all other countries. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Austin, Texas, April 22, 1953, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

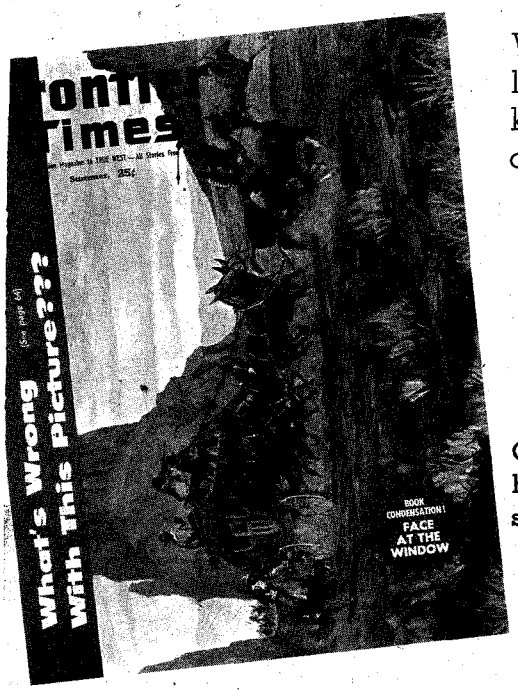
Copyright 1960 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS.

Three weeks' advance notice and old address as well as new are required for change of subscriber's address.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped envelope with all submissions. Please inquire before sending in original art.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can You Find The Mistakes?



We're really going to have some fun on this one! Everybody likes to hunt for mistakes on our covers. How much do you know about horses, Indians, old stagecoaches, etc.? Pick up a copy off the newsstand and see page 64 for details.

Pioneer woman on the raw frontier —

Face at the Window

Orphaned at the age of eighteen, Anna Payne vowed to manage and hold her ranch at the risk of becoming the third victim in a diabolic scheme of murder!

This is True West!

FRONTIER TIMES is TRUE WEST—with just a different title. This was done in order to keep both magazines on the newsstands longer so we could sell more copies and come out better financially in order to do what you want us to do—EFFECT MONTHLY PUBLICATION. If you can't find FRONTIER TIMES, look under Magazines in the yellow pages (or ask your newsstand owner) and call the wholesaler. Tell him you've just GOT to have more TW and FT at your favorite newsstand, and you won't go without. We'll send any number to any wholesaler—as many as he wants.

CHECK THIS PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS:

SLAUGHTER IN WHITE ANGEL RAVINE. In one afternoon, Santa Rita deceived and killed their friendly Indian neighbors for a price—a price that was more than doubled for the innocent citizens scalps!

THE GOLD SHIP. With $1,250,000 on her deck, "Luella" battled the "wild Mizzou," Indians, buffaloes and sandbars to establish a record for the richest gold run made by a river steamboat.

STAGECOACH! Rocking and rumbling across Western trails, the Concord stage outran floods, Indians and outlaws—introducing an adventure-filled era in the history of the West.

$180,000—NINETY FEET DOWN. On the Gulf side of Matagorda Bay, a stolen fortune was tipped over the side of a small boat. The "South Wind's" captain didn't know he'd lost the money until a man jumped overboard.

THE TOWN THAT DIED LAUGHING. The hell-raising boys of Frisco, Kansas, got "funnier and funnier" until the residents could stand it no longer—they just up and moved away.

AMERICA'S FIRST TRAIN ROBBERIES. Back in 1866 a crime was so perfectly staged that another gang robbed the same train in the same place and the same way—but they got caught.

FIGHT OR DIE! It began as a "quick campaign to catch Crazy Horse." Now, as the powerful Indian chief hovered over the starved, dog-tired Third Cavalry, they had but one choice!

This is really a jam-packed issue with more stories than we can tell you about—like I SAW A TOWN DIE, THE TOUGHEST MAN IN MONTANA TERRITORY, and "DON' DONE ANYT'ING TO MAKE FUSS!" "Nuggets" brings you GOD SAVED MY LIFE, HE SPIT IN A SNAKE'S EYE, HOW TO BUILD A SODDY and SHE DRESSED CALAMITY JANE FOR HER FUNERAL. All these wonderful stories, along with your favorites, "Frontier Post" and Western Book Roundup and a special cover feature, will carry you down the rutted back-trails of the Old West to high adventure! Don't miss the Summer issue of **Frontier Times.**

If you have trouble finding FRONTIER TIMES on your newsstand, fill in the coupon and make sure of getting it regularly.

FRONTIER TIMES, Box 5008-60, Austin 31, Texas

I am enclosing ☐ $1 for 4 issues; ☐ $2 for 8 issues; ☐ $3 for 12 issues (check one) of FRONTIER TIMES.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUL ANCHOR ARCHIVES

Treasure Books Exclusively

LOST TREASURE OF COCOS ISLAND—Just published. Full story of the biggest hidden treasure on earth. 416 pps., illus. $5.00

GHOST TOWNS OF TEXAS by King
Describes and gives history of over 150 boom towns that have faded away. Hard cover. 140 pages, illustrated. $2.50

PAN GOLD FOR PROFIT by Robertson
Facts about gold, where to prospect, placers, panning, sluicing, the law, how to sell your gold, outfitting, instruments, etc. Illustrated. $1.00

BIG GHOST MAP—3x2 feet—Locates 86 deserted Ghost Towns, formerly mining centers in California, Nevada and Arizona with roads to them. $1.00

BIGGEST TREASURE MAP OF THE U. S.—3 feet long, locating 445 lost, sunken, buried, hidden treasures. On heavy paper. Best published. $1.00

AMERICAN TREASURE HUNTERS GUIDE by Johnson
Buried Land treasures of U.S. 63 described. 83 pages, 7x9 inches. $2.00

FOR TREASURE BOOKS, MAPS, CHARTS
FOUL ANCHOR ARCHIVES ARE SPECIALISTS
We pay postage on all shipments and orders leave within 24 hours after receipt. Please—No. C.O.D.'s. Catalogue of over 100 Treasure items with each order.

FOUL ANCHOR ARCHIVES
25 Vale Place
Rye, New York

☐ Cash
☐ M.O.
☐ Check

Please send the following books, checked below.
( ) Lost Treasure of Cocos Island $5.00
( ) Ghost Towns of Texas $2.50
( ) Pan Gold For Profit $1.00
( ) Ghost Town Map $1.00
( ) Treasure Map of U. S. $1.00
( ) American Treasure Hunters Guide $2.00

Name .....
Address .....
City .....State .....

HALL BOOT COMPANY

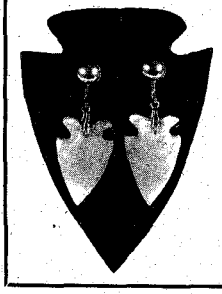
Box 246, Ysleta Station 22
El Paso, Texas
Fine Handmade Western Boots

"SPIDER WEB"
The unusual Spider Web stitch design in 14-inch tops of high-quality kid makes this a boot of outstanding appearance. Tops are insulated (padded with foam rubber). Vamps are of superior-grade Swedish calf. Fully lined with horsehide. Dogger heels. Arches are neatly finished, wood pegged and steel shanked. Workmanship and material are excellent.

Style No. 30
All Black..... **29.45**

$5.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders — pay postman balance, plus postal charges. Prepaid orders shipped postage paid.

Satisfaction Guaranteed — Free Catalog



Out of the Past —
ARROWHEAD JEWELRY!
EARRINGS:
Lrg., med., sm., $2.00 pr.
NECKLACE
18" Chain .....$1.50 ea.
BOLO TIE:
Lrg. Arrowhead, $1.50 ea.
Stone Arrowhead Making Instructions. Illustrated Ancient Method. $1.00
ORDER NOW!
BLACK HAWK
Box 143 • Umatilla, Ore.
Use postcard for COD orders.
Dealers inquire.

HEADQUARTERS FOR INDIANCRAFT

Since 1927

Specializing in American Indiancrafts and Supplies. All types of Authentic Indiancraft kits for Boy Scouts and Cub Scouts.
CATALOGUE: Send 25 cents, refundable with first order of $2.50 or more.

PLUME TRADING & SALES CO., INC.
P.O. Box 585 **Monroe, New York**

"Yesnoyesnoyesno!"

THAT'S THE answer to our liquor question! The letters are simply "fogging" in from all over the country. Actually, we have to get the next issue in type so fast after the preceding edition hits the stands that we couldn't possibly carry a complete count on letters. In fact, they have just really begun to come in good. But we thought you'd like to get the general flavor—and make sure of one thing, we're sitting squarely on the middle of the fence. You can take a poll, a story, or any public opinion and twist it to side with whatever opinion you might have. You can be sure of no twisting here—we simply want to know. Right now it is running about 65% saying there's no harm in running alcoholic advertising, 35% saying keep it out.

Go ahead and vote. We'll have more in the next issue.

And before I hush and let the people talk, THANKS FOR YOUR RESPONSE TO THE CALL ON FRONTIER TIMES! It's like twisting a lazy cow's tail to get her up off the ground—you've really got FT on the move!

Now here are a few letters.

Dear Editors:

If you want my vote, it is against the running of liquor ads. Not a crank, still I dislike such advertising very much. I saw a comment once that the very heavy liquor advertising was what killed one of our national magazines—it positively dripped them on every page.—V. A. L., Abilene, Kansas.

Dear Sirs:

There are many more laws regulating the use of guns and daggers than there are for liquor. A person can legally carry a bottle of liquor in their pocket or handbag in every state of the Union except Mississippi, but where can a person legally carry a gun or dagger. There is no law, legally or morally, preventing liquor advertising as there is pertaining to drugs, pornography, etc. so I would take Kipling's sage advice when he said, "Take the cash, my boy, and let the credit go."—H. F. F., Hendricks, West Virginia.

Dear Mr. Small:

As to liquor ads, why not? Gosh a'mighty, I love decency, cleanliness and moral theories and practices as well as most; and I want to tell you, pious words and no drinking was not the order of the day when my grandfather helped settle this country. No, I am not a person who drinks (except coffee) but I see these ads everywhere else, so why not. I am not a fool, nor am I a spring chicken. I am fifty-three and I am just practical. You need the money, I want my magazines.—Mrs. R. D. I., El Paso, Texas.

Gentlemen:

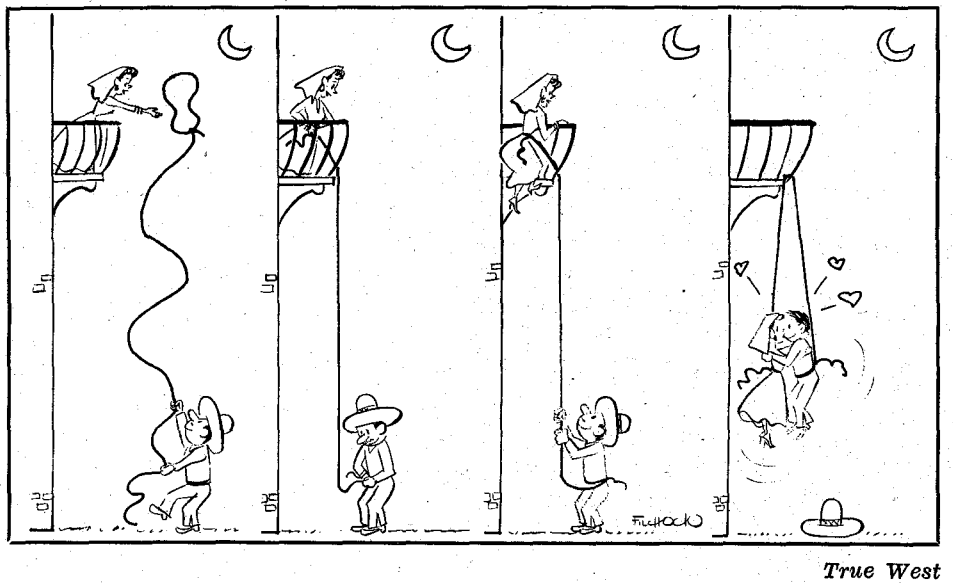
I note that your magazines are clean, pure, home periodicals with which I heartily agree. However, the day you accept advertising from the liquor industry, they will cease to be that, for after seventy-six years of life, I have never been able to find one decent thing about the liquor business or traffic. I consider it the worst enemy to humanity this side of Satan, himself, and maybe more so.

On television we are compelled to see and listen to their ungodly, disgusting, devil-inspired propaganda and lies just in order to see our favored ball game or other entertainment. It is enough to make any sane person play the ostrich, hide his head and declare himself to be not an American.—J. A. W., Clarendon, Texas.

Dear "Old Joe":

Since your magazine is Texas printed, and I am Texan and live in West Texas, I'd like to say it wouldn't bother me a durn bit if you got advertising from every liquor company in the world. Most anybody knows that most good cowboys and western folk throughout the ages have thrived on liquor and it would seem to me to be darn contrary of them not to connect the Old West and liquor. In fact, I would even venture to say, the West might never have been as wild and woolly if it had not been

(Continued on page 33)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If You Are A Sportsman. . .

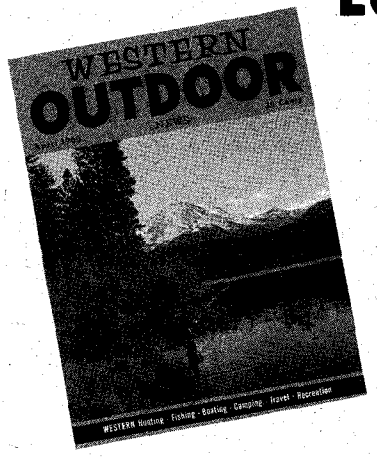
FISHERMAN . . . HUNTER . . . BOATING ENTHUSIAST . . . CAMPER

AND

If Your Home Is In The Great Western Territory Of The United States . . .

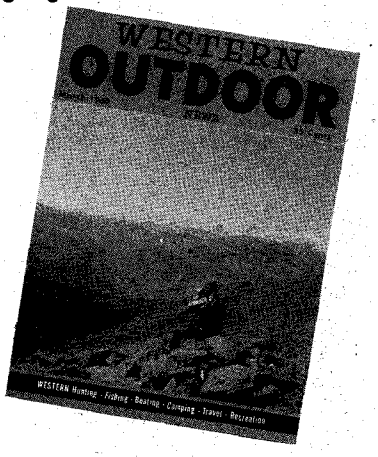
THEN

Let Us Be Your Guide . . .



to the finest recreational area available in the eleven Western States.

Through the eyes of our staff of top writers you can sit back in your favorite armchair and absorb the detailed stories complete with pictures, maps and trip facts. Then . . . when you are looking forward to a few days in the outdoors, or a vacation, you are equipped in advance with the complete details necessary for the enjoyment of any trip of your choosing. You have at your fingertips the detailed map of the area, approximate cost, facilities and any other facts that will assist in making your trip an enjoyable one.



TRY A FREE COPY IF YOU PREFER . . . then before you lay it aside . . . contemplate the abundance of pleasure and value received when you have each issue every month, mailed directly to your home or office. The price? The cost of a dinner pays for a full year of the magazine that will be your favored reading!

So why not use the simple blank at the bottom of this page NOW, while you have it in mind, so that you will be prepared in advance for the adventures you are seeking in the coming year.

Just a thought: For those "Special" friends that deserve that little extra gift, could you think of anything nicer than a gift subscription to Western Outdoor Magazine? You'll be remembered all year!

Fill In The Blank Below And Send It In NOW

"Let us worry about your pleasure"

Western Outdoor News

540 WEST 19th STREET, COSTA MESA, CALIFORNIA

YOUR NEW MAGAZINE LOOKS GREAT. KEEP IT COMING!

☐ one year; $4.00 ☐ two year; $7.00 subscription. ☐ I would prefer a free "get acquainted" copy.

☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Please Bill

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____ SIGNATURE _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAN WHO WON AND LOST AN EMPIRE

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

In business and politics, California's Billy Ralston played a shrewd and calculating hand. No ante was too big and no game too small—but even his stacked deck ran out of aces.

A HEAVY FOG OBSCURED the three men walking leisurely along Sansome Street in San Francisco at one o'clock of a May morning. No one could have surmised from their actions that they were about to raid the Subtreasury of the United States; that before daybreak they would remove pretty close to four million dollars in gold coins from its supposedly impenetrable vaults.

They stopped at an imposing edifice on Montgomery Street, between Sacramento and California Streets, which was the Subtreasury, or better known as the San Francisco Mint.

"Wait here a minute until I see if our luck's with us." The speaker was the debonair and rosy-cheeked cashier of the Bank of California, William C. Ralston. Those with him were his two closest friends and business associates, Maurice Dore and Asbury Harpending.

Dore and Harpending could see Ralston's back fading into the fog. At that hour of the morning there was no one else on the streets, not even a policeman.

In a few minutes Ralston came back and led them to the mint's bullion entrance which had a barred door, like a jail. Usually a guard sat just inside, a Sharps carbine across his knees. But the chair he customarily occupied was for some reason vacant at this particular time.

Ralston calmly removed a heavy brass key from his pocket and unlocked the door which creaked on its hinges.

"You wait here," the banker said to Dore. "If you see anyone approaching, move on, but come back when the coast is clear."

Ralston and Harpending entered the mint and closed the door after them. Dore was nervous, his ears cocked for the slightest sound, for he did not know for certain just what Ralston was up to, though he suspected what it was. Ralston's bank needed money to forestall a threatened run. So much of it that only the mint could supply it. The banker had told him only that it was an errand of the greatest expediency.

Both Ralston and Harpending came back dragging heavy sacks after them. Ralston went for a pushcart he'd seen and they loaded the sacks onto it.

"Take this load to the bank," Ralston instructed Dore. "Steve Franklin will be there to let you in. Then come back for more."

Dore came back many times after that. Ralston and Harpending secured carts and all worked through the night until the fog lifted and the first streaks of dawn appeared over the Bay. The guard did not materialize.

As San Francisco was coming awake, the three weary money haulers were having breakfast at the Comstock Restaurant on California Street. Dore was so famished that he ate two orders of ham and eggs.

By nine o'clock that morning California Street between Sansome and Montgomery was a solid mass of humanity. Men and women were packed before the Bank of California so compactly that no one could move. Their faces were drawn and pale, their eyes wild with despair. Rumor had it that the Bank of California had gone under. One report was going around that Banker Ralston had shot himself.

The hands of the big clock over the bank's front door crept around to 10 a.m., opening time. Would the door open or wouldn't it? You could get seven to four that it wouldn't.

As the hour struck, the doors promptly opened and there was a mad surge forward as everyone struggled to get to the tellers' windows.

But suddenly the pushing halted, for stacked three feet deep on a dozen heavy tables were more gold coins than any of the bank's customers had ever seen in all their lives. Most of them just stood and stared. Outside, those fighting to get in sensed the backward movement of the crowd. Many were leaving the bank, putting deposit books back into their pockets.

"What's wrong in there?" someone inquired anxiously.

"Nothing's wrong," a voice rang out merrily. "Except there's so much money stacked around you can't find room to stand. Tons of it."

"Hoo-ray for Ralston! We knew he wouldn't let us down."

Good old Billy Ralston! Who could believe that Banker Ralston had gone broke? It was a lie, that's what it was!

Hearing that the withdrawal fever had spread, and that a neighboring bank also was in trouble, Ralston hurried over there quickly, mounted a box and shouted, "There's nothing wrong with this bank that Bank of California money can't cure! If you have any trouble getting your checks cashed, bring them over to my bank!"

The run on the two banks was over before any damage had been done and Billy Ralston was the man of the hour. Though he'd raided the mint—just how he managed it no one knows to this day—to avert a run on his bank, Billy Ralston was at that moment and for some years to come the absolute boss of San Francisco. He was the financial power behind the California state government, and held the legislature in his hands. When it came to conniving for power, and power to Ralston was money, no one could compare with him, not even Abe Ruef, who was one day some years later to boss the town and go to prison for a long term.

The run on Ralston's bank had been started by vicious rumors spread by his enemies, of which he had his share. But he also had many friends, more perhaps than any other California leader before or since. And he knew how to keep a friend. In his struggle for power he had plenty of opportunities to make enemies; but a friend, he said, was worth ten enemies. Most of his enemies were among the Comstock Lode kings with whom he constantly matched wits, and in this crowd he sometimes had his hands full.

NOT ONLY was Ralston's life a moving drama of personal adventures, but the end, when it eventually came, was as climactic as any a top script writer could dream up. It was to leave a scar on San Francisco that only time could heal.

At thirty-eight, Ralston found himself with a finger in just about every worthwhile pie in California. He owned outright or partially about every mine on the Comstock Lode. He had shares in every steamship line calling its home port San Francisco. He owned the leading theater, the great Palace Hotel, the Belmont stables, knitting mills, a sugar refinery, a water company and a dozen other enterprises that were making money. With mortgages piling up in his bank on most of the leading businesses

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stacked three feet deep on a dozen heavy tables were more gold coins than any of the bank's customers had seen in all their lives. Billy Ralston smiled when he saw their astonished faces.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in California, he literally controlled an empire. The trouble with holding enough cash in the vaults of his bank to forestall a run, was that he needed the money for other things. He was not one to let idle funds lie around. In those days there were no strict banking regulations requiring financial institutions to keep a certain amount in reserve. Even though his coffers sometimes ran low in cash, Ralston was never at a point where he was unable to meet any demands made upon him. With all of his vast resources, he could always get the money somewhere. He was personally worth more millions than any other man in California. The only Californian who had more cash was D. O. Mills, and he was president of Ralston's bank. But Ralston's assets were far greater than those Mills could fall back on.

Ralston had not always been a banker nor an industrial organizer. Born in Richland County, Ohio, he had followed the river with his father, and the great Mississippi had been his training school, teaching him to accept whatever life had to offer without cringing or bitterness. Natchez and Memphis he took in his stride, then came New Orleans where he learned to dress like other dandies and sport a walking stick.

When gold was discovered in California, young Ralston was in New Orleans. The 1,100-ton steamer *New Orleans* had just limped into port from San Francisco with engine trouble, the captain too ill to take her back.

Billy offered to captain the steamer home and much to his surprise received the assignment.

Hardly leaving the bridge during the entire stormy voyage, Captain Ralston brought the *New Orleans* through fog and high seas safely into San Francisco. So well had he handled the ship that her owners, Garrison & Fretz, made him a member of the company. Placed under Ralston's charge were the steamers *Uncle Sam* and *Yankee Blade*.

When the *Yankee Blade,* one of the fastest little steamers on the Pacific Coast run, was due to sail for Panama with 350 passengers aboard and $153,000 in California nuggets in her strong box, Ralston was on hand to give the captain final instructions. Competition demanded a speed record be set and Ralston was anxious to establish one on this, the *Yankee Blade's* maiden voyage to Panama.

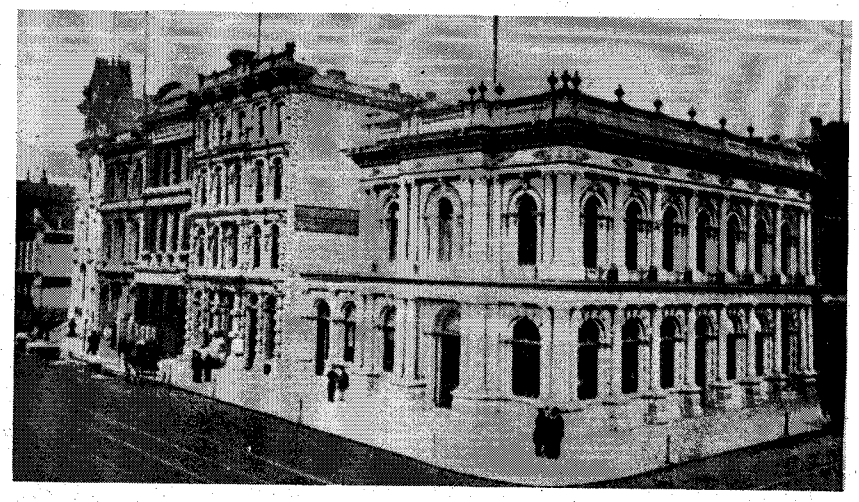
The ship got off to a fine start and was running far ahead of schedule when she piled up on the hidden reefs off Point Arguello and sank within minutes. The passengers and crew were lost.

It was a terrific blow to Garrison & Fretz, and particularly to Ralston who felt responsible because he'd urged the captain to try for a speed record.

Shortly after this Garrison & Fretz went out of business. Ralston reorganized the company as Garrison, Morgan, Fretz & Ralston, with a paid up capital of one million dollars! It wasn't long before the energetic Ralston had established a bank and had all the big business firms in San Francisco banking with him.

Out of this came the Bank of California and it soon was the outstanding financial institution of the West, with Ralston as cashier and D. O. Mills as president.

IN THE MIDST of his early financial success, Ralston married Miss Elizabeth Red, formerly of Carrollton, Illinois. The wedding was one of the outstanding social events of the year. The happy couple moved into a mansion on Rincon Hill, surrounded by gardens and attended by fifteen servants. The ball Ralston gave in honor of his bride cost him $50,000.



The old Bank of California. Ralston's investments made millions for its stockholders. Today, it is a leading financial institution on the Coast.

From almost the very beginning, Ralston had invested his bank's surplus in Comstock Lode securities, and then suddenly the San Francisco stock market took a nose dive. Comstock holdings went down in price. Water had become a problem in the mines at Virginia City. Word was passed around that the Lode was finished.

Ralston was alarmed. So rapidly did the market slump that hundreds of prominent business men were wiped out overnight. And if this were not enough to worry him sick, the bank's financial correspondents at Virginia City, Stateler and Arrington, failed. The firm owed Ralston's bank a sizeable sum.

Ralston selected William Sharon to replace the correspondents at the Lode and thereby wrote a chapter in California history. Sharon, once a millionaire, had, through bad investments, lost everything he had and certainly was not a choice candidate for the position. Not many would have trusted matters of such colossal import to one who had so lately proved himself a complete failure in the manipulation of mining stocks, but Ralston had that touch of genius that enabled him to separate the boys from the men. (Sharon went on to become a millionaire and a United States Senator.)

Sharon soon recovered from the bankrupt correspondents' remaining assets all that was owing the bank and more too. But to do this he did a lot of horsetrading and Ralston appreciated it. Ralston had capital tied up in a number of mines including the Ophir, the Gould and Curry, the Belcher, the Yellow Jacket and the Savage. Sharon looked them over and found them all facing a water problem. Not only water but poisonous gases were hindering their successful operation. Sharon ordered the largest pumps that could be built and the best compressors that money could buy.

On Sharon's recommendation, Ralston established a branch of his bank at Virginia City, over the protests of some of the directors who felt that the move was premature. The branch became a roaring success almost over night.

Pumps and air lines were established in all the mines in which the Bank of California had an interest but the water came in faster than the giant pumps could suck it out.

Ralston's response to these setbacks was with greater vigor than he had displayed over previous problems. He went to the Lode himself and caused to be installed in the Gould and Curry a monster pump, the largest thing ever put together at that time for lifting water, and the level began to recede. Just as he thought he had the problem licked, the big pump failed. Ralston had another made, bigger and with more horsepower.

It was at this point that Adolph Sutro, an engineer of some note, entered into the picture. He went to Ralston, suggesting the digging of a huge tunnel under Mount Davidson that would relieve all the mines of excess water. Ralston rose to the occasion. A fine idea, but how much would it cost?

Sutro didn't know. It would be a gigantic undertaking and the total cost could not be estimated without a survey. But with the water drained off, deeper mining would be possible. Ralston gave it his blessing, but he came across with no money.

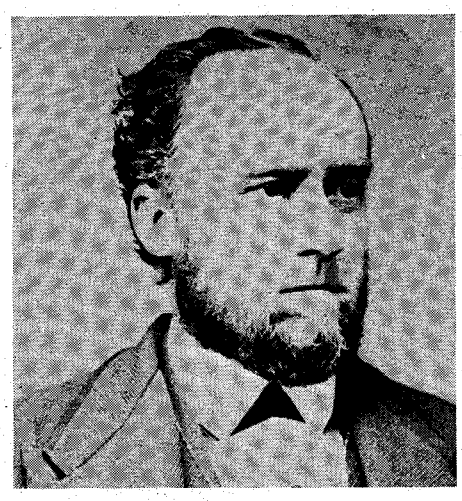
Sutro at once organized a company with William M. Stewart, U.S. Senator from Nevada, at its president.

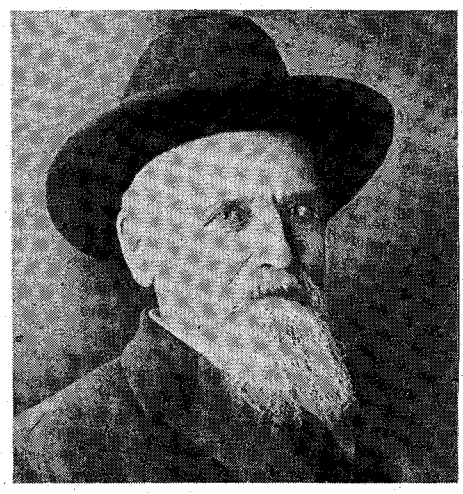
During that fall of 1864, Sutro appeared before the Nevada State Legislature at Carson City and secured a franchise and right-of-way for the proposed bore under Mount Davidson. All he now lacked was money.

At the time, no one was more eager to aid Sutro than Ralston and he no doubt planned to help finance him. Sutro knew he could not proceed with such an expensive undertaking without Ralston's assistance, for the banker had become such a power that nothing could be done without his approval. However, Ralston was soon to turn his back on Sutro and this produced a titanic struggle that is now a part of California's colorful history.

Ralston had endorsed Sutro's tunnel. He had recommended it to all the mines

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Billy Ralston and (right) his close friend and associate, Ashbury Harpending.

on the Lode, a step that he was soon regretting.

As a result of these recommendations, twenty-three mining companies Ralston either owned outright or in part had signed contracts with Sutro agreeing to pay him two dollars per ton for all the ore they mined after the tunnel was completed.

RALSTON WAS STILL IN favor of the tunnel as late as May, 1866, but the time had come for him to dispose of the small fry on the Lode. For money his bank had loaned on straight notes, he now demanded mortgages of a year's duration. Within a few months the bank had a strangle hold on the smaller mines and on most of the Virginia City businesses.

Sharon, now in charge at Virginia City, rode roughshod over all opposition, which included many little fellows as well as the big operators. He gained control of the stamp mills, of more mines and real estate.

But while certificates were accumulating in the files of the Bank of California, the water in the mines was constantly rising. Ralston's giant pumps had proved successful when in operation, but they were down most of the time being repaired and the water caught up with and passed its original high-level marks.

In spite of this losing battle, Ralston had in a few months become the "Atlas" of the Pacific slope. No man in the history of the West ever climbed so high and so rapidly, or marked so many successes along the way. As a sideline he founded the Pacific Sugar Refinery, acquired by hook or crook the Mission Woolen Mills of San Francisco, had great flocks of sheep roaming the Contra Costa hills, and he was in the grape and wine business. He owned the San Francisco and San Jose Railroad, and he had started his great estate at Belmont.

While Sutro was East seeking money for his tunnel project, Ralston and Sharon were prospecting their mine properties for new veins of ore near the surface, which could be worked above the water level. It began to appear that the Yellow Jacket and the Kentuck had ore bodies yet untouched and Ralston quietly bought up all outstanding shares in the two properties.

Suddenly the vein in the Kentuck widened and grew even richer. Word of it could not be withheld and a share of stock that could have been bought a week before for $300 shot up to $500.

Ralston kept his agents busy buying up shares in the Yellow Jacket and Chollar, and before long new bodies of ore were opened up, producing millions. Payment of dividends was resumed and Ralston was sitting in the driver's seat once more, jubilant at his phenomenal success.

In August of 1866, Adolph Sutro was back in Ralston's office, only to find that Ralston had begun to look upon the proposed tunnel in a different light. Why should his mines that were successfully working above the water level have to pay a two-dollar-a-ton royalty on ore that could be mined without Sutro's help? Having installed more huge pumps, his crews were able to keep the water level from rising. He politely told Sutro he would have to finance his own tunnel.

This came as a bitter blow to Sutro, who had just returned from a conference with Commodore Vanderbilt. "I will put as much money into your tunnel project as Billy Ralston will and no more. Just tell him to let me know how much."

But Sutro was a man of determination. "Then I will build the tunnel without your help," he told Ralston. "Good day to you." It was the last time that words passed between them.

Sutro had contracts with all of Ralston's mines that would pay him two dollars a ton for every bit of ore taken out, if the tunnel were successfully dug, and he meant to collect.

Not satisfied with what they already had grabbed on the Lode, Sharon and Ralston began training their guns on the gas, lumber and water companies in Virginia City and soon they owned them all.

IN JUNE OF 1867, Ralston moved his Bank of California to new and palatial quarters at Sansome and California Streets. The vaults were marvels of strength and beauty. Walls and roof were of chilled steel three inches thick. The vaults on the main floor were in bronze, the director's room all of marble, with murals depicting scenes from the beautiful Yosemite, now a national park. There were forty tellers' windows.

"Every time I walk in I feel like taking my shoes off," Mills told Ralston. "It's just too damned elegant."

In the opinion of the average San Franciscan, Ralston was the Bank of California, the magician of finance. Over his bank's counters customers deposited on an average of three and a quarter million dollars daily, and they drew out less than one million dollars. Any bank with that kind of a turnover was bound to succeed.

Of his Comstock Lode wealth, Ralston had invested one million dollars in the Pacific Woolen Mills, and two million dollars in the New Montgomery Real Estate Company of which he was president. He had nearly one million dollars invested in the Kimball Manufacturing Company, and better than three million dollars in steamships. He operated a tobacco farm at Gilroy and manufactured a brand of cigars of an excellent quality that were popular all over the West. He owned rice fields, a shoe factory, a printing firm, two bakeries and a laundry. He also owned the Cornell Watch Company and his bank held more mortgages than any other bank in America. His personal holdings on the Comstock Lode were estimated to be worth fifty million dollars.

Ralston could have been mayor of San Francisco, or governor of California, but he turned both down. He had too many hot irons in the fire to waste time on politics. When it was proposed that he run for the U.S. Senate without opposition, he declined. "Why, I'd be bored to death in Washington," he told the committee. "I wouldn't know what to do with myself."

Through Sharon's business acumen, Ralston's bank now controlled all the ore reduction plants on the Lode. In order to keep the mills working profitably, and keep the men employed, Sharon mixed the rich ore with low-grade and distributed it equally so that all showed a profit.

The Union Mill & Mining Company, the big one many looked upon as run unscrupulously by Sharon, made over four million dollars in clear profit during the year 1867.

Sutro was still out rustling for tunnel money and having little success. In New York, he entered the offices of Lees & Waller, a banking firm, to see what he could do there. He was stunned to find a letter posted on the bulletin board, written by Savage & Company of San Francisco, a Ralston-controlled outfit, advising Lees & Waller that Sutro's tunnel project had been turned down by Savage & Company.

Sutro called this maneuver a blow below the belt and was more determined than ever to push his tunnel through. Ralston had been his friend, ready to help him, and suddenly he had given him the cold shoulder. Now he had resorted to tactics that Sutro considered unbecoming a prince of finance. Ralston, Sutro let it be known everywhere he went, was a cutthroat, a liar and a cheat.

Back in California the campaign against the tunnel rolled on. "Sutro's Folly," became a daily expression on the Comstock Lode.

Meanwhile, Ralston was squandering two million dollars on his summer villa and stables at Belmont. George D. Lyman, author of *Ralston's Ring* wrote:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Anson Burlingame, who was on his way to the Orient to negotiate a treaty between China and the United States, was driven to Belmont at breakneck speed for the usual welcoming festival. There Burlingame found assembled to honor him a distinguished company from neighboring villas. Seemingly by chance, the guests had gathered in the library, their backs ranged against a glass-partitioned wall. Suddenly Ralston clapped his hands. Aladdin-like, the wall gave a sort of shiver. Slowly up it went, like the curtain of a theater, and the surprised guests wheeled about to find themselves standing on the outskirts of a lofty banquet hall whose tables were set for a goodly company, with splendid plate, glass, china and a limitless variety of flowers and fruit. Behind each chair stood a motionless celestial in crisp white linen, long, black, braided queues tied with cherry silk hanging down its back . . ."

On an October morning of 1868, San Francisco felt a severe earthquake. The Bank of California on its pile foundations rocked like a ship at sea. Down the wall of Ralston's private office appeared a crack an inch wide.

For a time there was panic in the bank, among both customers and employees, but Ralston controlled it quickly by saying that anyone who could not stand up to an earthquake had no business working for the Bank of California.

To show his faith in San Francisco, quake or no, he went out that very afternoon and paid $150,000 to Selim Woodworth for a corner lot on Market Street on which now stands the *Chronicle* building. It is reported that he sold the property some time later for half a million.

SUTRO, BY PULLING all the political strings he could, finally had a bill prepared for submission to Congress providing financial aid for his tunnel. But when Congress convened on March 4, 1869, Ralston had completely sabotaged the bill and it was not even introduced.

"If we're going to keep that proposed tunnel bill from passing," Ralston told Sharon, "we've got to elect you to the Senate, and then you can fight it."

"I couldn't be elected dog-catcher right now," Sharon replied. "It's too soon after my financial losses. Give me a little time."

Ralston thought it over. "Then I've another scheme up my sleeve."

"What's that?" Sharon asked.

"Build a railroad from the Lode down to Carson City."

"How would that effect the tunnel?"

"It will connect our mills on the Carson River to the Comstock Lode. Anyway, it's a good talking point against the tunnel's usefulness. Get busy and build it."

As easily as that, Ralston could order the construction of a railroad. Within days I. E. James, one of the country's outstanding surveyors, began laying out the grade or roadbed, up the steep mountains to the Lode. Such a road had been talked of for three years, but no one had had the courage to tackle it, for it would require a lot of engineering know-how.

The survey was completed within the month and construction crews moved onto a job that to the layman looked impossible. Anyone who has motored from Carson City to Virginia City will know that it's up all the way, and the air gets a little lighter as you climb. Yet it is only a few miles.

Sutro was discouraged and half sick when he came back to Virginia City from the East. Finding the road under construction was a blow. The people had been hoodwinked, he said. The Virginia and Truckee Railroad, which it had been named, would go broke in short order. (That was almost ninety years ago and the road is still operating profitably.)

Sutro's spirits rose rapidly, however, when the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives decided to look into the Virginia City tunnel problem. Sutro met the committeemen in San Francisco and while he was arranging transportation to the mines, who should descend upon the committee but Ralston. "Gentlemen," he greeted them warmly, "welcome to California. Tonight you are to be my guests at Belmont."

Not knowing exactly what Sutro had planned for them, they gayly went off to Belmont with Ralston. Sutro was mad enough to fight a buzz saw when he returned to the hotel and learned what had happened.

"Why go all the way up to Virginia City to look at a spot on a hillside where Sutro says he's going to start a tunnel," Ralston laughed over their drinks, "when you can stay here at Belmont and enjoy yourselves?"

The chairman said that since they had come all the way to California to look the situation over, it would be best for them to make the trip.

"All right," Ralston agreed, "when you reach Virginia City, my man up there, Mr. Sharon, will see to it that you miss nothing."

Sharon was on hand to greet the Congressmen. Sutro was hardly noticed in the fanfare that attended the welcoming ceremonies. The committee was dined and wined at the International Hotel, and at some time during the festivities Sutro pushed his way to the side of the chairman and insisted on showing them the proposed site for the tunnel.

The committee was noncommittal after looking things over, but when they returned to Washington they announced their decision—the tunnel was really the answer to the Lode's water problem.

Sharon was in San Francisco the morning the papers announced the committee's decision. When he walked into the Bank of California, Ralston lit on him with both feet. "What in hell did you do for those fellows, anyway—help Sutro show them all the advantages the tunnel would bring to the Lode? I told you to keep their minds off the tunnel."

"I guess they were thinking of all the ore that's buried in water," Sharon said. "I did all I could to turn their attention to other things."

Sutro was beside himself with joy, but long before Congress got around to appropriating any money for his tunnel, he witnessed the driving of the final golden spike in the Virginia and Truckee roadbed, which was hammered home by no less a personage than the great Ralston himself. The silver hammer and spike had been cast from the products of all of Ralston's mines. It was a big day for Sharon and Ralston.

BUT THEIR DAYS of triumph were about over for a time, though neither Ralston nor Sharon realized this soon enough. The Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific had spanned the continent and the country and its habits were changing. Things that had been difficult to obtain became plentiful. On top of this, the ore bodies in the Kentuck and Yellow Jacket began playing out. What Ralston needed was a new bonanza.

Then came other distressing reports from the Lode. Other mines were petering out. None of Sharon's exploratory operations had discovered anything new.

On top of this came labor troubles. The miners struck for higher pay, demanding four dollars a day for all men working underground. Ralston was forced to meet it.

It was at this time that John W. Mackay, superintendent of the Kentuck, and James G. Fair, superintendent of the Ophir—two men who were to become giants of finance—undertook to wrest control of the Hale and Norcross mine from Ralston.

But Ralston, sensing the move soon enough, threw a monkey wrench into the scheme. The Hale and Norcross announced that twenty-five men had been trapped on the 900-foot level.

This looked as phony as one of the U.S. Grant ten dollar bills that had been circulating in San Francisco for months, because food and water were being sent down to the men. Word soon got around that instead of being trapped, the miners were being held on the 900-foot level to keep them from spreading the news that a tremendous strike had been made. Hale and Norcross stock shot up from $1,300 a share to $2,300. Ralston had pulled a fast one out of the fire and was jubilant.

So certain were Mackay and Fair that a strike had been made, that they bought up shares like mad. They pooled their resources with Flood and O'Brien, proprietors of the Auction Lunch and Saloon on Washington Street, but it was not quite enough. In the end, Ralston retained control and the Mackay-Fair crowd had spent its resources. Mackay and Fair went back to their mine jobs and Flood and O'Brien returned to their saloon.

No strike had been made at the Hale and Norcross and no dividends were declared. During the spring and summer months Hale and Norcross stock dropped from a record high to $11.50 per share.

Ralston was resting on his oars, unaware that Mackay and Fair had raised more money and were buying up shares right and left at the low figure. Before he knew it, they had control of the Hale and Norcross and Ralston was voted out of office.

He was furious. To think that he had let a pair of mine superintendents and two saloon keepers outfox him was a tremendous blow to his ego.

Then the four Irishers dealt him still another low blow. They quietly acquired two reduction mills that Ralston did not control and announced that no more Hale and Norcross ore would be sent to the Union Mill and Mining Company, which Ralston owned.

On April 7, 1869, fire broke out in the Yellow Jacket, trapping forty-two men on the 900-foot level. All were lost. The fire had caused an extensive cave-in and work had to be abandoned on that level.

The Yellow Jacket fire put the Bank of California in a hazardous position and caused a panic on the San Francisco stock market that was felt as far away as New York. Overnight Ralston's

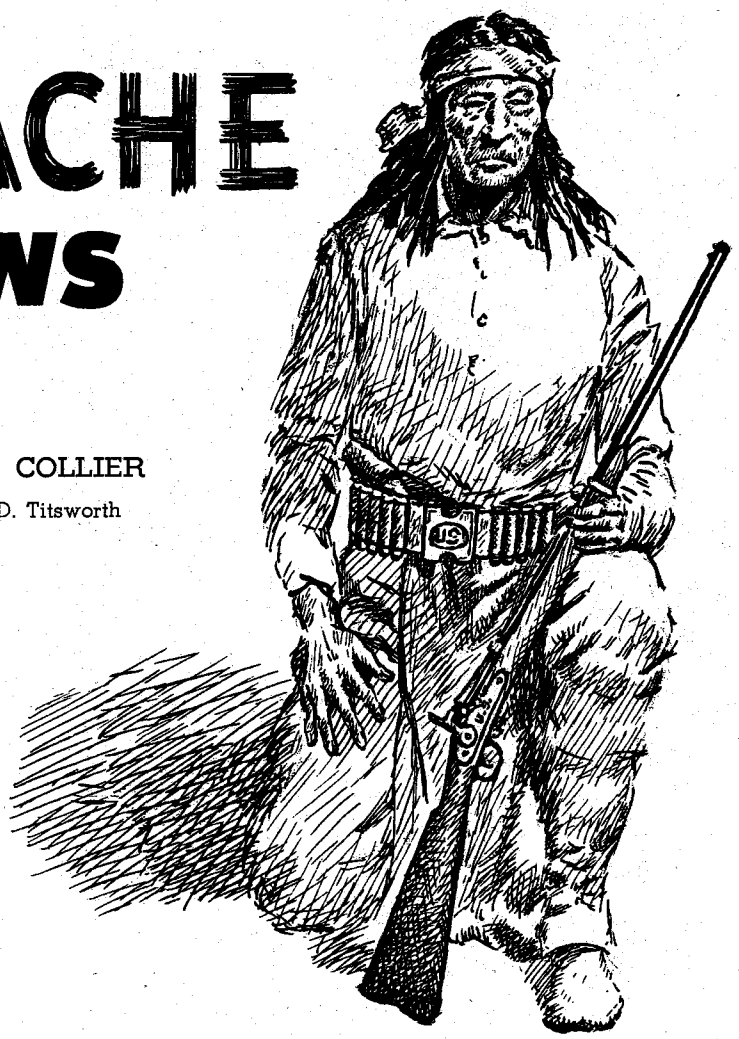
(Continued on page 43)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APACHE LAWS

By MILES M. COLLIER

Illustrated by B. D. Titsworth



Simple in theory, but rigid in practice, Apaches were governed effectively and fairly.

MANGAS COLORADAS, the great Mimbreno Apache chief, captured a Mexican girl and wished to take her to wife. According to Apache law, Mangas Coloradas should have either killed her or turned her over to his wives as a slave. Both of his wives had the right by Apache law to appeal to their relatives, which both did. Mangas Coloradas was challenged by a brother of each wife to the terrible Apache duel—naked, with knives as weapons and death to the vanquished. Mangas accepted; and before all the people, the great Apache slew his challengers.

The Apache Indians had a number of unwritten laws concerning tribal life. Some of these unwritten laws governed such things as trials, adoption of children, preparation of a warrior, the obtaining of salt from the salt lakes, and the different dances pertaining to different social events, thanksgiving and of war.

The trials of the Apache were simple affairs when compared to the complicated procedure carried on in our modern courtrooms. In every case, the wronged person had the right to settle the matter on a personal basis if he so desired.

If the wronged Indian was unable to meet the offending parties in a personal encounter he, or anyone might in his stead, inform the chief of the wrong and then it became necessary to have a trial. Both the accused and the accusor could have witnesses and these witnesses were not interrupted with questions and were not placed under oath, as it was believed the witnesses would not give false testimony in a matter regarding their own people.

The chief presided over the trial and in a serious offense he could ask two or three leaders to sit with him. These leaders only determined if the man was guilty. If he was not, the matter was ended, and the complaining party lost his right for personal vengeance. If the accused was found guilty, the injured party fixed the penalty and this penalty usually was confirmed by the chief and his associates.

The Apaches had a custom of adopting many of the people they captured. This was especially true of the children. Many captive children that were adopted by the Apaches grew up as Apaches and took an active part in tribal affairs.

The laws governing the adoption of Apache children were fairly rigid. If children were orphaned by war or otherwise, or if both parents were dead, the chief could adopt them himself or give them to someone else if he so desired. The "outlaw" Apaches could take their children with them or if they were left with the tribe, the chief would decide what was to be done with them. In any case there was no disgrace attached to the children.

AT AN EARLY age the Apache boy was given a small bow and blunt arrows to play with. The earliest training received by the boy was by his maternal grandfather and his father. The boy, when large enough, was taught to make his own weapons. His woodcraft education began when he was first taken on a hunt by his father. This was always a proud and long awaited day for the Apache boy.

The basic raiding and fighting unit was the local group so it was natural for it to assume the responsibility of training the youth for the warpath. This training usually began by the time the boy was fifteen or sixteen. Sometimes several boys were trained at the same time, either in the early spring or late fall.

The youth was required to take dips in cold water, and sometimes to plunge into ice water. He had to do long runs over rough country with a pack on his back and was required to breathe through his nose, and must be able to make his own weapons and show skill in using them. He was put through all the hard exercises engaged in by the men.

To test his will power and endurance he was made to go without sleep for long periods; sometimes as long as forty-eight hours. This training went on for a long time until he was able to conduct himself like a real Apache regardless of how severe the test.

At last the youth might volunteer to go on the warpath. A war dance was performed in his behalf and he was given a helmet and shield especially designed for him. At this war dance he was expected to demonstrate his agility and endurance by leaping and twisting, and dodging with unending pep and endurance. He was instructed in the language of the warpath. Just as soon as he became well-versed in all of it, his request to go with a war party was granted. During his apprenticeship on the warpath—there must be four such war parties—he must build the fires, prepare the food and cook it; look after the horses; stand guard at night; be constantly alert and observant; and never speak except in the language of the warpath. These four war parties constituted his war college.

If at the time of his fifth war party he was considered made of the right stuff, he was allowed to take part in battle. The Apache boy missed not a chance to show his mettle and to return rich with the spoils of war and covered with glory.

The war dance of the Apache was always held after a council of the warriors had deliberated and prepared for the warpath. This dance is accompanied by the beating of the "esadadene" and has the usual singing led by the warriors. The dancing is more violent, and sometimes the yells and war whoops almost drown out the accompanying music. Only the proven warriors are allowed to take part in this dance.

(Continued on page 60)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bisbee's Five Black Ghosts

By A. D. LeBARON

Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

IN THE TWILIGHT hour when most residents of Bisbee, Arizona, were going home or were already quietly at their supper, nobody really noticed the five horsemen rein up at the Goldwater & Castañeda store. But up the shadowy street a few yards, Mrs. Alma Roberts was coming to make a late purchase. Abruptly she froze in her tracks.

The five men had dismounted and four were removing their hats while one stood guard. Mrs. Roberts watched as the four pulled stocking masks over their heads. Eyeholes had been cut in the stockings, so that in the dim light the masked men became veritable ghosts. Moving swiftly, all drew their pistols. Three, including the man wearing no mask, walked through the front door. The others stood guard.

Mrs. Roberts screamed. One of the bandits turned and shot from the hip, killing the woman instantly.

Bisbee is a canyon town where of necessity the houses are on stairstep levels. Up eighty feet from Main Street, three tiers high, Dave Rousseau heard the shot and ran to his front porch.

Noise of pistols again echoed up and down the canyon. Rousseau's body toppled down to a roof top, to a boulder, to a lower roof, onto a rocky slide, then into the street.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Red Sample threw the girl across the horses' rumps and went for his pistol. Deputy Hovey fired, wounding Sample instantly.

Murder and violence were a part of frontier life. But this particular wanton killing of innocent women and men was just too much for Arizona Territory.

The three men on the porch were deployed now, backs to the store door, guns in each hand. As the people of Bisbee, aroused by the shots and outcries came running from their homes and places of business, more shots rang out. There was no thought of defense, no opportunity. The black ghosts simply shot without warning at everything that spoke or moved. But for the dim twilight, dozens might have been slain.

Meanwhile, action inside the store was equally tragic. At day's end the Messrs. Goldwater and Castañeda had been preparing to close. One held a box containing the day's receipts and stood before the open safe.

"Hold it, Goldwater!" a voice called.

Mr. Goldwater turned. A black ghost faced him with two guns. Mr. Castañeda was waiting on a late customer, R. E. Duvall, fitting him with a pair of shoes. Both men half stood, mouths open in surprise.

"Stand still!" the second ghost ordered them, also holding guns.

"Get everything from the safe. Put all the money you have in this bag. And be quick!" This command came from the leader.

All of it took a matter of seconds only. It was unbelievable. Though this was 1883, Bisbee was "civilized" now, a mining town with considerable prestige and order, not given to wildness in recent years. The store proprietors and the customer were dumfounded. But the pistol shots were roaring outside.

Mr. Duvall, the customer, did not obey the order to stand still. He snatched for his gun. Instantly a ghost fired and killed him where he stood. Duvall seemed to be fixed there, upright, for an ageless moment, so Mr. Castañeda described it later, then he slowly turned on one foot and crashed over a table of shoes, blood flowing.

Mr. Goldwater put all the safe's money in the bag—about $3,000 of it. Much of it belonged to friends, stored here for temporary safekeeping. The bandit made him tie the bag with a stout cord, then hooked his pistol and arm through the loop of it and started out. The store men were trembling, in anger as much as fright—anger and horror at what they realized was taking place. Then the bandit leader paused for a few seconds more.

Beside him was a showcase of jewelry. A hard swing of the gun in his free hand shattered the glass. He holstered the pistol, reached in and grabbed a handful of rings. Then he took two of the prettiest watches, turned to his hooded companion and said, "Let's go!"

Outside, all five robbers leaped to their horses and clattered off into the darkness, as unrecognized and as mysteriously as they had appeared.

The whole swift action had taken less than three minutes. Sounds of the horses' hoofs were still echoing when more curious citizens arrived on the run. Fortunately for them, they were a few moments late. As a crowd gathered they stood appalled at the carnage. A half hour of excited talking and shouting had to pass before calmer men could fully understand what had occurred. By then four bodies, including Mrs. Roberts' and that of Deputy Sheriff Tom Smith, were resting on the store porch. J. C. Kriegbaum, a respected citizen, stood there holding a rifle and sobbing over the loss of a close friend.

Presently Mr. Kriegbaum spoke, "I will ride to the county seat with the news. Some of you prepare fresh horses and equipment for the posse I'll be bringing."

IT WAS THIRTY miles to the county seat. But it was already a famous town, and held some officers destined for enduring fame. Its name was Tombstone. The sheriff there was John Behan, who had figured in the notorious

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Earp-Clanton feud. A distinguished shotgun massenger for Wells, Fargo was Robert Paul. A third hard-and-sensible man was W. L. Daniels, deputy sheriff assigned to Bisbee. Kriegbaum killed his horse racing those thirty miles, but when he told the officers in Tombstone his tragic story they rode back with him instantly. The sixty miles in one night all but killed Kriegbaum, too.

"There is not a clue or anything else to go on, gentlemen," Mr. Goldwater told the officers. "Just five nondescript men, four wearing black stockings over their heads. Could have been anybody in the Territory."

"Black ghosts!" sobbed a woman. She and several more stood near, crying. Silent men waited, holding their guns.

Bill Daniels anwered her gently, "Yes, ma'am. But the time will come when those men will wear black stockings once more and be ghosts forever."

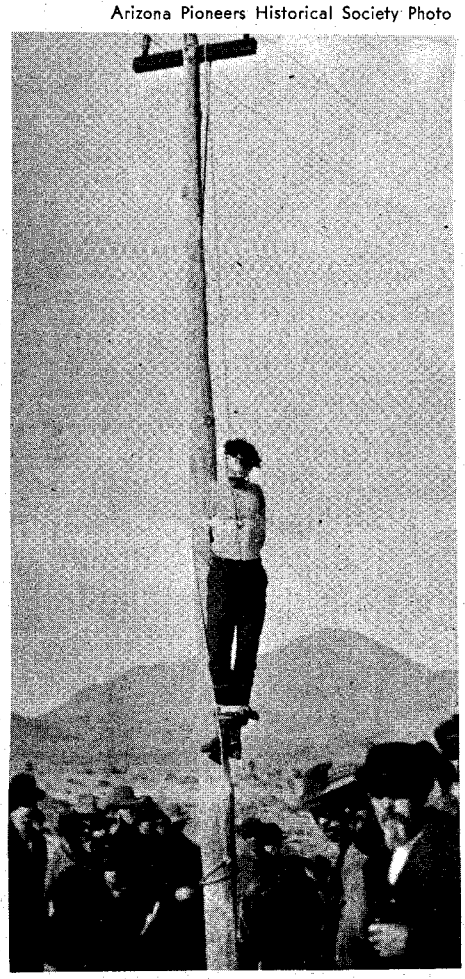
A sad and bitter citizen lifted his rifle and prayed, "God help us make it true!"

He spoke for all of Bisbee and, ultimately, for all the Southwest. No other episode in history aroused greater fury among the men and women who opened our wild frontier.

With so little to go on, the posse was at its wits' end for a while. Deputy Sheriff Bob Hatch took charge. He gathered every possible detail about the murderers and their horses, made notes, listened to suggestions, but still didn't know where to start searching. Then a volunteer came.

On a bright spring morning, John Heath was hung to a telegraph pole about three blocks from the courthouse.

Arizona Pioneers Historical Society Photo



"Name's Heath," said this one. "New in town. But I have had a lot of experience trailing, and I know all the back country hereabouts. I could be your guide."

They accepted his offer at once, lacking a better one. And so with the earnest good wishes of the populace, Hatch's posse rode off.

Heath was in the lead, and right away declared he had picked up the trail of the hooded killers. He'd ride with his eyes on the ground, and report things he said he observed. "Can't see all of them little signs myself," Bob Paul protested a time or two, out on the wild, semi-desert land of southern Arizona. Heath assured him it took trained eyes and know-how, so Hatch and the others followed.

After several hours, though, they jumped Heath again. And this time he declared he had lost the trail. He acted ashamed, and began a slow circling, searching hard. A rocky ledge had made it hard to follow any sort of trail, said he, and it seemed like a valid alibi. Sure enough, toward sundown of that day, he shouted that he had found proof of the trail again. They believed him, followed a while then camped and rested. But the next morning he lost the trail once more and admitted it.

Anger had arisen against Heath now. And truly he had accomplished nothing, so Deputy Hatch ordered him to return alone and the posse would continue on its own. But after four more days of hard searching, all the men rode back into Bisbee, completely whipped. The black ghosts had disappeared as mysteriously as real ghosts might have. The funerals had all been held, but the anger of the populace was still high. Heath declared he was ashamed he lost the trail. Bill Daniels and Deputy Hatch decided to resume hunting as a pair.

They rode out at considerable risk. In that era the whole region was infested with savage Apache Indians, and two men would have been easy prey. They had to risk it. They circled wide, visiting all outlying mines and ranches, quietly making inquiry. "Them devils had to stop somewhere for water and food and fresh horses," Daniels reasoned. They were approaching the Frank Buckles ranch at the moment, though they had no reason to hope for encouragement here. They'd simply spend the night and rest.

"Shore glad to see you fellows," Mr. Buckles declared, pumping their hands. "Mighty lonesome, living off this way. Haven't heard a mite of news since John Heath and his men stopped off here nigh onto three weeks ago. A man's family gits restless and—"

"What'd you say?" Hatch interrupted. "Did you say Heath?"

"Why, yes suh. Heath, it was. John Heath. You know him?"

"What'd he want?"

"Why, nothing much except some horses. I sold him four. Got cash money because I didn't like his outfit much. Like as not they're cattle thieves, and be raidin' my own stock. You take that Dan Dowd and Comer Sample—they *look* mean. Sample's redheaded. You gents know him? And a fellow name of Jack Howard. If we ranchers could prove they'd been rustling cattle, we'd—"

"Who else, Mr. Buckles?" Daniels interrupted the lonely, talkative rancher.

"Well, let me think. Best I rec'lect one was named Delaney, or some such like. And a Dan Kelly. Mean looking outfit, I tell you. Kept eyein' my wife. I'd ought took and run them off, but there was six to my one and—"

"You done right, sir. Just be careful. And thank you kindly."

Daniels and Hatch rode out a ways to confer, and Hatch spoke again, "All right, then, you ride wide among the friendly Mexican families and any friendly redskins you can find. Take little gifts and some silver money. Shine the coins up bright."

"What'll you do?" Daniels asked.

"That Dowd, he's wanted for a stage holdup near Benson. And I think Buckles is right about all of them. So I'm going back to Bisbee and arrest John Heath."

He found Heath without trouble. The man was acting "hurt" because the posse had dismissed him as guide. But Hatch took no chances. He arranged with a friend to approach Heath from two directions, and on signal each drew their guns and confronted the man. In a matter of seconds they had handcuffed him. He protested loudly, insisting he had simply lost the trail when trying to guide the posse.

"You're lying, Heath," Hatch snapped. "We did our own guiding, with good success. Dan Dowd talked. So did the others. You were left here to spy on us and hold down any pursuit. But you were actually left holding the bag."

That broke Heath. He started swearing vengeance on his erstwhile pals. And in his fury of cursing he revealed everything the deputy needed to know—except where the other five might be hiding. Hatch now had all the names and something of their plans. Quietly he rushed Heath away to Tombstone to prevent the Bisbee citizens from lynching him.

MEANWHILE, Bob Paul had quietly been gathering some hints and clues. He found that the ranchers of the region all knew about Dan Dowd and his bunch of alleged cattle thieves, and were willing to help find them. Also, the ranch folk gradually filled in detailed descriptions of the five wanted men.

The political situation in Tombstone was shaky. Sheriff John H. Behan lost out in the election, being replaced by J. H. Ward, who appointed new deputies but retained Deputy Hatch.

Sheriff Ward took over active direction of the hunt for the Bisbee killers.

Sheriff Ward began doing some detective work on his own, visiting all the towns and villages of the region, spreading descriptions of the men and details about their murderous foray in Bisbee. Among the towns visited was Clifton. There Ward was approached by a young miner who said his name was Pickering.

"You say one of them robbers stole two watches?"

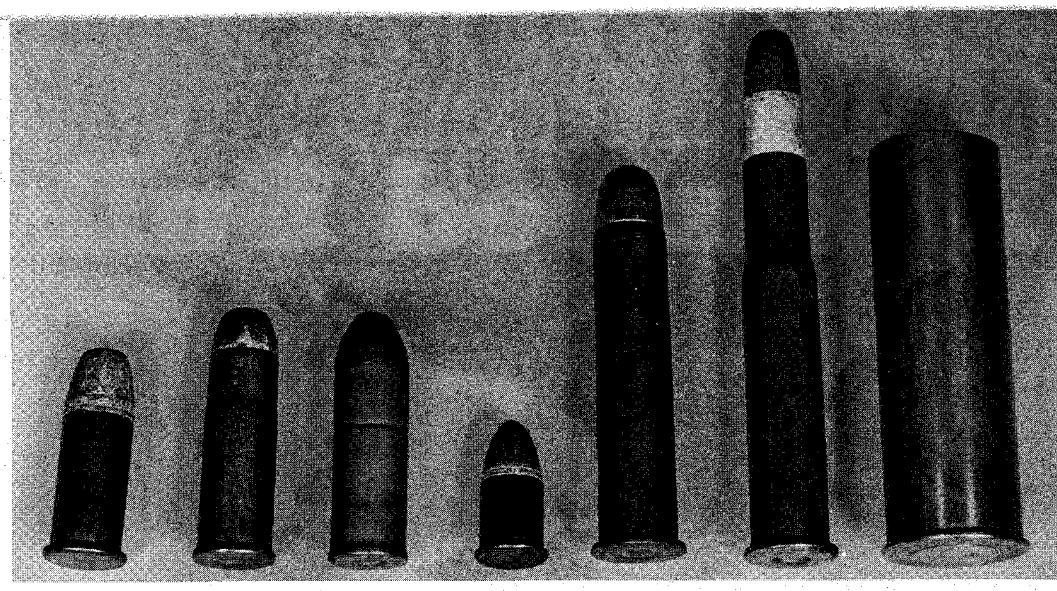
"That's right," Ward nodded, and described the watches. One had been especially valuable, with diamonds in the case.

"Well, there's a man here calls hisself George Lincoln," the young man explained. "He—well, he taken my girl from me, I guess. Seems he gave her a lot of valuable stuff. Amongst it was a diamond watch. Do you reckon maybe—"

Sheriff Ward did so reckon. He considered the information carefully: a man named Lincoln fitting the description of

(Continued on page 56)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From left to right, bullets shown are: .44 Henry, .44-40, .45 Colt, .41 Short, .45-70, .40-90 Sharps and 10 gauge.

Famous Cartridges Of The Old West

By RICHARD H. CHAMBERLAIN

Each phase of the west had its special gun—
but the cartridges they fired have long been neglected.

MUCH OF THE history of the Old West was written with guns. In western literature, these firearms are often mentioned and sometimes illustrated, but the cartridges they fired have frequently been neglected. The last third of the nineteenth century saw muzzle-loading arms give way to the breech loaders. Most were of relatively large caliber in order to produce greater stopping power with the relatively low velocities of the time. All kinds of guns and ammunition were used on the frontier, but certain ones stand out and they are shown here.

Out of the Civil War came the famous Henry lever action repeating rifle which was renowned not only in its own right but also as the forerunner of the Winchester rifles. The .44 Henry rimfire cartridge was essentially a grown-up .22. While it was of only moderate power, the long tubular magazine held fifteen cartridges, giving terrific fire power in a day of slow muzzle-loading single shot arms. The 1866 Winchester which followed the Henry also used this cartridge.

The Winchester Model '73 was an improvement over the 1866 model in several ways; the chief one of which was the use of a center fire cartridge having more power than the rimfire. This cartridge was the .44-40 Winchester. In addition to greater power it had the added convenience and economy of being reloadable. In black powder days the first figure in the designation of a cartridge was the caliber in one-hundredths of an inch and the second the charge of powder in grains. If a third number appeared it was the bullet weight. Thus the .44-40-200 had a bullet 44/100 inches in diameter weighing 200 grains and pushed by 40 grains of powder. Soon after Winchester brought out the .44-40, the big Colt Single Action revolver was adapted to it, making it possible to use the same ammunition in both rifle and revolver, a handy thing on the frontier. The rifle was, of course, more accurate but the revolver was more convenient to carry.

The most famous cartridge for the Colt revolver, however, was the big .45 Colt cartridge. It was, and is, very powerful even by today's standards. The .45 Colt was an official army handgun for many years and was also very popular with peace officers and others.

Not all the old-time pistol cartridges were so large. The .41 short rimfire shown next packed a considerable punch for its size. It was used in various small, easily concealed pistols which were known as derringers. The best known of these is the over-and-under style Remington Double Derringer. Gamblers and others who did not wish to display their weapons used them since they were small, flat, and yet relatively powerful.

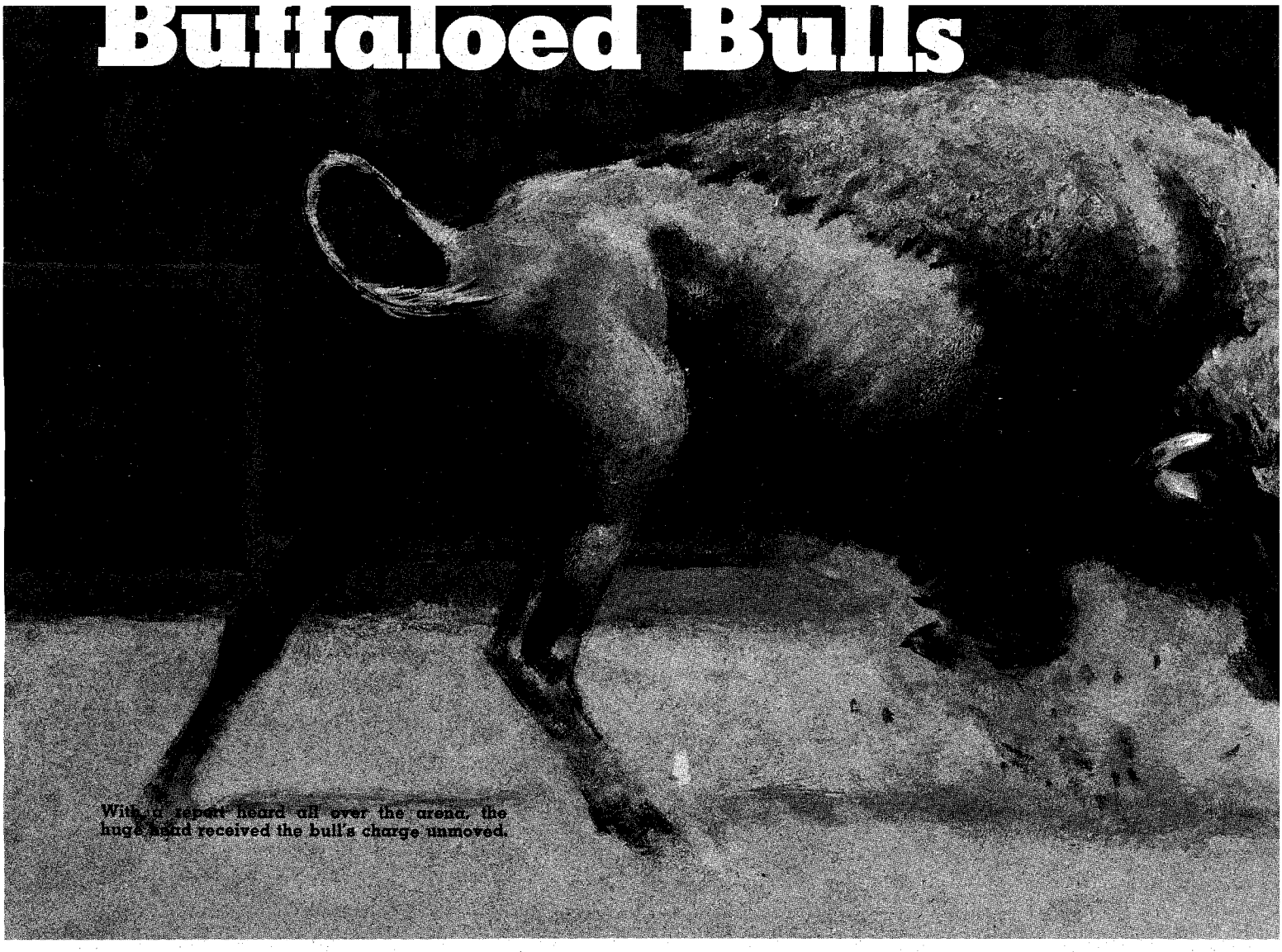
In 1873, the government brought out the .45-70 cartridge for its trap door style single shot rifle and it became the official service ammunition but also a popular one for big game hunting. Remington, Winchester, Sharps, Marlin and other companies made rifles for it. While the .44-40 was the .30-30 of its day, the .45-70 was the .30-06 of the era. The one shown is dated 1885 and was loaded with a somewhat lighter bullet and powder charge for cavalry carbine use.

THE STORY OF buffalo hunting is inextricably bound up with the powerful old Sharps single shot rifles. Serious commercial hunters, or "runners" as they were called, needed extremely potent cartridges which would also give range and accuracy. They found the Sharps provided these features. Sharps rifles were available in several calibers and the .40-90 bottlenecked cartridge illustrated was typical though by no means the most powerful. Even larger were the .45-120-550 and the .50-140-600, though the latter was a custom job which came out almost too late for the buffalo. These cartridges usually had a paper wrapping or "patch" on the bul-

(Continued on page 48)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buffaloed Bulls



With a roar heard all over the arena, the huge bison received the bull's charge unmoved.

CAN AN AMERICAN bison lick a Mexican fighting bull? This question was decisively answered fifty-three years ago in one of the strangest contests ever staged south of the border. In addition to the animals involved, five Americans and one Mexican participated, either as promoters or sponsors. They included three South Dakotans—Bob Yokum, Pierre saloon-keeper, and two fellow townsmen, Eb Jones, forty-year-old cowman and George Philip, range rider and budding young lawyer; two Texans—Tom Powers and Billy Amonett operators of the Coney Island Bar in El Paso; and one Mexican, Felix Robert, Matador and manager of the Juarez bull ring across the river from El Paso.

The gusty South Dakotans had frequently asserted that any good, rugged buffalo, sound in wind and limb, could outlast the best fighting bull that ever lived. The Mexican had his doubts. But being an alert opportunist and eager to make a "fast buck," Manager Robert put his arena and a string of toros at the disposal of the challengers, contracted to split the gate receipts fifty-fifty with the gringos, and scheduled a widely-advertised combat for a Sunday afternoon in January, 1907.

Fortunately the promoters from Pierre had near at hand the raw material with which to make good their boast. From a large bison herd at the Scotty Philip ranch on the Missouri two specimens were selected, one eight, the other four years old. With considerable trouble, tears and toil, the two were corraled, crated and hauled on sleds over the snow to Fort Pierre and across the frozen river to Pierre, the railroad terminus.

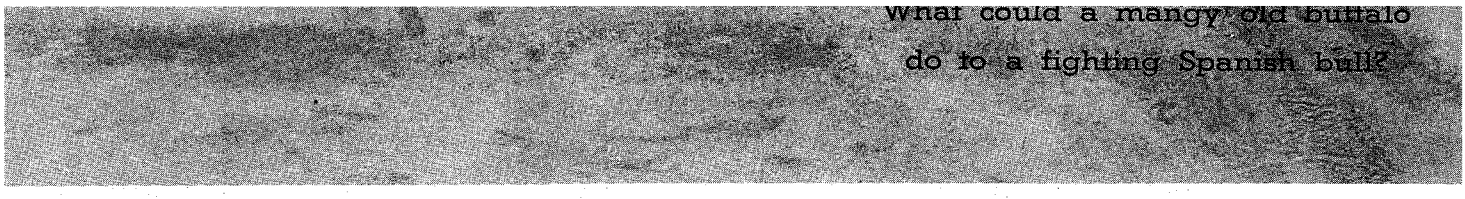
Here a boxcar had to be heavily reinforced with four-by-four timbers and two-inch planking, since a kick from a buffalo's hind leg can make that of an army mule seem as ineffectual as a panhandler's knock on the kitchen door. Having fortified the two ends of the car, the space between the stalls was stored with hay and the necessary gear for watering and feeding.

With the signing on of Yokum, Jones and Philip as waterboys, chambermaids and baby sitters, the train pulled out of Pierre in the midst of a raging blizzard. This was of no concern to the fur-bearing passengers in the boxcar. But their shivering valets could hardly be enticed from the hot stove in the caboose until the train reached Sioux City, where they managed to properly feed and water the stock. Here Yokum took a run-out pill.

"Got to get down to El Paso and make arrangements for crossing the international boundary," he said. But Jones and Philip had a hunch that the companionship of Powers and Amonett and their well-stocked cantina loomed large in Yokum's plans.

When the train chuffed into Omaha, it was two o'clock in the morning. Departure was scheduled for 6:30 a.m., but the two travelers were glad to pay for a four-hour flop in a hotel bed. However, when the train pulled out at daylight, the buffalo car was missing. A few hours later our heroes located it ten miles out where it had been sidetracked by bumbling trainmen after discovering their mistake. Eventually it was coupled onto another freight and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



again began to roll. Jones and Philip were trying to sleep on the hard slats of a Rock Island caboose, when a gravel-voiced trainman woke them.

"Hi! Would you fellers like to see the caboose you oughter have left Omaha in this morning? If you would, look on the left side of the train when we get to the next curve."

They looked. There along the right-of-way, smashed to kindling, lay the caboose, wrecked by a rear-end collision. Thereafter, there was no more grousing about the delay at Omaha.

AT McPHERSON, Kansas, there was another halt—this one for thirty-six hours. Here they dawdled away the time at rotation pool, at ten cents a game. But since the pair had no more skill with a cue than a hen with a toothpick, the interminable pastime yielded little profit for the house. Meanwhile, train after train rolled by, paying no attention to the buffalo car. Furthermore, thanks to Carrie Nation, Kansas was as dry as a desiccated prune in an Arizona solarium, and our friends were thirsty. But Lady Luck was onto her job.

Young Philip was wearing a watch charm displaying a double eagle. After a double-take, the pool room boss thought he recognized a fellow-member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles. Following a bit of mumbo jumbo and a few mysterious passes, the "brother" conducted them both to an outdoor shack where cases of beer were stacked to the ceiling. Although Yokum had left them plenty of whiskey, they craved beer. The bottled-in-bond stuff had remained untasted.

But wassail had hardly started when another freight hove in sight and picked up the stalled rolling stock which now resumed its jolting journey across the Oklahoma and Texas Panhandles. At Dalhart the travelers discovered that the new conductor was a brother-in-law of one of their close friends in Fort Pierre. This called for opening up the grips and offering him a drink. The conductor refused to tipple, but other trainmen fairly leaped for the "likker." Once when young Philip got out to stretch his legs—leaving Jones snoring in the caboose—the engineer, a moose of a man, invited him to ride in the locomotive. But before Philip could climb into the cab the engineer barked, "Ain't you fellers kind o' stingy?"

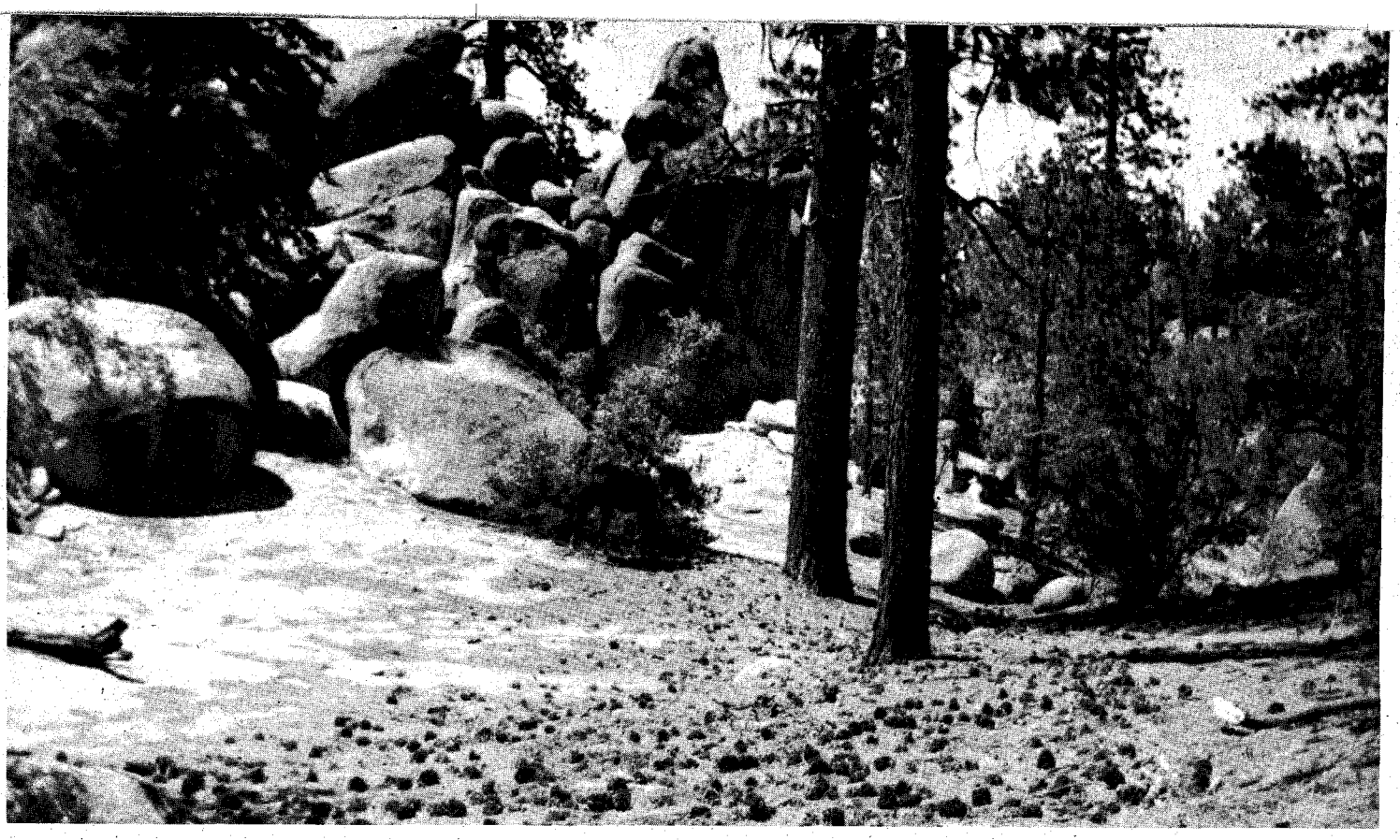
"Whaddayuh mean?" ask Philip.

"You've got likker back there. Looks like you might give the engineer a nip." Philip promptly hurried back to the caboose. When he returned, carrying a full bottle, there was a simultaneous pulling out of the train and the cork.

The engineer seemed to be suffering from an unquenchable thirst. By the time he had finished most of the quart, he had the old hog-back reeling off fifty miles an hour and was singing obscene songs and applauding himself with repeated shrieks of the whistle. This was too much for the conductor. Over the car tops and into the cab skittered the infuriated little man, barely shoulder high to the engineer. Trying to seize the throttle, he was handed a solar plexus and landed in the coal. Whereupon the engineer "gave her an-

(Continued on page 49)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Holcomb Valley, where men once brawled and gambled, now lies quiet and peaceful.

HELL-HOLE Of The San Bernardinos

By NELL MURBARGER

Lost mine hunters whisper of great riches still to be found in regions where a town once up and died of a well-known malady.

ON A HIGH GRANITE shelf, overlooking the wide Mojave Desert, lies Holcomb Valley—the withered ghost of a gold rush.

Before that day when "Uncle Billy" Holcomb found here the nuggets that started the pot boiling, this valley that ultimately gained his name was one of California's most pleasant places—a pine-shaded haven as peaceful as a church. But gold is powerful medicine. Under its yellow magic the valley's green meadows changed into greedy fleshpots, her silence was replaced by sin; and down in the flatlands, men shook their heads and dubbed that burgeoning Camp of Mammon, "The Hell-hole of the San Bernardino Mountains." If by that epithet they sought to shame her, it was a blighted hope, for young Holcomb accepted the title as a matter for swaggering pride.

All this, of course, was a long while ago and Time has succeeded where the righteous failed. Holcomb Valley still clings to Mojave's rim—but her swagger is gone. Gone like the arena where bulls and bears were pitted in mortal combat. Gone like the racetrack, the barrooms, the brothels, the gunfighter and his guns, the slayer and the slain. Her towns have vanished from the face of the earth, and over their scarred ruins Nature has spread a compassionate mantle of sagebrush and silence.

Thwarted in his search for riches in the northern goldfields, Billy Holcomb had wandered south to the San Bernardino Mountains, where a May day in 1860 found him exploring a large valley to the north of Big Bear Lake. While trailing a bear he had shot and wounded, the Indiana emigrant discovered a small deposit of placer gold. It was this chance discovery that launched the wildest gold stampede in the history of Southern California!

From the northern diggings, from Arizona and the Washoe, by horseback and muleback and afoot, men streamed into the valley—prospectors, merchants, gamblers, whites and Chinese, Indians and Hindus and Greeks.

Within a month after Uncle Billy's discovery, large quantities of gold dust were being delivered weekly to San Bernardino.

"Three hundred men are now in the mountains," stated the Los Angeles *Star* on June 23, 1860. "Eight cabins have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been erected, one of which is occupied by Kelly and Grant as a store; another by Van Buren as a grocery and the third as a blacksmith shop."

Close upon the heels of the original discovery of placer came the discovery of lode gold, and by mid-July of that same year, 100 arrastras were in operation and arrangements were being made for the erection of a large quartz mill. Three rival camps—Clapboard Town, Union Flat, and Belleville—had sprung from the sagebrush, and log and rock buildings were appearing on every hand. Every article of trade that reached the valley was necessarily brought in on the backs of men or mules, and pack-train expresses soon were making two and three trips weekly between San Bernardino and the mines. So rapid had been the influx of population, that September found the gold camps of Holcomb and Bear Valleys in position to swing the San Bernardino County election—their votes outnumbering all the remaining precincts of the county!

Lured by the beacon of this new Golconda, frenzied miners continued to stream into the district throughout that winter of 1860-61, making their way to the valley through sub-zero weather and blizzard-swept passes, where snow lay eight feet in depth.

Spring of 1861 found transportation still a major problem in the lusty new camps. With reopening of the mountain passes in March, there appeared in the *Star* the following advertisement:

"BEAR AND HOLCOMB VALLEY EXPRESS"

"The undersigned has again established a weekly express between San Bernardino and Bear and Holcomb Valleys. In connection with the above, I have established a passenger train (mules) and perfected arrangements with the Los Angeles Stage Company to ticket passengers through at the low price of $23, or, from San Bernardino at $6; and the trail now being in complete order, passengers can rely on reaching the mines in 2½ days from Los Angeles. I have also established a pack train and am now prepared to receive goods at Los Angeles which will proceed by mule team as far as the twelve-mile house at the mouth of Santa Ana Canyon: thence by packs to the mines, at the rate of $4 per 100 pounds, or $3 from San Bernardino.

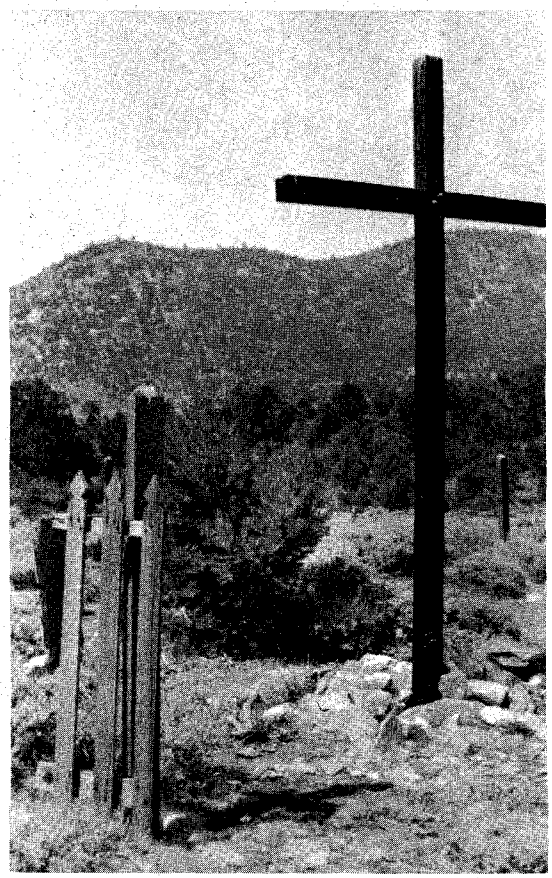
Joel B. Scranton, Proprietor."

As further expansion of Holcomb's mining industry was largely dependent on better transportation facilities, residents of the valley in 1861 subscribed $1,500 to build a wagon road to lead westerly down the mountain, through the present town of Hesperia, and to the summit of Cajon Pass, there connecting with "Brown's Turnpike." One of the first loads to pass over the steep, twisting grades of this new road, was an 8,000-pound boiler for the quartz mill of Mellus & Company. Drawn by a long queue of plodding ox teams, twenty-six days were required to haul the boiler from San Bernardino to its destined site of operations.

Almost from the day of their founding, the several settlements of Holcomb Valley were marked by lawlessness in large measure. Gambling hall quarrels, claim boundary disputes, street brawls and horse stealing, all brought bloodshed with regularity. In addition to bona fide prospectors, the mines had attracted a large floating population of border bandits and ruffians; and, with the beginning of the Civil War, there mushroomed at Holcomb a vast new crop of saloons of the lowest character. Bagnios and gambling dives trebled. The streets became thronged with loose women and professional freebooters. Fugitives of every description—particularly deserters from both armies—came to know here virtual immunity from prosecution.

As the war progressed, the valley became a popular hideout for Southern sympathizers. Recruiters for the Confederate Army operated openly and expeditions destined for the struggling South, made it a place of rendezvous.

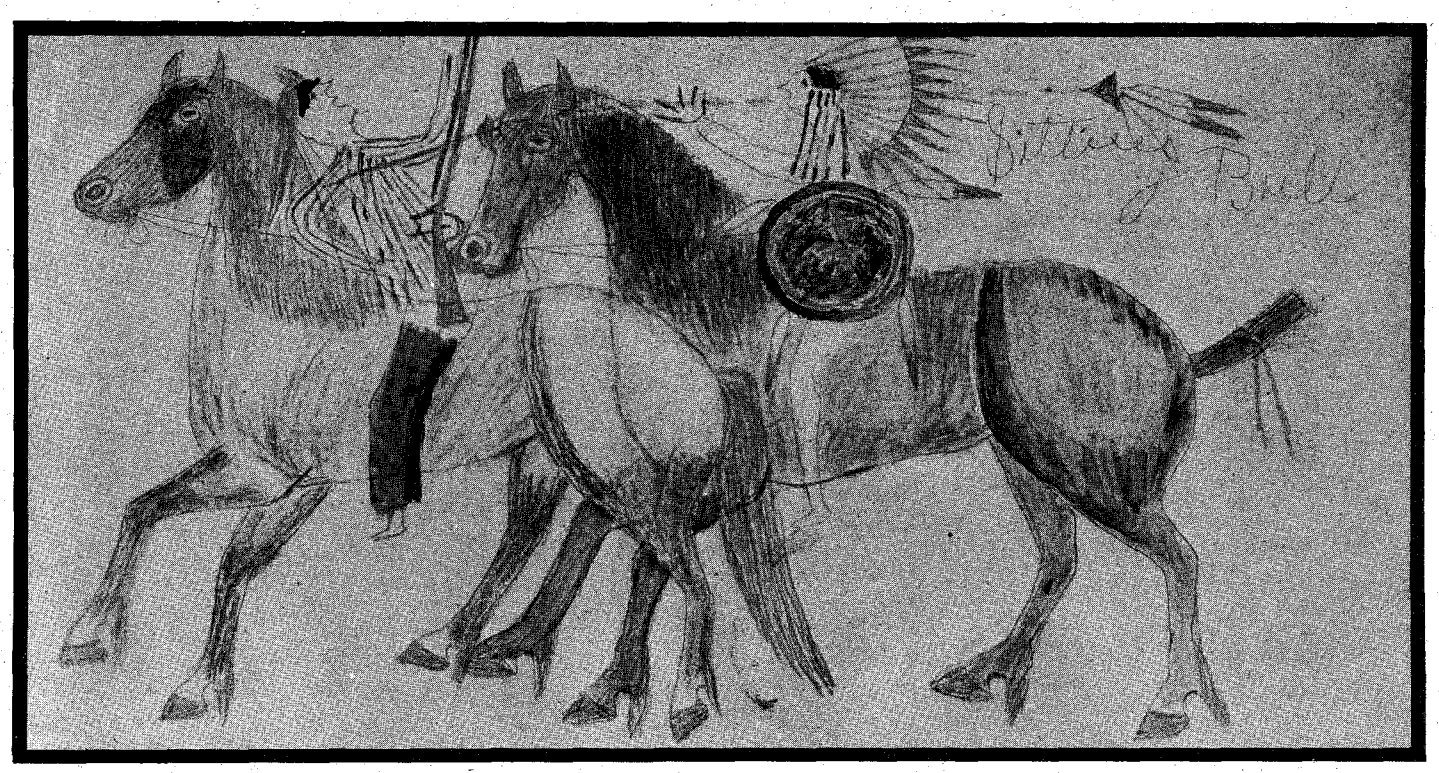
(Continued on page 46)



One tall wooden cross and a few fallen fence palings in the old cemetery are all that remain of the ghost town of Doble, California.

Cabin owned by "Uncle Billy" Holcomb, discoverer of gold in Holcomb Valley, California.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At Fort Randall, Sitting Bull was visited by a German artist, Rudolph Cronau, who gave the aging chief rudimentary lessons. In his new three-dimensional work, Sitting Bull depicts himself killing a Crow Indian on the Little Missouri River when he was twenty.

Sitting Bull's Picture Story

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

The old chief never realized that his drawings would incite the white nation.

FEW STUDENTS OF Western Americana know that Sitting Bull, famed medicine man and "old man chief" of the Hunkpapa Sioux, left a pictorial record of his early life. Fewer still realize that many of these unusual pictures have been in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington since 1915, where—for obscure reasons never disclosed—they are not on public display. Most surprising of all is the excellent artistic quality of these drawings and the fact that they played a considerable role in the painting of Sitting Bull as the "Red Butcher of the Plains," the "Savage Destroyer of the Gallant Custer and His Seventh Cavalry," etc.

These allegations, of course, are simply hogwash. The hard-bitten professional fighting men of the U. S. Army were very well aware of the fact that the foolhardy Custer himself was solely responsible for the annihilation of more than 200 men of the Seventh. The glory-hunting lieutenant-colonel had simply attacked a superior force in curiously bungling style and been wiped out. President Grant, old soldier that he was, put the blame squarely where it belonged—on the shoulders of the dashing cavalry leader.

Writing in *The Army and Navy Journal,* President Grant stated: "I regard Custer's massacre as a sacrifice of troops, brought on by himself, that was wholly unnecessary. He was not to have made the attack but effect the juncture with Terry and Gibbon. He was notified to meet them on the 26th, but instead of marching slowly as his orders required in order to effect the junction on the 26th, he entered on a forced march of eighty-three miles in twenty-four hours, and thus had to meet the Indians alone on the 25th."

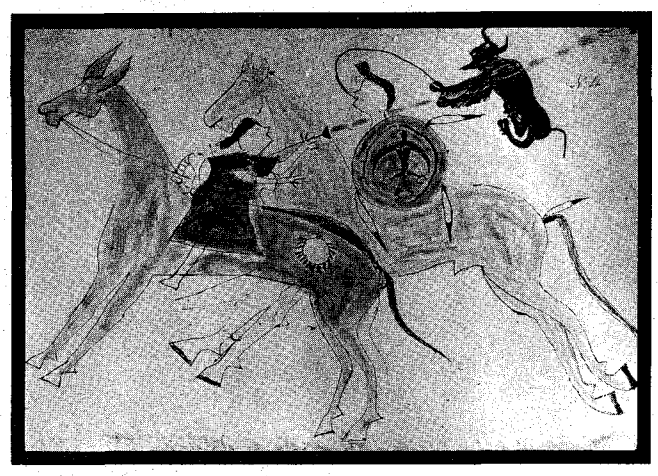
General Terry, the leader of one of the columns with which Custer was ordered to unite before attacking the Sioux, bluntly called the sanguinary affair a "sad and terrible blunder."

In short, the vilification of Sitting Bull in the public mind came years after the battle of the Little Big Horn. One prominent factor in the smear campaign was the chief's pictorial autobiography and the blood-thirsty interpretation placed on it by a sensation-seeking reporter of the *New York Herald.* In the newspaper parlance of today, it was a typical "snow job" and it worked only too well on the gullible public.

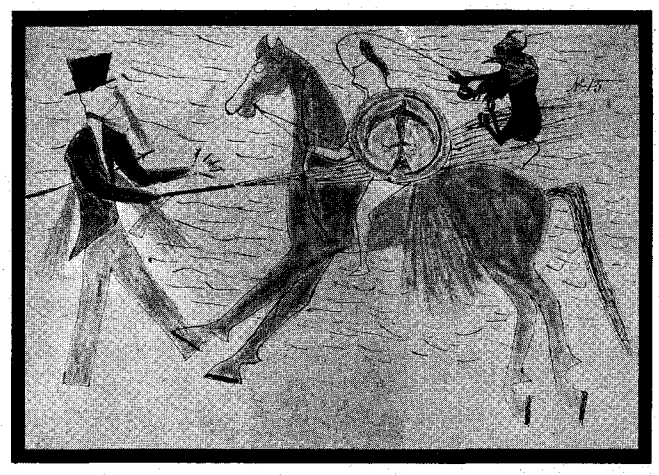
Sitting Bull began the sketches in the summer of 1870. He had completed only those covering his early life by the fall of that year, when they were stolen from his lodge by a larcenous Yankton Sioux and taken to Fort Buford on the Missouri River for possible sale to the Army officers there. The drawings —or technically, pictographs—were outlined in ink and shaded with colored paints in brown, blue and red. In the corner of each picture was Sitting Bull's "totem" or personal signature—a buffalo bull sitting on its haunches. The flat style of the pictographs somewhat resembles that of Matisse, but the officers at Fort Buford were not interested in the unusual quality of the primitive paintings but in the fact that the artist had made the sketches on the backs of muster sheets of an old roll-book of the Thirty-first Infantry Regiment.

Obviously the Sioux had captured a supply wagon of the Thirty-first containing the book. All the scenes depicted

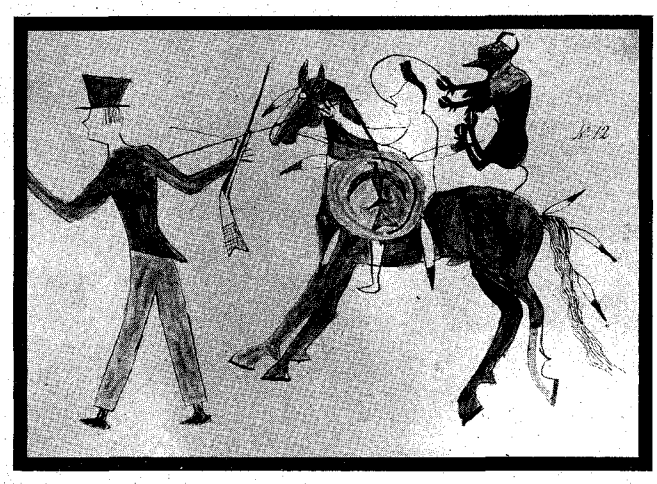
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



White men were unduly shocked at seeing a sketch of Sitting Bull lancing a Crow woman. He explained Crow women fought beside their men in battle and had he not killed her, she would have killed him!



Shooting a soldier with an arrow, Sitting Bull is wounded in the hip by the soldier who turns in his saddle and fires upon him. Note Sitting Bull's symbol in upper right hand corner.



Sitting Bull strikes a white man with his coup-stick.

Lancing a Crow Indian.

Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution Photos

Sitting Bull counting coup in some manner over his enemies. The first sketch, for example, showed him as a young brave in his first battle, a fight with the Crows. In this pictograph, Sitting Bull charges his enemy, who is in the act of drawing his bow, and strikes him with his coup-stick. Pictographs four and five of the unfinished set of nineteen show him lancing, respectively, a Crow woman and a Crow brave. Not until pictograph eleven does the young artist-warrior get into action against the white men, when he is shown killing a soldier. In number twelve, Sitting Bull strikes a white man with his coup-stick. In number thirteen he shoots a soldier with an arrow and is in turn wounded in the hip when the soldier turns in his saddle and fires upon him. Numbers fourteen through nineteen show Sitting Bull counting coup on white men by striking them with his bow.

In the Sioux battle code, it is a far braver exploit to count coup on an enemy than to kill him. So, if Sitting Bull was recording facts, he was a pretty valiant young warrior.

The thieving Yankton readily admitted he had stolen the pictures from Sitting Bull, but blandly disclaimed any knowledge of any supply wagon. Tiring of grilling him, the Army officers gave the thief a dollar and a half's worth of provisions in exchange for the pictures and sent them on to Washington. There a bored custodian at the Army Medical Museum filed them away and forgot about them.

WHEN THE INCREDIBLE news of the destruction of Custer and his men reached the shocked and outraged East, a *New York Herald* correspondent remembered Sitting Bull's drawings in the Army files. Sensing a story, he wangled official permission to examine them. Sure enough, they were full of killings. Why, one of them—number four—actually showed the old red devil lancing a woman! Here was proof of the chief's bestial tendencies. Happily, the reporter sat down and wrote a lurid story of this red-skinned fiend who boasted of his murders in sketches for all the world to see. The story hit the headlines, won the reporter a raise from $12 to $18 a week, and started the dark legend of Sitting Bull, the "Red Butcher of the Plains." The chief's infamous reputation was to grow more sinister with each passing year.

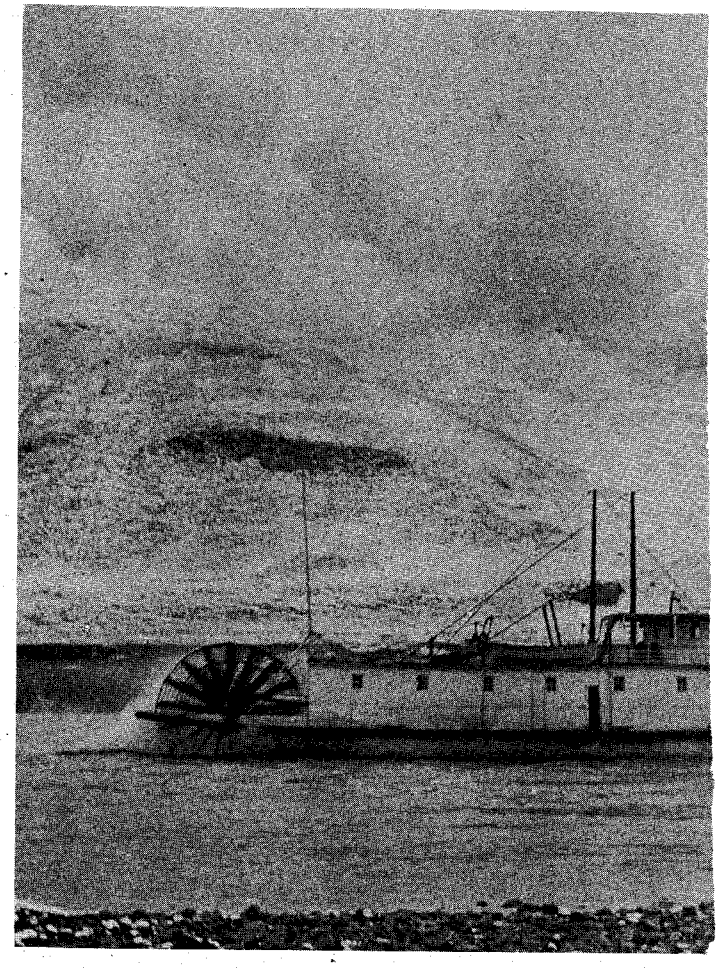
Back from a five-year sojourn in Canada, Sitting Bull, with 186 tattered, weary, hungry followers, surrendered to Major Brotherton, commanding officer at Fort Buford, on July 19, 1881. The newspaper men reported dramatically that the chief cried out as he handed over his Winchester, "Let it be recorded that I am the last member of my race to lay down my gun!" Actually the aging leader of the Sioux was too exhausted to speak at all when he surrendered. All the Sioux but Sitting Bull were taken to Standing Rock Reservation in North Dakota. The chief was removed to Fort Randall and not permitted to join his people at Standing Rock until May 10, 1883.

While at Fort Randall, Sitting Bull was questioned about the set of sketches stolen from him in 1870. Still fearing reprisal for his part in the Custer battle, the chief refused to commit himself unless he saw the actual paintings.

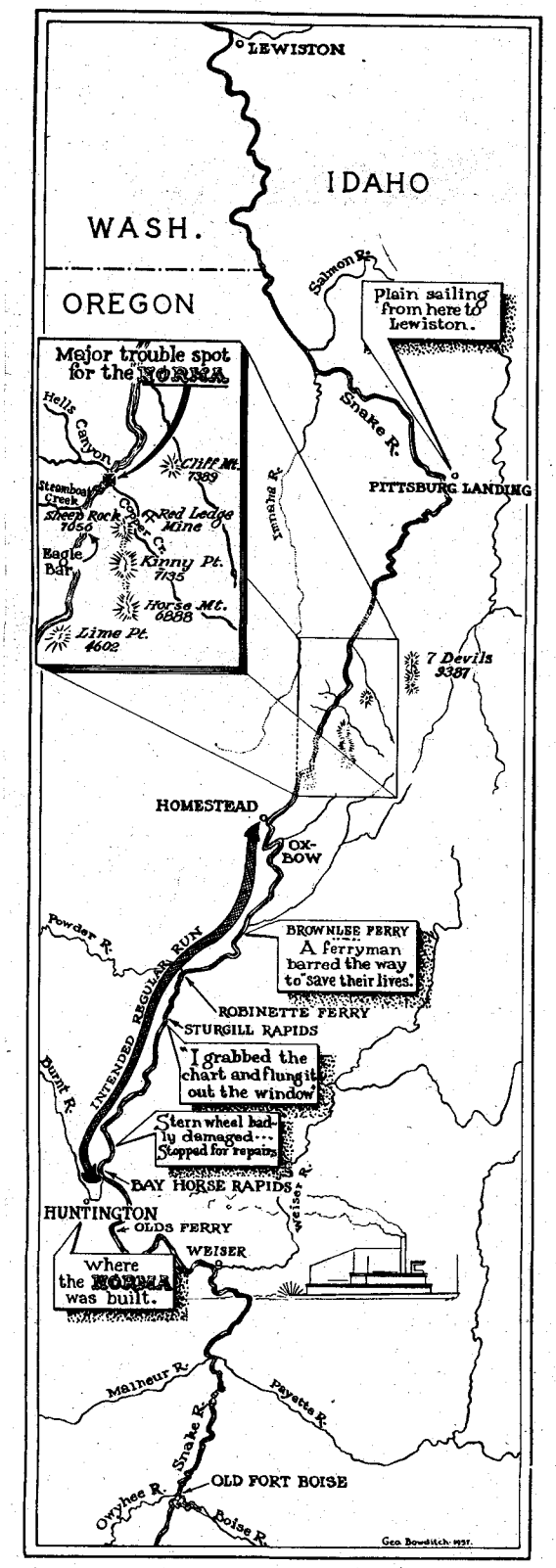
(Continued on page 52)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Suicide!" old-timers exclaimed when Captain Gray decided to run a river steamer through the "impossible" Hell's Canyon rapids.



Steamboat Through



Idaho Historical Society

Map by George Bowditch depicts the "Norma's" journey toward Lewiston along the treacherous Snake River.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK on the afternoon of May 16, 1895, the *Norma,* a 160-foot stern-wheel steamboat built on the Snake River at Huntington, Oregon, poked her nose down that stream and began one of the most fantastic and harrowing voyages any craft of her size ever made on any river anywhere in the world!

People around Huntington, and all along the river, still tell the story—and in the telling of it they are apt to become a little excited and irrational. Most of them were youngsters when all this happened and it left such an impression on them that when they tell of it now, they will speak of it as if it happened yesterday.

In the sixty-five years that have passed since then, all of the *Norma's* crew have gone to a well-earned eternal rest. But until the last of them passed on a few years ago, you had only to mention the *Norma* and you heard a story that would make your hair stand on end.

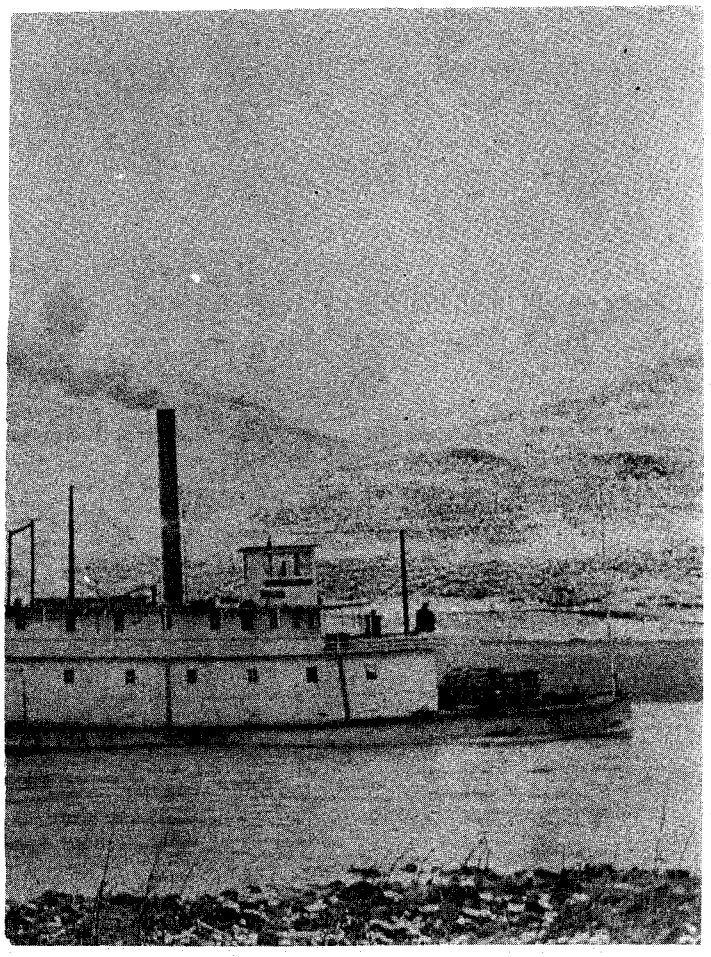
That day the *Norma* shoved off for her famous run (the first steamer of her size ever to attempt such a trip) hundreds of spectators lined both sides of the river to wish her bon voyage. The Huntington business houses had all closed for the occasion and the *Norma's* master, Captain Will Gray, blew some mighty blasts on the whistle which everyone said was a challenge to Hell's Canyon waiting below.

"This," said the *Morning Oregonian* of Portland, "is a great undertaking and will be watched with interest by all steamboat men of the Pacific Northwest."

What the paper neglected to report was that river men everywhere were offering eight-to-five that she would never make it through Hell's Canyon, that great gorge between Idaho and Oregon that is in some places deeper than the Canyon of the Colorado.

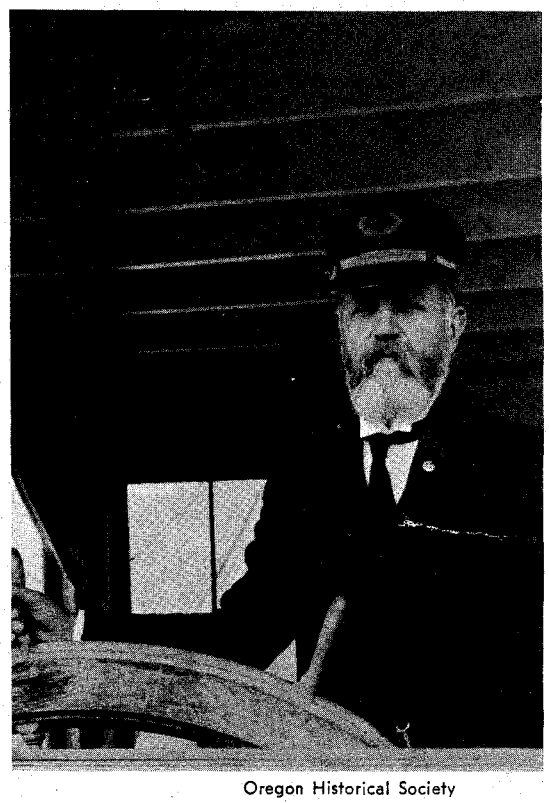
The rock-walled Hell's Canyon was several miles down the river and no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Oregon Historical Society

At left: Steamer "Norma" at Penawawa on the Snake River. Below: Captain William P. Gray at the wheel of the steamer "Mountain Gem."



Oregon Historical Society

Hell's Canyon

By DALE NELSON

one expected much trouble before it was reached. But they didn't reckon with the treachery of the Snake.

As the little steamer sounded a farewell bellow and disappeared around the first bend, trouble was only three miles away!

The *Norma* had been ready for her trial run since March 11, but the river hadn't. In mid-April, spring thaws had caused the Snake to rise three feet. The *Norma* made several short practice runs between Devil's Gate and Blacksmith's Point, but this section of the river was smooth water compared to Hell's Canyon.

The steamer originally had been built for up-stream navigation as a trading vessel, but someone forgot the railroad bridges across the Snake; the *Norma* couldn't pass under them. Her owners then engaged in a long legal battle with the railroad to make it raise the height of its bridge but lost out. No court would listen.

For two years the *Norma* lay idle, with no place to go.

"Why not take her down stream to freight between Lewiston, Idaho, and Pasco, Washington?" someone asked G. W. Williams, the principal owner.

"You're crazy," Williams replied. "How would we get her through Hell's Canyon?"

"Will Gray could do it."

Captain Will Gray was not without experience in such matters. He had been raised on the rivers of the Northwest. At sixteen he had taken a sailboat up the Snake to Lewiston. At nineteen he had switched from sailboats to steam. He knew the rivers of the Northwest as few men did. But when asked to take the *Norma* down river he thought about it for some time before accepting the assignment. The day he climbed aboard the *Norma,* he told Williams, "I'll get her down if I have to swim ahead and clear the stream of boulders." And he damned near had to do just that before he was through.

A CREW OF THIRTEEN had signed on for the trip, which included F. D. Farwell, who was listed as a clerk but actually was a newspaper reporter.

Thirty minutes after the people along the banks of the Snake waved a final farewell to the *Norma,* there was a crunching sound as she struck what Gray at first thought was a huge boulder. The craft swung around wildly, several holes ripped in her hull. Her big stern wheel chopped crazily at the bank.

The crew finally worked her free of the obstacle and out of the shallows. They took her to Gray's Landing a few miles downstream where the wheel and hull were repaired. Here it was discovered that the damage had been done by a two-inch steel drill some government engineers had driven into a rock

(Continued on page 40)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lost Six-Shooter Mine

By MILTON F. ROSE

When Billy Orme awoke fully from his hazy journey, all he had to show for it was a splitting headache, an empty pistol holster and a saddlebag full of the richest silver in Arizona.

ONE OF THE most fabulous silver discoveries in the Arizona desert was made by a man who, as he admitted later, was "drunker than a flock of boiled owls," and for that reason it hasn't been rediscovered until this very day. Even though unable to walk straight at the time and in a wandering state, he knew silver when he saw it and promised himself he would mark it well so he could come back to it when he sobered up. But the landmarks he noted down in his fuzzy mind vanished overnight and he was never able to find the place again.

Because of this, he is said to have eventually "swore off liquor," but only in a conversational way. Those who pumped him for information heard his pledge never to drink again, but he was known to go on a bender now and then just to try and jog his mind into working order. Somehow he never got all the little wheels back in their proper place and the mine remained elusive.

Invariably, Billy Orme would get drunk every time his prospecting partner sent him to town for supplies. His partner was Jacob Hamblin, soldier, Indian fighter, assayer and prospector of the old school. They were working the old Bullard mine around the turn of the century, located at the southeast end of the Harcuvars north of Aquila in Maricopa County, Arizona.

The area encompassing Yuma, Ehrenberg, Quartzsite, Planet and Wickenburg, was truly a bonanza country. Many very rich mines—the Vulture, the North Star, King of Arizona and the Bonanza, to name a few—were found there. The country is literally covered with old mining claims and many tales of lost mines abound in the area. Ehrenberg and La Paz will be remembered by the oldtimers as the supply point for Wickenburg, Prescott and all the area between. It was also the jumping-off place for all the prospectors who cared or dared to risk their lives and hair in the waterless, Indian-infested country east of the Colorado River. All the river boats stopped at Ehrenberg and La Paz to unload, for this now almost forgotten area was the head of navigation on the far-famed "Silvery Stream."

One morning when Orme was getting ready to go into town, Hamblin called him aside. "It'll be all right for you to get drunk after you get the burros loaded and the boys started back to camp with the supplies," Hamblin told him. "I don't care what you do or where you go, just as long as you get the supplies headed this way." Orme was grateful and promised he would not touch a drop until the Mexican employees were headed back for the mine with the burros.

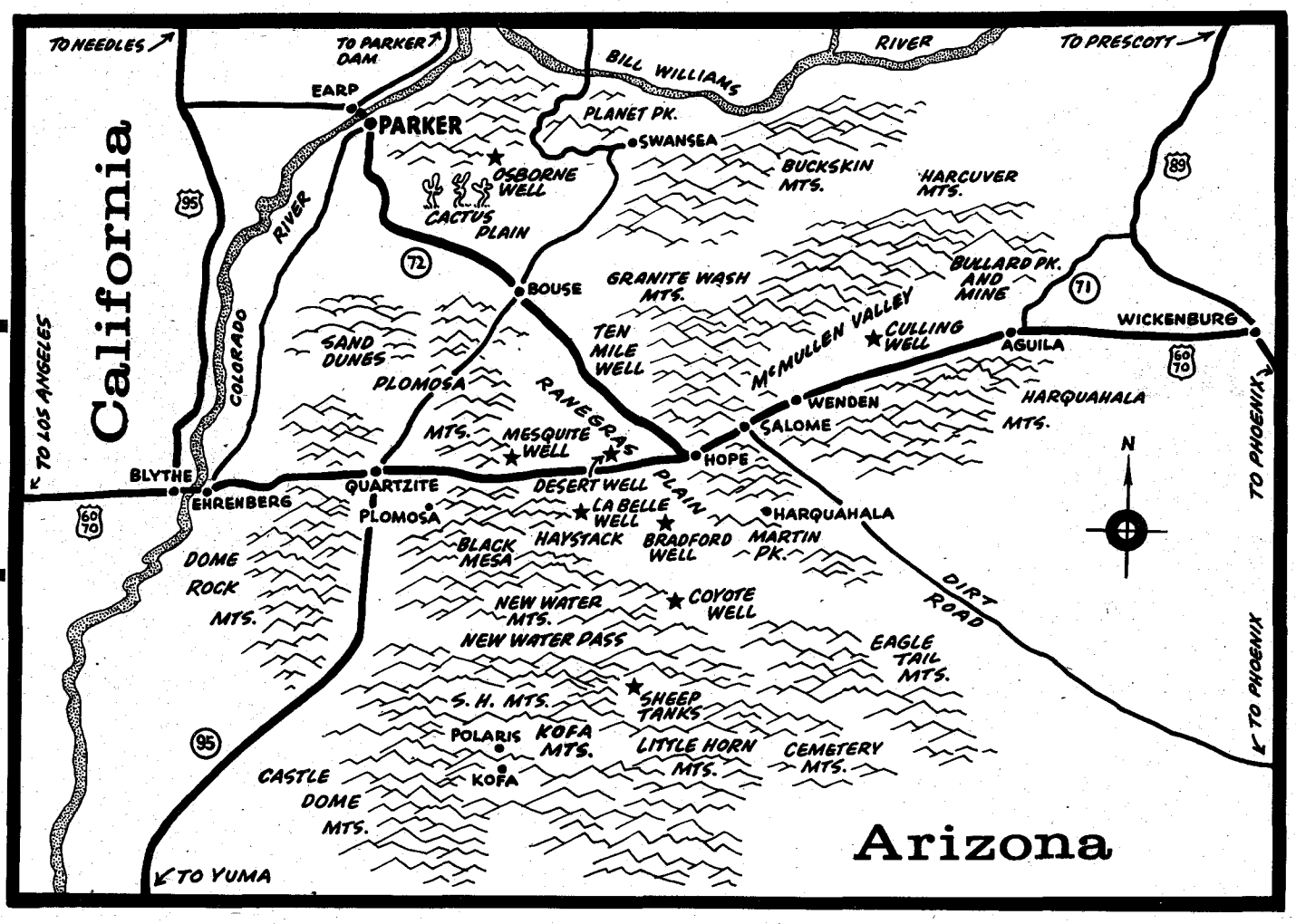
Orme and his packers used the old wagon road from Wickenburg to Ehrenberg and at the Culling Stage Station, the outfit stopped for a blow. The only other stop they made was at Tyson's Well, or Quartzsite, to pass the time of day with Billy's old friend, Charlie Eichelberger, owner of one of the best saloons in that part of the country. He didn't touch a drop of whiskey at either place and told Charlie he was going to stay sober just to show his partner he could deny himself the pleasure of a drink when he really made up his mind to do so.

At Ehrenberg, Orme bought all his supplies and got them loaded on the burros. "All right," he told the Mexicans, "you take'em back. I'll be along presently. Tell Jake I got a couple of friends I got to call on." What Orme did after that is anybody's guess. He didn't remember later. He did get drunk, however—plastered to the gills. Then, with a canteen full of panther juice, he started back for the mine.

Late one evening, the second or third day after he had started the outfit on its homeward journey, Billy Orme awakened and saw a light. It was a lantern on a pole at Culling's Stage Station which served to guide desert travelers. For this reason, the miners of the area called it "the lighthouse in the desert." He didn't recognize the light at first. He also was puzzled by the weight of his pockets. Unloading them, he discovered he had filled them with quartz. Looking closely at the quartz, he saw that it was shot full of native silver. At first, he couldn't remember a thing. Then gradually it came to him. His six-shooter! Yes, the holster was empty!

Then he remembered. He had ridden up out of a flat wash sometime during the first or second night out, only to be confronted by a black reef which was a little too high for his mount to jump

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Billy Orme's Lost Six-Shooter Mine is in this area somewhere. Whoever has the determination and will to hunt for it, will find a fortune beyond his wildest dreams.

or climb over. Since Billy was asleep and the horse was tired, the horse had just stood there. Sometime later, Billy woke up, drank the last of his liquor, then tried to find a place to get over the reef. He didn't make it, so he dismounted, tied the reins to his wrist, settled himself against the rock and went back to sleep.

At the first sign of dawn, he had been aroused by the horse tugging on the reins. His head ached and his mind was befuddled. The more the horse pulled at the reins, the more irritated Billy became. He picked up a rock to throw at the horse. The rock felt very heavy, and bleary-eyed as he was, his prospector's instinct caused him to look at it closely. It was ore, and high-grade ore at that! Close examination showed that it had come off the reef above him. Billy knew he had found something that no Hassayamper had ever stuck a pick into. It was a true bonanza, a dream come true.

He had filled his saddlebags and pockets with the ore and then looked around for something on which he could write out a location notice. The only thing he had with him to prove his identity was his six-shooter, on the handle of which he had one time carved his name. If he hid the gun there in the rocks somewhere and meanwhile someone else came along and discovered the rich silver ore, he would be able to prove he had been there first. So he built a small mound on the reef and placed the gun inside.

His work finished, Billy got on his horse, rode along the reef to a place where he could get through, gave his horse his head and promptly went back to sleep.

He awoke to find his horse up against a corral fence. He guided the horse around to the gate, opened it and let the horse drink from the tank inside. Billy got down and drank thirstily from a pipe leading from a pump worked by the windmill. He bathed his face, filled his canteen, and started on his way again. As soon as the horse was going good in the right direction, Billy pulled his hat down over his eyes and went to sleep. The horse, he knew, would head straight for the Bullard mine. When he came to, he saw the station light on the pole ahead.

INSIDE THE STAGE station, Billy had a few drinks and then supper. While eating, he told Dan Culling, the owner, and his family about his journey and how he had found the ore. He had crossed a lot of desert, he realized that. Much more than he ordinarily should have crossed had he been on a straight course for home. He'd been wandering, no doubt of that. He simply didn't know where he had been.

Orme left next day after imbibing a few drinks and buying a bottle for the trip home. His trail-wise horse carried him into the mine camp after dark. He barely managed to care for his horse and gear before falling into his bunk.

Next mornnig Hamblin, poking around in Orme's saddlebags, came across the rich silver ore and almost blew a fuse. "Where did you get this?" he demanded of his partner. "I've never seen any silver ore as rich as it is."

"Well, sir, I'll tell you," Orme said and launched into the details of how he had left his six-shooter in the mound he had built so that he could lay claim to the find. But now he was getting a little confused and his story was not the same as the one he told to the Cullings—in fact, he had forgotten that he had told the Cullings of his find.

"But where?" Hamblin kept asking. "Where is this find? Surely you weren't too drunk to remember?"

The look that had come into Orme's eyes told Hamblin that he was suspecting the worst. "I'm afraid I was," Orme admitted. "I was drunker than a flock of boiled owls."

However, Orme thought there was a good chance he could go back to the place, once he got his bearings, so he and Hamblin closed down the Bullard, fired the Mexican workmen and set out on Orme's back trail, only to find that Billy couldn't remember which trail he had taken out of Ehrenberg.

After a month or so of fruitless searching, Hamblin gave up the ghost but not Orme. He fitted himself out with a hardy team of mules and a green spring wagon with red wheels with the maker's name "Bain" painted on its side and back he went into the desert.

For many years thereafter, travelers in the desert ran across Billy Orme and

(Continued on page 51)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buried Treasure On The Little Big Horn

By JEAN M. MOORE

In the tomb of Two Moons may lie the answer to many baffling secrets on Custer's Seventh Cavalry massacre.

Carp's Photos, Courtesy Kathryn Wright

Glass-covered vault within the monument. W. P. Moncure, its builder is standing in photo, lower left. Portrait is of Two Moons. Envelope containing directions to the "treasure," bottom right.

HIGH IN THE Black Hills of Montana lies one of the strangest of all buried treasure; a treasure which, according to Indian legend, is guarded by the spirit of one of approximately 224 Seventh Cavalry soldiers killed by the Sioux and Cheyenne eighty-four years ago in the tragic battle of the Little Big Horn.

The treasure itself does not consist of gold dust or bullion and its value today would be reckoned not by its original cost but by its historical value, for the major part of the treasure is a huge necklace made up of many old-fashioned men's watches of the type popular during the Civil War period.

Buried with the necklace are personal belongings such as rings, religious articles and small pictures, all representing loot taken from the dead bodies of the massacred Seventh Cavalry soldiers, who, under General George A. Custer, rode to their death on June 25, 1876. Also believed to be part of the loot is the six month's back pay given the soldiers shortly before their last battle.

For many years the strange story was hinted at by the older members of the Sioux and Cheyenne tribes, who spoke of it with an uneasiness born of superstitious fear and horror for none dared disturb or antagonize the spirit guardian of the white soldier.

It was not until fairly recent years, however, that the story was actually verified by Flying Cloud, a Sioux Indian and leader in his tribe, a few years before his death. The tale, according to Flying Cloud, had been told by Sitting Bull himself who at the time of the famous battle of the Little Big Horn was a Hunkpapa Sioux Medicine man and one of the chief actors in the dramatic story of the strange treasure.

Among the watches composing the massive necklace was one thought to have belonged to General Custer and it was given the place of honor in the center of the necklace. Sitting Bull, as befitted his position as chief advisor for his tribe, was given charge of the watches and he commanded his squaw to string them together. When strung, they made a most impressive looking war trophy and one any medicine man or chief would have been proud to wear, but alas, none was to rate this honor.

After the watches had been strung together forming a huge necklace, it was passed along for inspection among such chiefs as Gall and Two Moons and several deserving braves who had distinguished themselves in the recent battle, when one accidently released the spring on the back of a watch case and disclosed the likeness of a lovely young woman.

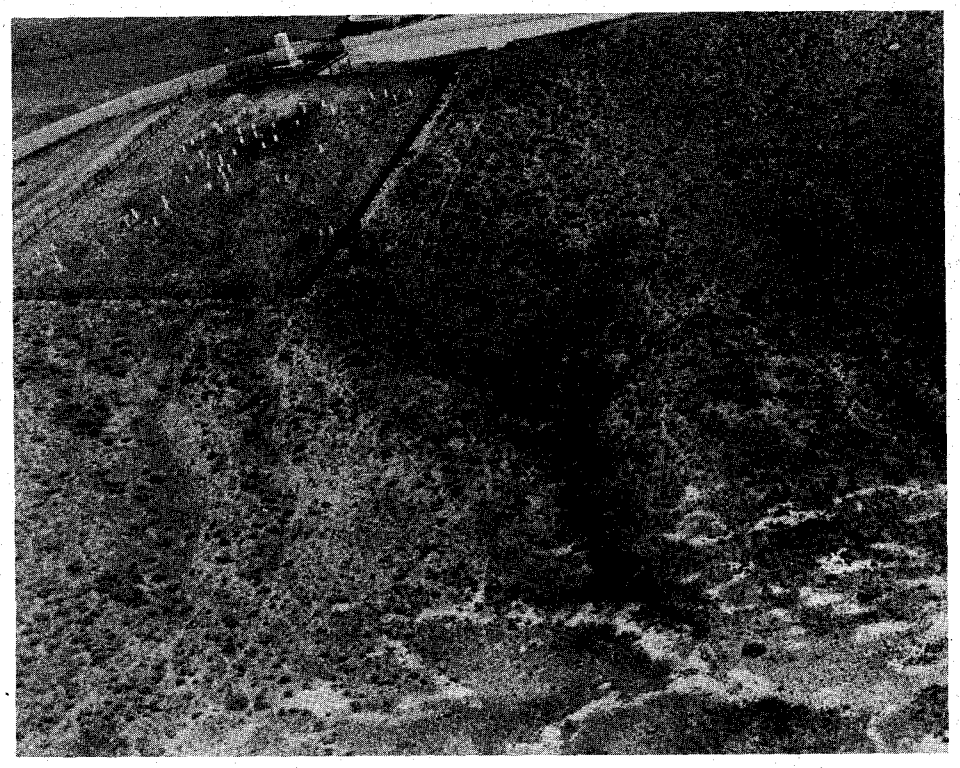
Casting the watch from him in great fright, the warrior howled in terror. The reason for his fright was simple enough—no Indian had as yet seen a photograph. So, the likeness within the case could be nothing but the spirit of the former owner of the watch. The Indians immediately credited the white man's spirit with unlimited evil power and decided to dispose of the watch necklace by burying it and the entire loot.

Undoubtedly, a proper appeasement ceremony accompanied the burial of the treasure, but just where it was buried has long been a mystery. Historians and treasure seekers alike have hunted the burial site for many years. The terrain of the country surrounding the old battleground has been covered and recovered by searchers attempting to locate the long buried cache.

One thing is certain, when the other elements of the Seventh Cavalry discovered the bodies of General Custer and his ill-fated men, they had been stripped not only of their clothing, but watches, money and personal things such as small religious objects. No account of them was ever made and the money was never spent.

Many years after the Little Big Horn Battle, or as it was commonly called, "Custer's Last Stand," Flying Cloud re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



L. H. Jorud Collection Photo

White stones mark positions of Custer's fallen soldiers when first found. They are buried at the base of the monument in the foreground; Custer in West Point's military cemetery. The treasure is believed to have been buried somewhere in this vicinity.

Carp's Photos, Courtesy Kathryn Wright

William Hollow-Breast, Cheyenne, lifts the monument's bronze plaque to reveal the secret cache.

lated that the Cheyennes who claimed to have helped bury a large cache in a secret hiding place near the Custer battlefield said the loot contained many things taken from the bodies of the dead soldiers, including the watch necklace. But, the exact hiding place remained a closely guarded secret among the Cheyenne and Sioux chiefs who participated in the Little Big Horn Battle.

The passage of time has brought many changes, and witnesses of the secret burial have long ago passed on to their Happy Hunting Grounds. The story of the cache has now faded into a category of half-legend, half-history, comparable to the story of the Little Big Horn Battle itself.

HOWEVER, ABOUT a year ago some very interesting information was discovered inside a stone monument on a hill near Busby, Montana, on the Cheyenne Reservation. The inscription on this monument reads, "Here lies the remains of Two Moons, Chief of the Cheyenne Indians, who led his men against General Custer in the Battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876. Erected by W. P. Moncure, Indian trader."

Mrs. Kathryn Wright, an alert newspaper reporter and an ardent history lover, became curious when she noticed that a bronze plaque on the monument was hinged at the top, indicating that it could be opened. Fascinated with the idea of knowing what was hidden behind the plaque, she persuaded Willie Hollow Breast, a member of the Cheyenne Tribal Council, to let her see what the vault behind the plaque contained. In this way, she uncovered a story involving a Cheyenne chief who fought in the Custer Battle. He told her of gold and silver treasury notes which Custer's ill-fated cavalrymen had in their possession at the time of their death and the history of the stone monument, itself.

Government records show that the entire Seventh Cavalry was given four months back pay, representing a total of aproximately $25,000 shortly before going into battle against the Sioux and Cheyennes. Is the key to the mystery of the hidden loot inside this monument as well as answers to questions which have puzzled historians for years? We may have to wait for twenty-six years to find out.

Inside the vault were religious Indian objects: a portrait of Two Moons, arrow heads, stone tools and a rifle from a Seventh Cavalry trooper. It also contained a large manila envelope with the following inscription:

"June 25, 1936. Why I erected the Two Moons Monument. My connection with Montana Pioneers Broadcaster, Granville Stuart; W. G. Conrad and others. Busby, where General Custer spent his last night on earth. History and location of Starved-to-Death Rock. Bozeman expedition 1874 up Rosebud Creek. Two soldiers got away from Custer Battle alive. History, Indian fort up Busby Creek. Hiding place and location of money and trinkets taken from dead soldiers on Custer battlefield. To be opened June 25, 1986. W. P. Moncure, Busby, Montana. June 25, 1936."

Mrs. Wright contacted Moncure who lives in California, but returns each summer to the Cheyenne reservation where he once operated a trading post. His Indian friends there accept him as an honored member of their tribe. He told her that the envelope would be opened in "due time." He also assured her that the information in the letter was for the benefit of the generation of Cheyenne Indians in 1986, so "they'll know how the Cheyennes lived when they were free."

Mrs. Wright firmly believes that "due time" is now and she is ably supported in this belief by such persons as Dr. Charles Kuhlman of Billings, Montana, well-known author of the analytical study of the Custer Battle, "Legend Into

(Continued on page 59)

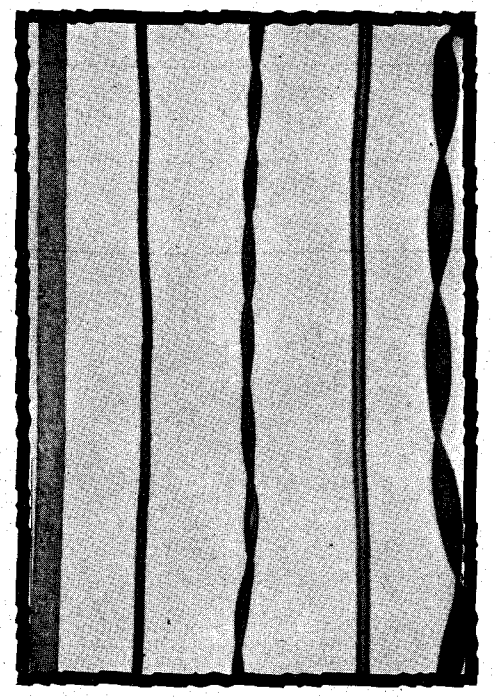
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Split Rails To Barbed Wire

By WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB

Photos of Henry D. McCallum Collection

The story of how the West found its fence.



Five types of wire in early days; heavier gauge, used on King Ranch in 1871.

They say that heaven is a free range land,
Goodbye, goodbye, O fare you well;
But it's barbed wire for the devil's hat-band;
And barbed wire blankets down in hell.
Edwin Ford Piper

BARBED WIRE is so familiar to all *True West* readers that few of them stop to think what the country would be or would have been without it. And barbed wire is so simple that one can hardly realize the human effort that thousands of people made to invent it, to find something with which to separate crops and livestock in a land that had no trees or rock with which men had built most of their fences.

Everyone knows that barbed wire consists of two strands twisted together. One of these strands is usually smooth wire. The other strand has the barbs spaced at regular intervals, from three to five inches apart. The twist and the barb are the two major important features of barbed wire.

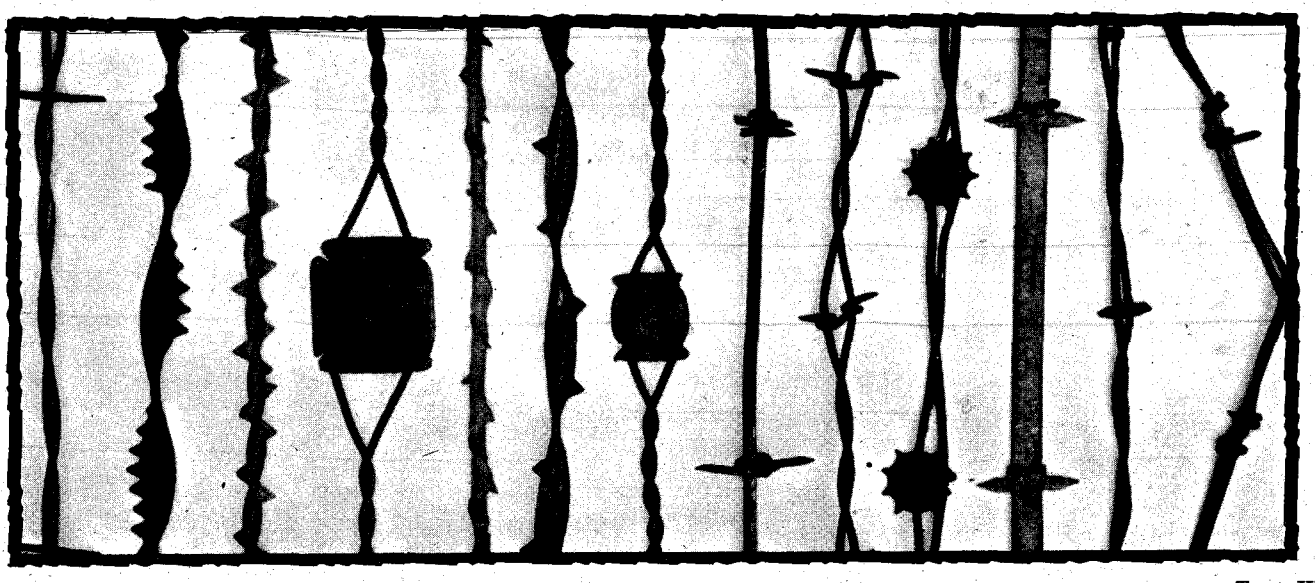
Fences have been necessary for men since they quit the nomadic life of hunters and settled down to farm and grow livestock. For thousands of years men built their fences out of the material they found on the land. They built stone walls in the rocky country. In the wooded country they split logs from the cleared fields into rails. In low, damp open country they resorted to hedges, made of thorny shrubs or thorny rose vines. They had rock fences, rail fences and live fences. It was the thorn on the hedge fences that suggested the barb on the wire fence, and one of the early names of a fence maker was the Thorn Wire Fence Company.

Rails were the favorite fence material used in the eastern half—the woodland region—of the country. Out of these rails the farmers built several different styles. The most common style was the Virginia worm rail fence, a zigzag fence which can still be seen in the mountain regions of the Appalachians. Then there was the panel fence which required more work but took up less room. The stake-and-rider fence was built in the zigzag pattern, but used fewer rails.

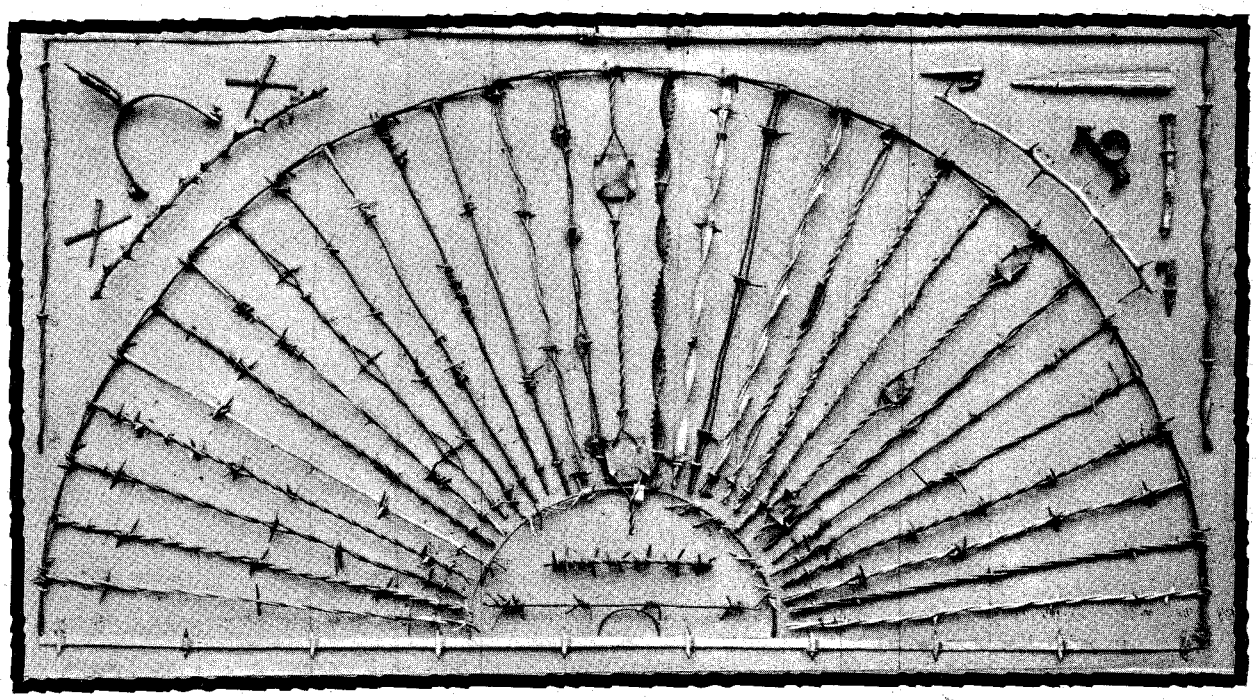
The rock fence or stone wall was built from stones gathered on the fields or near them. An enormous amount of hard work went into the building of a rock fence.

The favorite material for constructing hedge fences was the Osage orange,

Unusual types of barbed wire. Vicious type (left) inflicted serious wounds. Modified barbs pricked animal's hide.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Wheel exhibit displaying wire from the United States and some foreign countries represents styling changes in barbed wire. Modern electric fence wire is shown in wheel's hub and example of fences before barbed wire around it.

commonly known as bois d'arc or bowwood. It is easily grown, easily transplanted, will live under severe pruning, has stiff tough branches and vicious thorns. It was the perfect hedge plant in the warmer climates, and survivals of these old Osage orange hedges can still be seen in Texas and the middle west. The next favored hedge plant was made of running rose bushes which did best in the damp coastal country.

All these fences had faults. The rock fence required too much hard labor; the rail fences rotted in ten years and had to be renewed, often by "putting the bottom rail on top," while the hedge fences took time to grow and required constant pruning to hold the growth in check.

In spite of their faults, these three types of fences accompanied the American pioneers across the eastern half of the United States. They served the pioneers well as long as they were in the Eastern woodland, but in the middle of the last century they left the woods and entered the open country of the West.

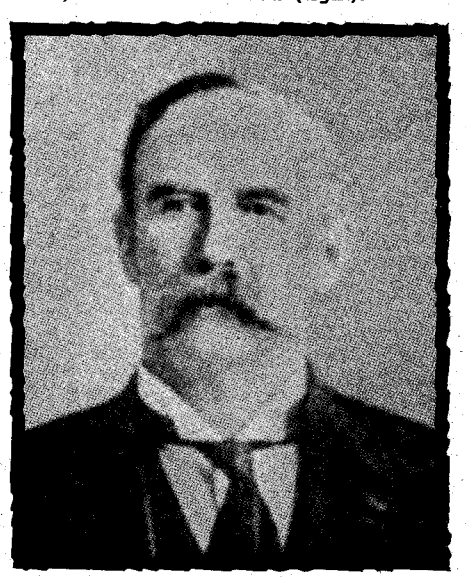
On the prairies and plains people ran into a fence trouble which they had never known before. There were no trees out of which to make rails. There was no rock out of which to build stone walls. They turned to hedges, and in Kansas and Nebraska and other states thousands of acres were fenced with Osage orange shrubs before barbed wire was invented. The fence crisis became acute by 1850, and by 1870 it was severe all along the edge of the plains. Men asked, "What will we fence the prairies with?" And they had no answer. The pioneers had run out of fencing material and to the West half a continent lay still unfenced.

If such a problem arose today it would be sent to the laboratories, and scientists would be given the task of finding a substitute for rails, rock and live plants in building a fence. There were no laboratories at that time, and so it was thousands of farmers who racked their brains to find some means of keeping stock and crops separated. There were thousands of farmers all along the edge of the open country thinking, experimenting, mostly failing, eventually succeeding.

THERE IS STILL MUCH dispute as to who first had the idea of using barbs on wire. We do know three men,

(Continued on page 38)

Kings of the barbed wire industry were Jacob Haish (left), Joseph F. Glidden (center) and Isaac Ellwood (right).



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A saddlebag was his office and an umbrella, his roof. The frontier doctor often rode miles through rain, cold and heat to reach a patient.

Fightin' Physicians On The Frontier

By RICHARD DUNLOP

Ignorance and fear rode with the wilderness doctor on the long, lonely trails through sandstorms, blizzards and hail. If he was successful and respected, he often earned $75.00 a year!

From Today's Health

IN THE KITS of military surgeons and the saddlebags of frontier doctors, the art of healing acquired in Eastern and European medical schools came to the Old West. But it was the irregulars, the self-taught practitioners, and the folk healers who were first on the scene. Men like Kit Carson, Pegleg Smith and William Clark never saw the inside of a medical school, but they weren't without practical medical knowledge.

When he was only eighteen, Kit found himself alone in the wilderness with a companion who had a shattered arm. With a razor and a handsaw, he amputated the arm. Then he seared the blood vessels with a heated iron bar. Pegleg Smith did Kit one better. When an Indian bullet mangled his leg, he sat down beneath a tree, bound his limb tightly with a buckskin thong, and amputated with his hunting knife.

On the famed Lewis and Clark expedition it was Captain William Clark who recorded in his journal dispensing "doses of nitre" or "30 drops of laudanum" to the sick. All his patients asked in the way of a medical diploma was his ability to cure them, and during the next eighty years or so in the West, that was the important question put to any physician.

Irregular doctors prescribing calomel, quinine, gentian or jalap practiced from Kentucky to California. Most of these became practitioners through happenstance. Alfred Robinson arrived in Mexican Santa Barbara in 1829 and found a woman in great pain. He suggested a few drops of laudanum, which so relieved her suffering that he found himself fairly launched on a medical career. In a neighboring town the esteemed "physician" was actually an American sailor who had deserted a whaling ship.

All along the frontier, men such as these did their best to fight disease and suffering. Few had formal training for their task. Beside them labored strange folk doctors who drew upon the lore of Indian medicine men. The strangest of these were men like John Dunlap and Dr. B. Greenwood, who were white Indians. Each had been captured by the Indians when a small boy and raised to manhood in the tribes. Torn in their allegiance between white men and red, they spent part of their lives in the settlements and part with the tribes, practicing medicine wherever they went.

Cut off from a supply of pharmaceuticals from the East, bona fide "sheepskin" doctors often fell back on the same cures used by the irregulars. Dr. J. E. Hodge of Slim Buttes, North Dakota, spent his spare time prowling the hills in search of raspberry leaves, spearmint, peppermint, barks and herbs. As many physicians did, he grew what medicines he could in his own back yard. He compounded his drugs with a mortar and pestle.

An M.D. would be happy to share the medical practice of a cowtown or mining camp with a reputable irregular doctor. Yet there was a wondrous assortment of quacks in the Old West. These presented something of a problem to a sheepskin doctor, as Dr. Edward Walters found out when he rode into Placerville, California, one day and hung out his shingle on a spanking new office made of planks and cotton sheeting.

It happened that a self-styled doctor, a man named Hullings, considered Placerville his domain. He let it be known at once that he wasn't going to have any "sawbones from the East" jumping his claim. This was talk the miners could understand. Although Hullings was generally too drunk to take a pulse, they listened sympathetically. Tall and bulky in a black coat, flaunting a Mexican sash about his waist, Hullings strode into Dr. Walters' office with half the town at his heels. He demanded to see the newcomer's diploma and certificate. While the miners jeered at him, Walters got out the documents. Hullings seized the precious papers, ripped them in half and deluged their owner's face with a well-directed jet of tobacco juice.

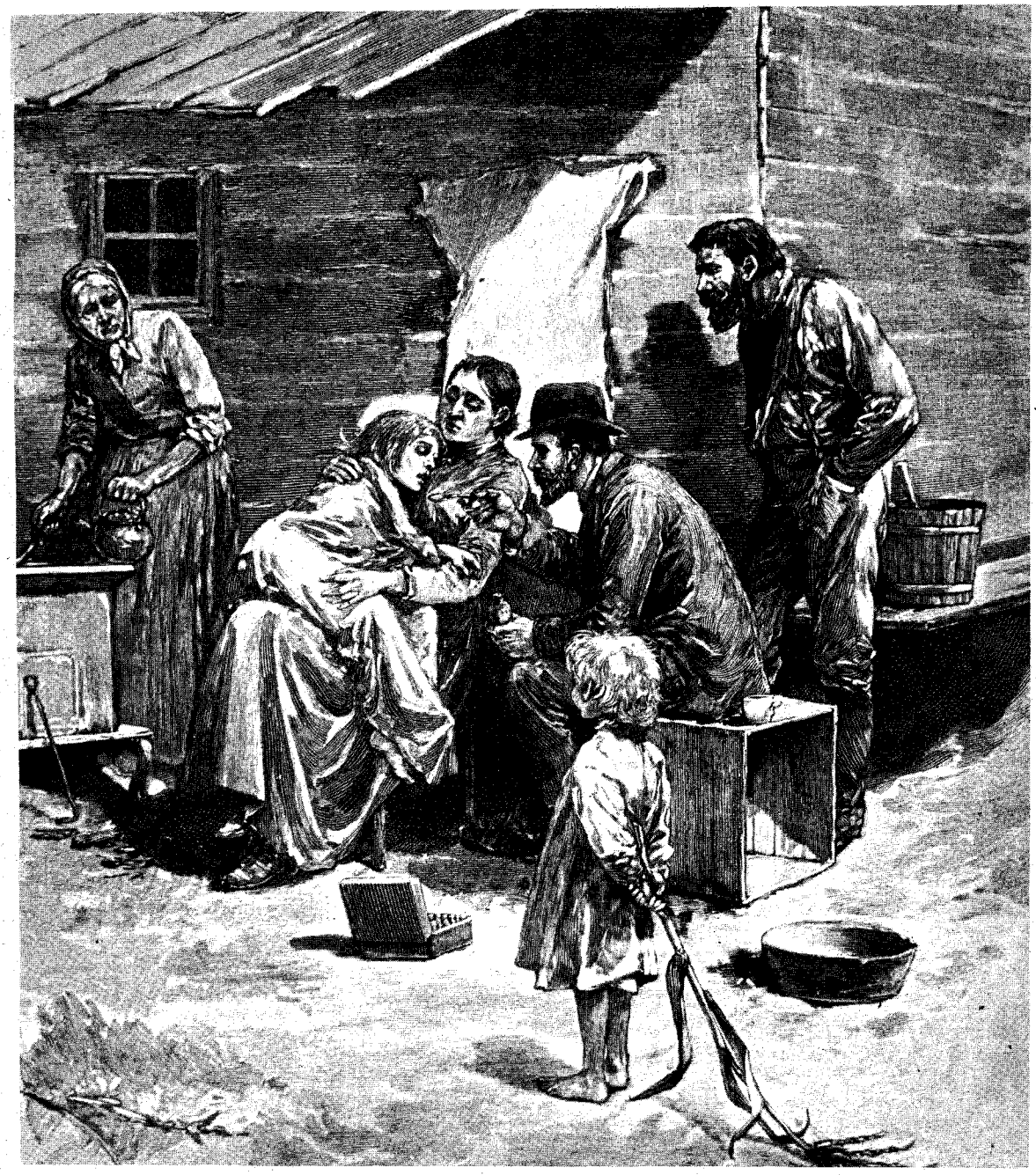
Fortunately, Dr. Walters had a truly liberal medical education. He called Hullings out of doors to fight a duel, then plugged him through the heart. His first triumphant act as Placerville's physician was to sign his rival's death certificate.

IN MOST OF the Old West, a cowpoke with a bullet in his body rode a hundred miles in search of a doctor, and the infant son of a nester wasted away of the dread "summer fever" with only his sunken-eyed mother to look on. Only a few wagon trains on the overland trails were fortunate enough to have a physician with them. Most men and women had to be content with medical do-it-yourself books and emergency kits.

Yet in some mining camps, there were actually more bona fide doctors per capita than in eastern cities. They treated the stab and gunshot wounds, shattered limbs and thighs, and compound fractures which were daily occurrences. Sometimes they had to do other work to stretch their income. They drove ox-teams, served in barrooms and at monte tables while, strangely enough, in the same town, quacks were draining the miners of their gold. Medical charlatans imposed fantastic and frequently cruel treatments for the crippling rheumatism so common among prospectors or for dysentery, typhoid fever and malaria, all endemic to the mining country. It got so that miners would nurse a sick companion for months rather that let him fall into the hands of these self-avowed doctors.

Yet if a doctor, or even an irregular, once established a reputation for humanity, for curing the sick and saving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The physician's office was anywhere and his conveniences few. Here, doctor looks at child in the yard while the family looks on.

Bettmann Archives Photos

the lives of the wounded, he became honored more than any man in the West. He alone could ride the trails confident that badmen would let him pass unscathed. In fact, miners in outlying spots would often give the doctor their ore to carry through the lawless countryside to the express office. No bandit could afford to offend the doctor since at almost any moment he might need his medical services.

Doc rode unmolested wherever he wished. It was woe even to a dog who snapped at him. For in most parts of the West it was "legal" for a doctor to shoot any offensive canine who interrupted his rounds.

A call might take a doctor for a fifty-mile ride into the badlands to an isolated ranch where a horse had fallen on a cowpuncher or again five miles out of town to the bedside of a child down with diphtheria.

Except to the afflicted, the saddlebags he used were never a thing of beauty. Two leather pouches fitted with compartments for bottles were connected by a broad leather strap which fitted across the saddle.

WHAT COULD the doctor do for the cowboy? He might yank a board off the barn wall and use it, with part of a bedsheet, to make a splint for a broken leg. To relieve a child's diphtheria, he carried a sharp pen knife. Stabbing the small sufferer through the windpipe, he'd let life-giving air into the suffocating lungs. Doc sewed up a frontier boy's cuts without any palaver. If the lad had been injured helping his folks, he was permitted to cry; but if, as was often the case, he'd been hurt in some devilment, custom demanded that he keep a stiff upper lip.

Frontier doctors worked among people who believed deeply in the powers of asafetida to ward off contagion if placed in a bag around a person's neck. Folks considered sulphur and molasses as blood purifiers and used bacon rinds to ripen boils. Compared to such simple remedies, his prescriptions of opium, ipecac, tartarized antimony and spirits of nitre appeared to frontier families as today's wonder drugs appear to us. Rarely with more equipment than his lancet, stethoscope, syringes, obstetric instuments and a hot water bottle, the doctor had to cope with the dangers of frontier childbirth and of accidents and wasting disease.

The responsibility of giving young couples premarital advice often rested on his professional shoulders as well. This doesn't mean he had no emotional and marital troubles of his own. For example, just as did other officers, many early Army doctors took Indian wives. Then the War Department issued orders that all officers must drop their squaws. Dr. Samuel C. Muir was one of the surgeons affected by the new rule. He had a squaw and a family of four children.

(Continued on page 56)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Author's Note: Some things are hard for people to believe—like a man riding a bear, for example. But, at one time or another, practically everything has been done—the more daring things generally by daredevils or plain dang fools. Chuck Erwin and I are both! Once he jumped into a pothole in the Pacific to do battle with an octopus—his two hands against the devil-fish's eight flailing arms. Chuck finally won, but he just about left his wife a widow with that loco stunt.

We used to run around together and were usually doing some harebrained stunt. One day, fishing, we came to a waterfall over a cliff. The only sane way down was to detour a mile west and back. Or we could slide down a water-soaked buckskin log that had fallen down over the cliff. Halfway down we hit the spray from the falls, and the log became mighty slippery. Chuck, clinging for dear life, looked at me and grinned. "Some people are sure crazy!"

"Yeah," I shot back. "I'm sure glad we're not crazy!"

Yet, reckless as he was, I don't think that Chuck would ever have voluntarily ridden a wild, angry bear. However, he didn't have much choice on this occasion!

E.C.H.

Her fierce jaws snapped less than an inch from his face, but he buried his head into the bear's foul-smelling fur and clung desperately to her back.

I RODE A

By CHARLES WARD ERWIN
as told to EDWIN C. HENRY

I TURNED out the light and stepped over to the open window. The lacy curtains billowed inward, inflated by the soft fall breeze. Bright moonlight bathed the hills and river in a soft golden light, casting heavy black shadows under the fruit-laden apple trees. Several cows were lying near the orchard, contentedly chewing their cuds.

It all looked peaceful enough. Maybe it wouldn't come tonight, after all. Maybe the trembling in my stomach was silly. Perhaps the cold sweat in the palms of my hands wasn't brought on by fear at all. I took a deep breath of the cold night air, and turned to the bed where Maxine was already asleep. I hoped it wouldn't come tonight. I needed sleep.

After a hard day in the logging woods the soft sheets were sheer bliss. I cast one more apprehensive glance out the window, then closed my eyes, listening to the lulling music of the nearby stream. I fell asleep with the sweet, somehow reassuring sound of the water soothing my troubled mind. Yet, even in sleep, I was uneasily aware of the luminous rectangle of the window in the moonlight.

Presently, the regular outline of light was broken at the bottom by two huge, rounded ears protruding above the sill. Then the heavy muzzle appeared, slobbering saliva from the corners of the snarling mouth. Huge snaggy, yellowed teeth gleamed in the moonlight, and the beady eyes glinted blood-red. Then the powerful jaws opened and a sound came out that was half roar and half moan, tapering off into a wheezing gasp.

Hairy, knife-clawed forepaws came over the sill and pulled the monster into the room, shattering the sash with massive indifference and ease. The dripping tongue lolled from the open jaws and a blast of putrid breath struck me in the face. Moaning again, the monster lifted a gigantic clawed forearm to strike the death blow. Puny, unarmed, seemingly naked, I grappled with it.

Instantly we were locked in mortal combat. Sweat popped out on my head and glistened on my arms—arms that were locked in a death grip around the straining beast. My breathing was getting painful, my lungs constricted with the pressure of the monster's grasp.

"I've got to kill it!" I screamed. "I've got to kill it!"

"Charlie! Wake up!"

Maxine's voice came from far away, breaking into my horrible nightmare. "Wake up, Charlie. You're dreaming again."

Moonlight was flooding through the window, lighting up the rumpled bed. I was hugging a wad of bedcovers and sweating profusely, trembling like a tight line in a high wind. The window sash was all in one piece, as it should have been.

"You were fighting the bear again, weren't you?" asked Maxine.

I didn't answer. I didn't need to. My wife knew as well as I did, that I was living over again in my dreams the terrible, bloody battle with the bear. An icy hand twisted my innards as I wondered to myself if these frightful nightmares would never cease? It had been more than a month now since the encounter, yet the spector of it haunted my sleep, making a hideous chaos of my rest. Three times in the last two weeks I'd suffered through this nocturnal horror. Deliberately, I forced myself to review the incredible event of that day five weeks ago, hoping thereby to exorcise the dream bear as one would exorcise an evil spirit. It might just work.

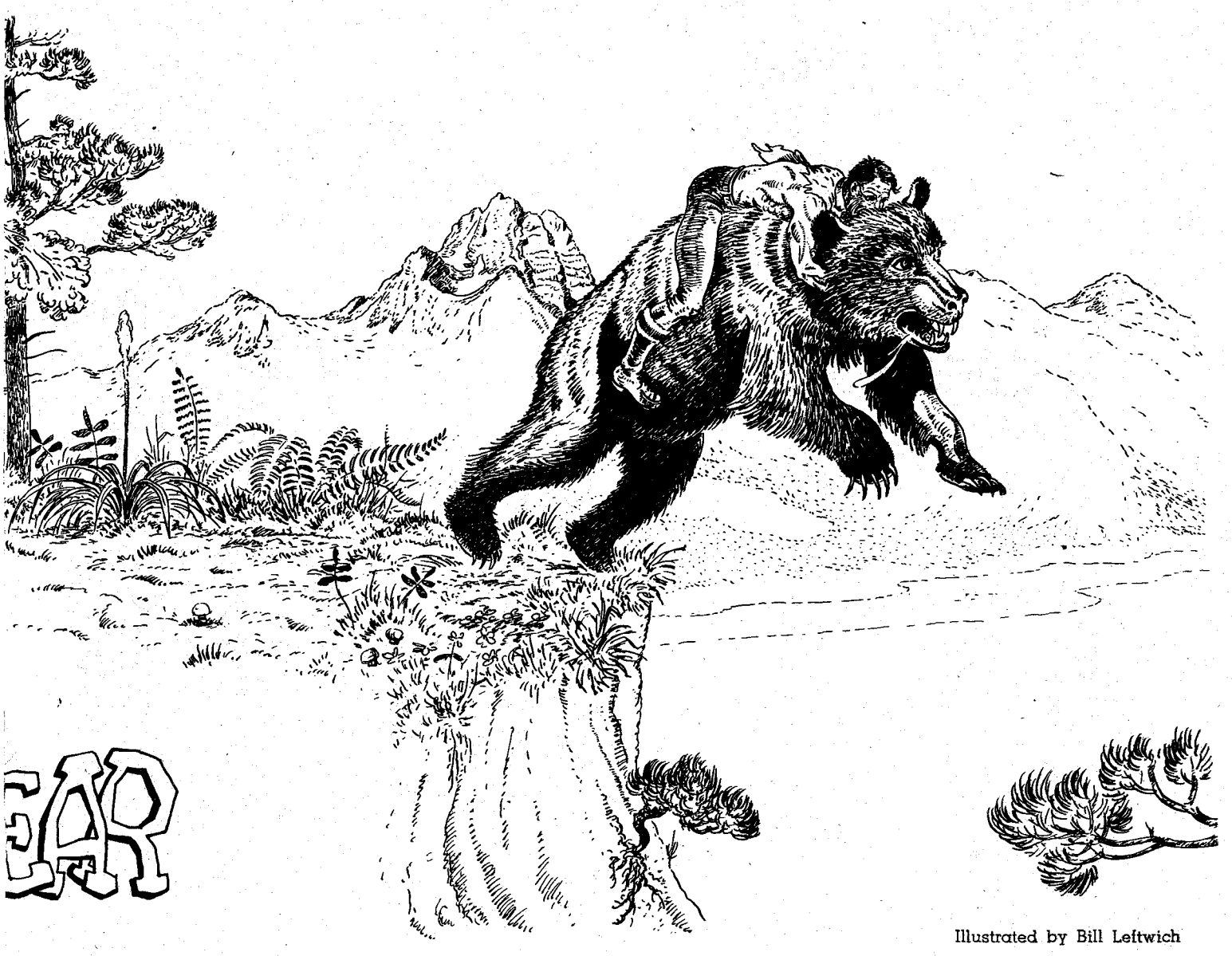
THE hills around our place at the head of tidewater on a good-sized river are high, steep, and heavily wooded. Giant Douglas fir trees reach more than 150 feet into the sky. Beneath the firs, dense jungles of salal, thimbleberry, and salmonberry brush intertwine in thick tangles that mat the ground. Wild blackberry vines add their thorny brambles to the already impenetrable mass. Alders and vine maples grow in the deep canyons. It is wild, beautiful country. It is also bear country.

When I feel a little blue, or when problems are pressing a little heavy, I like to tramp these deep woods. Somehow it is relaxing—and when a man has seven kids at home, he needs to relax occasionally.

A digger squirrel barked from the driftwood pile down on the river bottom as I stepped off the porch on the day of my encounter with the bear. I got the .22, slipped around behind the woodshed and rested the rifle barrel across a fence post. It was a long shot, but when I pulled the trigger, he toppled off the log. I figured he was the cunning pest that had been raiding the garden.

I picked him up and laid him on top of the log, and leaned the gun beside him. I wasn't climbing the hill to hunt, so I left the rifle there. I ascended slowly, stopping to admire the tiny maidenhair ferns in the damp places. It took

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Illustrated by Bill Leftwich

nearly an hour to reach the hogback ridge. The sun had been shining brightly, but now it passed behind some low clouds. An almost tomb-like silence hung over the hills.

I took a deep breath and sat down on a mossy log. This was the life! No people, no vexing problems, nothing but the quiet, peaceful wilderness.

I looked out over the woodsy world. Directly in front of me was a peculiar little flat, strangely out of place here where most of the real estate stood on end. It was thickly covered with alders and maples, with a few chittim trees showing through. Most of the chittim was on the far side, where the glade broke sharply away into a deep side canyon.

The kids had been wanting me to locate some chittim for them to peel so they could make a little spending money, and this looked like a good stand. I slid down the hill to take a closer look.

The chittim was good stuff; big, straight trees that would peel easily. However, the little flat was a jumble of windfalls woven together with a tangle of berry vines. I fought my way through until I could see the top of the largest tree just ahead.

Suddenly I stiffened. The tree swayed and rocked as though someone was climbing it. Annoyed that a trespasser might have invaded my territory, I bulled my way through the undergrowth until I stood beneath the tree. My eyes searched the branches for the culprit that would have the audacity to invade my retreat. And there, perfectly at home in the swaying tree, were twin black bear cubs!

The humor of the situation set me to laughing. The cubs peered down at me for a moment, decided I was harmless, and went back to stripping the bitter berries from the branches and cramming them into their mouths. I settled back quietly to enjoy the show.

The cubs presented a ludicrous sight that soon had me chuckling aloud. They reminded me of solemn-faced circus clowns. One of them sat down on a large limb with his back against the trunk. One hind foot lay atop the limb, while the other dangled beneath. With one front paw, he clung to a limb above his head, and with the other he lazily scratched his ribs. Slowly he opened his mouth and yawned prodigiously, his tongue lolling from his mouth. He reminded me of a self-satisfied bank president, and I guffawed right out loud.

The other cub was standing on a branch on his rear feet, holding to a higher branch with his right paw, and stuffing berries into his sad face with his left. As I watched, he overreached, lost his balance, and nearly tumbled from the tree. The sheepish look on his face was startlingly human. I let go a hearty belly laugh that woke the echoes.

The cub sitting on the branch swung his head and looked at me as if he were seeing me for the first time. He opened his mouth as if he were going to yawn again, but instead a whimpering wail came out. Then he inhaled deeply and wailed again, louder than before.

Obviously he was calling for his mother—and for the first time I realized that mamma bear might be in the vicinity. Not that it worried me any; I'm just not built that way. I've never learned what fear is, and people think I'm a bit queer for the lack of it.

The reason is psychologically sound. I was born a pigeon-breasted, miserable thing, and doctors gave me not more than three months to live. I grew up weak and spindly, not able to take part in athletics with the other kids, but I lived in spite of the dire medical prognosis.

When I was old enough to think for myself, I began to exercise to overcome my physical weakness. I grew strong, and with my growing strength I fought against everything that had the taint of weakness. I deliberately courted danger at every opportunity.

That's why I slipped into an ocean pothole, eight feet deep and big as an ordinary living room, to grapple bare-

(Continued on page 36)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There's A Hog Thief

JACOB BONNER first started driving freight in 1898, between Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Tahlequah, capital of the Cherokee Nation in Indian Territory. He had left a cotton farm in Mississippi to seek his fortune in the west. His fortunes were mighty slim when he landed the mule skinning job into the fabulous Indian Territory.

Being a young man, he was greatly impressed with tales of Belle Starr, Frank and Jesse James and the Younger brothers. Fresh were the stories of Cherokee Bill and the Buck gang. This was a land where tempers often ran hot. On his freight hauls, Jacob often passed "prison wagons" on their way to Fort Smith. Deputy U. S. marshals were constantly on the trail of outlaws hiding in the hills of eastern Indian Territory.

Jacob made many friends in Tahlequah, among both Cherokees and whites. As he began going out with some of the local girls, he began to arrange it so that his layovers in Tahlequah were longer and longer. Yes sir, he liked it around the Cherokee capital real well.

One morning while Jacob was loafing around the square, a good friend asked him to join the local chapter of the Anti-Horse Thief Association. There was a meeting that very night and it could be arranged for Jacob to be initiated then. This pleased Jacob, for he knew that a mighty fine group of men belonged to the AHTA and were dedicated to stamping out all types of thievery.

All AHTA meetings were held at a large stone building on the edge of town and Jacob noticed a big crowd as he drove up in his wagon. After a few words of greeting, he was led past the main room into a smaller one. Two other men were there ahead of him. It was explained that each man was to be initiated separately, but they would all be together for the formal swearing in.

Bonner was the second man to be blindfolded and led into the big room. His helplessness during the hazing caused plenty of belly laughs throughout the room, but soon it was over and Jacob got to watch the last man get the same treatment he had received.

After the swearing in, each man was welcomed and given the secret handshake by the president, Oscar Porter.

Porter banged his gavel to quiet the room. "Now that we have three new members of the Anti-Horse Thief Association," he said, "I would like for them to take the seat of honor up here in front of the speaker's table."

The three new members were led to a bench in front of the room.

"Now you fellas sit right down," Porter continued, "and we will finish the meeting. As you know, the Association has an investigation committee. I now ask the chairman, Ben Simon, to report."

A tall, black-haired Cherokee stood up and made his way to the front of the room.

"I sure do hate to give this here report," he said. "This is the first time I ever knowed of anything like this happening. We suspect one of our own members of stealing hogs."

The surprise of this statement gave way to angry yells. The chairman held

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the old days, when a man called another a thief, a fight of some sort wasn't far in the offing.

Among Us!"

By ARTHUR SHOEMAKER

Illustrated by Jack Davis

up his hand for silence as there were shouts for the culprit's name. There was considerable confusion, until Ben Simon finally made himself heard.

"I'll tell you who the man is," he shouted, "but we have to turn him over to the sheriff."

The room quickly quieted down as every one was watching Simon. Several men had moved about the room so that they were standing by a lamp.

Simon pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. He went on in a halting voice. "The committee has seen fit to accuse Silas Simpson of stealing hogs from Oliver Beaver."

A balding, heavy-set man, sitting on the aisle, leaped to his feet. "That's a damn lie," he yelled. "I didn't steal no hogs and you ain't gonna say I did."

The accuser spoke again, "I say you did and tomorrow I'm gonna tell the law."

That did it. Livid with rage, Simpson started for the front of the room.

"I'll knock your teeth out for that," he screamed.

At this point, Oscar Porter rushed forward and grappled with Simpson. "Let's throw this thieving son out of here," he said to some men around them. Simpson was grabbed and hustled through the door and out of the building.

IT WAS A FULL five minutes before the room quieted down enough for the meeting to go on. Ben Simon still stood in front of the speaker's table.

"I sure hope you new fellas won't be too upset by this," he said turning to the three uneasy "guests" still sitting on the bench. "There are some bad apples in every barrel."

Simon had his back turned to the crowd, when the door at the rear of the hall crashed open. Every head turned at the sound.

It was Silas Simpson with a look of hate on his face. He started walking toward Simon. "Damn you to hell, Ben Simon, I'm gonna kill you!" he said. He pulled a six-shooter out of his pocket and pulled back the hammer. As the first two shots crashed, every lamp in the room was blown out. The noise was unholy, with everyone in the room yelling.

"Lights! Somebody light the lamps!"

Hurriedly matches were struck and the lamps were relighted. Light again flooded the room to show everything in complete order. No one had moved. The officers were still standing behind the table. Ben Simon was still standing in front of the table, but he was pounding a grinning Silas Simpson on the shoulder. Only the "guest" bench was empty.

The bench had been emptied with the first shot. One man had landed in a corner tangled up in the rungs of a chair. Another had fallen over the flag and sat nursing his head where the pole had hit him. Jacob Bonner had made it to the water barrel and was squatted down behind it.

The light began to dawn for the three pigeons as the room echoed with laughter. As the meeting began to break up, Jacob could hear President Porter say, "Welcome to the Association, boys."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Rode A Bear

(Continued from page 33)

handed with an octopus. (I almost lost that battle.) The same impulse caused me to chase a grizzly bear out of camp in the Sierras with the fork I was eating with. The next day I rode a shale avalanche down the mountain side for nearly a mile and loved every minute of it. Danger excites and stirs me.

That is why I didn't run when the bear cub squalled for mamma. Maybe she would come, but so what? I leaned back to enjoy the show.

PRESENTLY I heard an ominous stirring in the brush over the edge of the canyon. I peered over. I could have run; I could have climbed a tree—but I did neither. The noise ceased momentarily. Suddenly I heard the brush crackle behind me and I wheeled, but too late. There, terrible spiked paw upraised, frothy-mouthed and small eyes glinting, stood the mother of the cubs!

The downsweep of her hairy forearm was a blur—too fast to dodge. The claws dug into my flesh at the juncture of my neck and left collarbone, seared downward across my chest, and hooked into my belt with a jolting wrench that sent me spinning. I fought desperately to keep my balance, grasping at the branches of a small alder tree, then crashed with a sickening thud into a wild blackberry vine draped over a rotting log. A sharp knot jabbed my shoulder blade, and the stab of pain twisted my guts.

I bounced to my feet just as the irate bear made another lethal swipe at me. She missed. I rocked back on my left foot, my right leg hoisted in the air like a dog at a friendly hydrant. The bear landed on all fours with an impact that sent chunks of sod flying into the air. In a split second, as I balanced on one leg with the bear's broad back beneath me, something told me that this was my one chance. I whipped my legs around her vast flanks in a desperate scissor lock, and my arms encircled her heavy neck.

Instantly all hell broke loose! She bawled; a sort of gargling roar, paralyzing in its fury. Fear iced along my veins—fear I had never known before. And, with the sudden birth of fear, came a surge of new strength.

This mad ride was for keeps! The realization exploded numbingly in my brain. Then hard after it came the old exultation of physical combat. One of us must die. My arms tightened around her neck, and my voice was hoarse in my throat. "I've got to kill her," I repeated over and over. "I've GOT to kill her!"

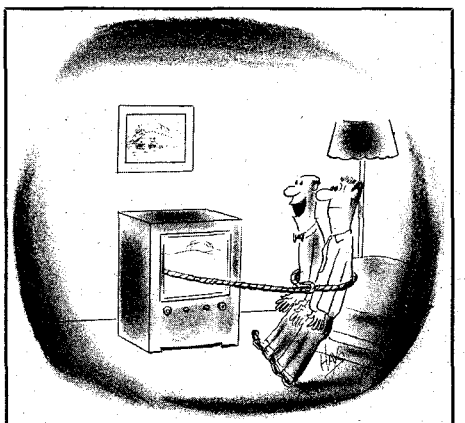
The bear leaped into the air, hind feet slashing at my legs. Her head twisted around and her teeth clacked wickedly less than an inch from my face. My hundred and seventy pounds were pitifully weak compared with this snarling, seething animal tornado. I squeezed my arms upward, pressing against her neck, fighting to choke off her wind. Blood from her initial blow streamed from the long furrows of my chest and soaked and matted the rough fur on her shoulders.

She fell heavily, and rolled over and over, trying to dislodge me. Sticks, knots and berryvines prodded me, shredding my clothes like tissue paper. I pressed my face into her stinking fur and held on grimly, my mind blank of everything but the blind instinct of self-preservation.

The next thing I knew the bear had fallen heavily into a shallow depression at the foot of a large alder, and in falling, had twisted until I was underneath her. Her weight crushed down upon me until I couldn't breathe. The fur on her neck pressed against my nose and mouth, suffocating me. My head began to swim. The darkness of unconsciousness was closing in.

Desperately, I exerted all my strength, trying to roll her over. I strained until my muscles ached, trying to move her. Twist! Fight! Slowly she moved until she lay on her side, flanks heaving. I opened my mouth and gulped in great lungs-full of air. Sweat poured down my face and mingled with the blood on my chest. A throbbing, aching numbness ate its way along the muscles of my neck and shoulders. Sharp lances of fire flickered through my brain.

Suddenly, with a lurch that nearly loosened my grip, the bear rolled to her feet and crashed blindly off down the mountain side at a terrific pace. She tore through brambles, and crashed through small trees. Then, suddenly, we were out of a small clearing and I was looking dizzily over a cliff to tree tops far below. The next instant we were out in space, rolling over and over in sickening slow motion.



"Most realistic western I've ever seen!"

THE DROP must have lasted only a few brief seconds, but it seemed an eternity. Absurdly, one thought kept running through my mind: "I wonder if Maxine will remember to pay the taxes on the place?"

Then, with a tremendous thud, we hit bottom. The jolt drove the breath out of my lungs, but through some miracle of luck I had landed on top and the bear took the worst shock.

From the start of my wild ride, I had been exerting all my strength to choke off her wind, and now her breath was coming in uneven, ragged gasps, moaning through her windpipe beneath my arms. With one final effort, she dragged down the hill into the bottom of a damp swale and crumpled to the ground, too weak to climb out again.

My strength was ebbing fast, and the bear was still sucking enough air to sustain life. I lacked strength to choke her to death, and the realization tied fresh knots of fear deep inside me. I looked around for a weapon—a rock or a hard limb. There were none. I twisted my head around in frantic search—and there, protruding half out of my hip pocket, was the handle of the tiny sheath knife someone had given me as a joke. It was scarcely six inches long over all, but right then it was the prettiest thing I had ever seen.

I sought to loosen my right hand from its grip on my left wrist, but to my horror it was locked tight from the strain and I couldn't get the fingers to relax. I spent several agonizing moments before I could work my hand loose, and then my fingers were like claws. My arm throbbed and ached as I reached for the knife, quivering as I forced it behind me. I tried twice before my numb fingers could pull the knife from my pocket.

I tore off the sheath with my teeth. The blade was small but razor-sharp. Carefully, slowly, like a surgeon performing a delicate operation, I sought out the jugular vein. All the while I maintained the choking pressure with my left arm.

Then, with the last of my strength, I plunged the knife through the tough hide into the bear's throat and pulled it through the great vein. With a terrible roar, she erupted into frenzied, violent gyrations. Blood spouted from her throat and ran down my arms and under my belt.

I dropped the knife and hung on desperately, until she sank down with a moaning gurgle and I knew my blood-chilling bear-back ride was over. I struggled free of her inert bulk, got to my feet, staggered and fell. The trees and earth heaved and swayed, and I clung to a maple vine, not knowing for awhile which way was up.

My friend Keith Elliott had wanted a bear skin, so I had promised him the next one I shot. No one would believe I had killed the bear in hand-to-claw combat, so I would let them believe I had shot it. Back home, after scaring the family half to death and proving to them that I wasn't maimed for life, I called Keith to come and get the bear. Then I dressed the worst of my wounds and crawled gratefully into bed.

Much later, Keith was standing beside my bed, calling to me. I woke up reluctantly.

"WHERE did you say you shot that bear?" he asked, point-blank.

I moved gingerly and grimaced at the pain. "Hell, I don't know for sure! In the mouth or eye, I guess. Go and let me alone. I don't feel good."

Keith didn't move. "How did you say you killed that bear?" he demanded.

I was in no shape to argue with him. I swore him to secrecy, and told him the whole fantastic story. When I'd finished, he just stood and stared at me. "Now I know those stories I've been hearing about you are true," he said finally. "I looked that bear over carefully, and I know there wasn't a bullet mark on her anywhere. Just a slit in her throat." He wiped the skinning knife on his sleeve, and walked out.

I went back to sleep.

After my nap, Keith returned. "I just weighed the meat," he remarked casually. "Without the head, hide and entrails, the meat alone weighs two hundred and forty-six pounds. You can't tell me she wasn't a rough customer."

I didn't argue the point.

All that is in the past now, and I'd like to forget it. Most of all, I wish these terrible nightmares would stop haunting my sleep every night. One such bear fight is enough, without encores.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Truly Western

Treasure Hunters, Attention!

Dear Mr. Small:

I noticed all the treasure hunting information in the January-February *True West* and especially the comments with respect to the Lost Dutchman and the Dutch Oven Mine.

It is true that Tom Scofield died at Essex during the summer's heat in 1954 but his age is questionable. Essex was not his home but a stopping place. The desert was Tom's home. Among his closest educated friends were Bill Hammond of Los Angeles and Karl von Mueller, formerly of Los Angeles and now of Salt Lake City. He confided in Bill and Karl that the Dutch Oven was a figment of his imagination dreamed up during an interview with a "smart aleck" reporter from the Los Angeles *Times*. There was no Dutch Oven mine.

The Lost Dutchman was pretty well exposed by Karl von Mueller in articles in several magazines including *Adventure* and *National Prospector's Gazette*. Even Jacob Walzer said there was no Lost Dutchman. If people will investigate, they will find that the myth started right in Phoenix and has been perpetuated by the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce, the Dons and other individuals who profit by treasure hunters staying in the area while searching for it. Manuel Ortegas and his group found thousands of pounds of gold and silver near the Superstitions but it was not a mine and Karl von Mueller explained this in his *Treasure Hunters Manual*.

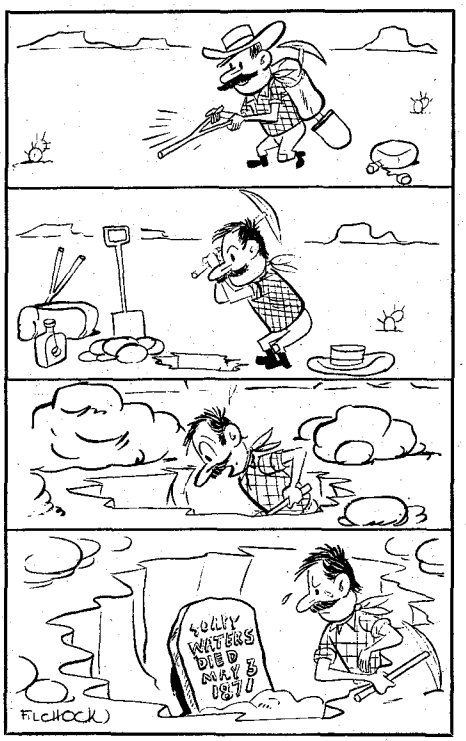
Ninety per cent of these lost mine yarns are myths. The Atlantic Treasure Club offered $10,000 for years to anybody who could document and prove conclusively that anyone had ever "lost" a mine or to anyone who could prove that a lost mine ever existed. Nobody ever tried to get the money. Even today, the club welcomes challengers and leads so that they can pursue it as a club project.

The greatest living authority on lost mines and treasure hunting in general is Karl von Mueller. He not only writes, talks and knows about treasure hunting but he actually finds it. He has receipts from known, identifiable charities and non-profit groups of over nearly $10,000,000 worth of treasure. For example, in January, 1960, he located and turned over to several charities $2,000,000 in Confederate currency and gold in Georgia.

There are many other finds that he has made, but it would take a page to mention all of them. As a bona fide treasure hunter, Karl has no peer and he does it for fun. All proceeds go to charity. His home is Salt Lake City and his house looks like a museum as I have been there and seen hundreds of old tools, branding irons, gold ingots, watches, books and even a solid gold horseshoe nail clincher which was probably cast as such to safely get the gold out of the West and into civilization. His book is a gospel and he doesn't tell about any wild goose chases. He tells about how he and his associates actually recovered big treasures and he tells the reader how to go about it. My copy has no publisher listed and cost me $5.00 at a Denver newsstand but I wouldn't sell it for $1,000.

Tom Bailey's articles are good, but he uses so much deduction and rationalization in them. He has obviously done a lot of reading on treasure and lost mines, and writes a fundamentally honest report. My hat is off to him. But, if a person has twenty-five years of treasure hunting behind him and isn't wealthy, he's not an authority.

Karl von Mueller, Chester Wiggins, Eddie Dammitz, Lefty Schrauger, Tom Frantom, Bill Hammond and others have become fabulously wealthy or have found treasure which places them in command of big fortunes. This is proof of the pudding.



It might interest you to know that I first heard of *True West* when Karl von Mueller mentioned it on several radio shows. About three years ago I saw him on TV in New York and he held up a copy for the viewer to see so I went out and hounded the newsstands until they got me one. Since then, I never miss an issue.—Charles Millen, Box 5008, Austin 31, Texas.

Dear Mr. Small:

One of my mining partners introduced me to my first copy of your very interesting magazine recently and I have enjoyed it greatly. I was particularly interested in the readers' comments on the Lost Dutchman and other legends and very much enjoyed Tom Bailey's article on lost mines.

I was somewhat surprised that people still took much stock in the Dutchman but I hear that recently a couple of hopefuls shot it out over it. I have known a number of reliable men who were in the country when Walz was still living and who had seen some of the gold ore which he sold. All of these experienced men were sure that the ore came from the Vulture near Wickenburg. Gold ores are very distinctive and an assayer or miner who knows a district well can usually tell pretty closely where a certain ore came from. It was the consensus of these men that the Dutchman was either selling off ore which he high-graded from the Vulture or was selling ore high-graded by miners employed at the Vulture who did not dare sell it themselves.

I hunted javalina and deer in the Superstitions a long time ago, and did some gold prospecting in these mountains. The only real prospects were in the western edge, not very high above the desert. Although there are some indications of mineralization in other areas, there is nothing to indicate a really good prospect.

The Superstitions are still a dangerous place to run out of water, as in any desert country. I came close to leaving my bones out there when a waterhole we were counting on was dry when we arrived at it. We had only a half day's water supply left in our casks and canteens. It was a tough grind, but we finally made it back to the last watering place.—C. E. Ricketts, 708 Mountain View Road, Rapid City, South Dakota.

Howdy, Pards,

I am one of your roaming newsstand readers. I take my chances on finding your magazines and have been very fortunate.

The letter from Mr. M. A. Bernhard in the February issue speaks with so much authority. He says that if there was gold in the Superstitions, he would have found it. The first time I heard the expression, "thar's gold in them thar hills," was when a cowboy was pointing to the Superstitions.

I am sure Mr. Bernhard was looking in the wrong place. He should have searched around the Phoenix area. If he had consulted the Chamber of Commerce there, he would have realized that they had found plenty of gold.

I was living at the Washington Hotel during much of my stay in Phoenix and there was much talk of lost mines and buried treasurer. The Lost Dutchman Mine was placed in the Four Peaks area, and in the Wild Horse Basin west of Prescott.

In the summer of 1921, I spent much of my time on outings but never saw anything that resembled any mining operations in the Superstition Mountains.

On the northwest side, south of the Apache Trail, prospecting activities had been carried on previous to my time. We found short drifts into the side of the slopes. Short shafts had been started on the tops of some ridges. In one place, we found an abandoned stamp mill. There were remains of several buildings which I was never able to identify.

There are thousands of prospect holes and diggings scattered all over Arizona. It is possible to find small pieces of float and to knock off a small piece of

(Continued on page 60)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Split Rails To Barbed Wire

(Continued from page 29)

all living in the same community, who first made the idea practical. They were Joseph L. Glidden, Jacob Haish, and Isaac Ellwood. They were all farmers, and their first names—Joseph, Jacob and Isaac—indicate that they were supposed to be religious. They all lived near the little prairie town of DeKalb, Illinois, in the year 1873.

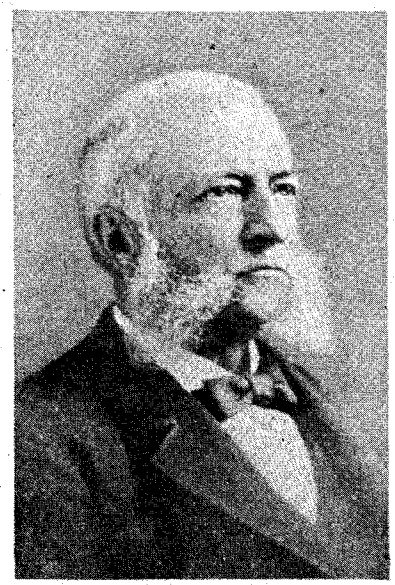
One day they met at the country fair where farmers exhibited their biggest ears of corn, their best pigs, their prize calves and such new inventions as they had made. A man named H. M. Rose had tackled the fence problem. His exhibit consisted of a strip of wood nailed between two posts. Nails had been driven through the wood, their points protruding so that the stock that pushed against them would be pricked by the points. After that we do not know exactly what happened, but it seems that Glidden, Haish and Ellwood all got the idea that day of putting barbs on wire instead of on wood. At any rate, in a short time all three had set up rude factories in their barns or near their houses and started making crude barbed wire.

They sold the wire as fast as they could turn it out, made a great deal of money, and were able to engage in lawsuits over who made it first. In these lawsuits some interesting evidence came out.

Glidden said that he did not steal the idea and the others said the same thing. Glidden said that his wife had some flower beds that the dogs were scratching up to get a cool place to lie down in the heat of the day. Mrs. Glidden demanded that her husband do something to keep the dogs out. He stretched wire around them, but this did no good. The dogs went under or over the wire. Then it struck him that he could put "stickers" on the wire (thorns), and he made rude barbs to wrap around the smooth wire.

The most interesting part of this story is how Glidden learned the advantage of twisting two wires together. One day he picked up some wire that was badly tangled, and it occurred to him that if two wires were twisted, the barbs would be held fast, could neither slide up nor down and they could not rotate when an animal pushed against them. The twisting held the barbs rigidly in place. This discovery excited Glidden and he hollered for his wife. He wanted her to turn the grindstone for him. He had fastened two strands of wire to the shaft of the grindstone, and he held the loose ends while she turned the crank. The wires were twisted together and the barbs were held firmly in place. Glidden probably did not know it at the time, but he had here hit on another principle that made *twisted* barbed wire a great success. The twist makes barbed wire into a sort of spring which straight wire cannot possibly be. Barbed wire is not effective unless it is very tight, "tight enough to sing." A straight wire will expand and get loose in hot weather, and it will contract and may even break, in cold weather. The spring in twisted wire takes care of this variation. The twisted wire can expand and contract without becoming loose and without breaking.

Glidden's hired man, named Andrew Johnson, told how the first barbs were made. He said they made the barbs when sitting around the fire at night after the day's work was over. For this they used an old wall coffee mill which also had a shaft. They put a steel pin in the center of the shaft, and another just enough off center so that a strand of smooth wire could be inserted between the two pins. One turn of the handle would wrap the end of the wire around the center pin, making an "eye" in the barb that was cut off. The next morning a boy would climb a windmill tower with a bucket of barbs and several strands of smooth wire which had been greased. The boy threaded the barbs on to the smooth wire and let them drift down. The barbs were spaced and set, and then the strand of barbs with its



Charles F. Washburn.

companion strand of smooth wire were put on the grindstone and twisted. The lengths of twisted wire were then spliced together and rolled on spools. The farmers of the prairies came and hauled this crude wire away as fast as it was made in the DeKalb factories.

THE SCENE NOW shifts from the Illinois prairies to far Massachusetts. In the town of Worcester, not far from Boston, two men, Washburn and Moen, were in the business of making smooth wire. Suddenly their business began to boom, and the biggest orders and the most frequent came from the obscure village of DeKalb, Illinois. The partners became curious about this, noting that three different men were ordering wire as men had never ordered it before. Something must be going on out west, they said. Better go out and see.

Mr. Charles G. Washburn packed his bag and caught the train west. When he got to DeKalb, he found Joseph, Jacob and Isaac all busy using his smooth wire making a new wire, and he saw the wagons hauling it off just as fast as it came from the rude factories. He was amazed and pleased, for he saw a great opportunity ahead. He tried to buy an interest in one of the factories, but Joseph, Jacob and Isaac were from New England too. They knew a good thing and they refused to sell. Each of them had applied for patents to protect their rights—so they thought.

They did give Mr. Washburn samples of the wire which he took back to Worcester. There he called in the best designer of automatic machinery he could find, P. W. Vaughn.

"Vaughn," he said, exhibiting a section of the wire, "this is a new kind of wire. It is called barbed wire. It is being made out west by hand. I want you to design a machine that will make this automatically, thousands of miles of it in an unbroken strand."

Vaughn designed the machine to make barbed wire, barbs, twist and all, in a very short time. Washburn and Moen applied for a patent on the machine and got it. Then Mr. Washburn caught the train west again, and this time he held the trump card. He knew that the handmakers, at least one of them, out in DeKalb would have to come to terms with him. Glidden now surrendered, and sold Washburn and Moen a half interest in his factory and patents for a good cash sum and a royalty on all wire manufactured by the machines. He got very rich.

In a short time—by 1875—the factories began to roll and barbed wire went west by the train load. Hardware merchants would order a carload, and men drove in from the prairies and plains, loading it on their wagons direct from the cars. The Great Plains farmer could fence his 160 acres; the ranchman could fence his forty-section range. Barbed wire was so cheap and so effective that it revolutionized farm land prices, making the prairie lands higher than anything in the East save the deepest river bottoms. All the best part of the West went under fences within twenty years.

WE CAN UNDERSTAND this revolution best by seeing the advantages barbed wire had over all the other forms of fencing. It was cheap to build and to maintain. Ie required little material. It did not rot like rails, and unlike hedges, it cast no shade and occupied little ground. It could be built in a fraction of the time required to construct any other type of fence.

Let me explain how the first barbed wire fences were built. The biggest job was to set the posts, one every fifteen feet, to see that the corner posts were strong and well-braced for they were under the greatest strain. With the posts set, three or four spools of wire were placed on an axis, usually a crowbar, in the wagon. The ends of the wire were then attached to the corner post, and the team was driven down the fence line about 300 yards unrolling the wire from spools for the first stretch. The top wire was stretched first, then the second and third, and fourth. There has not yet been invented a better wire stretcher than a wagon wheel. The wagon was braced, or scotched, and the hind wheel next to the fence jacked up. A strand of wire was fastened to the hub, and then the wheel was turned, usually by climbing on the spokes, until the wire was tight enough to sing. Men now went the full length of the fence stapling the wire to the posts at a measured height. This process was repeated for the three or four wires. The work, once the posts were set, went very quickly.

The coming of barbed wire brought with it much suffering and conflict. Stock had been accustomed to fences that they could see plainly, but they could not see the vicious wires stretched across their accustomed trails. They ran into the fences and cut themselves hor-

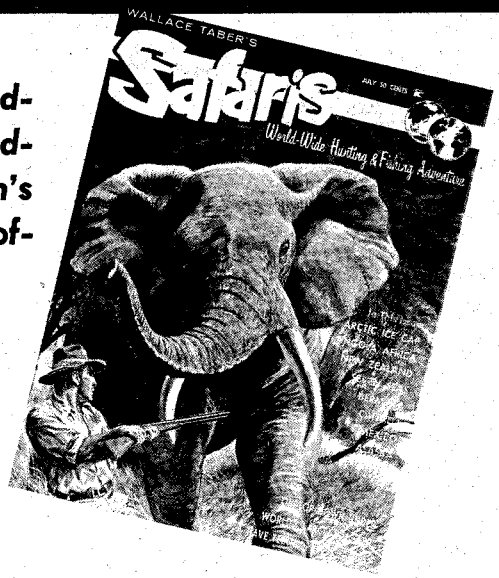
(Continued on page 40)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPORTSMEN, SAVE MONEY! SUBSCRIBE NOW TO

Wallace Taber's

SAFARIS UNLIMITED



The exciting, informative guide to exotic adventure with rod, rifle, camera, bow-and-arrow, spear-gun and all other aids to man's quest for something different in the out-of-doors . . . AROUND THE WORLD.

✸

- HIGH ADVENTURE
- FAR-AWAY PLACES
- HOW TO GET THERE
- ECONOMY SAFARIS
- NATION'S BEST WRITERS
- FACTUAL REPORTING
- SUPERB ILLUSTRATIONS
- UNPARALLELED HUNTING
- EXCITING FISHING
- ARCHERY WITH A THRILL
- RIFLE & GUN KNOW-HOW
- EXPERT ADVISE

✸

There are real thrills ahead for those who subscribe to Wallace Taber's new adventure-in-print — SAFARIS UNLIMITED — the new, fascinating and instructive magazine dealing with hunting, fishing and kindred adventure - sports AROUND THE WORLD.

Each issue is packed with where-to-go and how-to-get-there advice to those who enjoy GOING PLACES and DOING THINGS either near at home or far, far away. Reporting is factual by the nation's top writers who report on-the-spot, not from New York's offices. Actual costs, even planning for similar trips, always are available to subscribers. In fact, a travel department is available at all times to any subscriber desiring cost information on all far-away hunting and fishing meccas.

You save money when you subscribe and are assured of each issue when it is hot off the presses, long before it hits the nation's news stands.

Clip and mail this subscription coupon now!

(Safaris Unlimited is published bi-monthly . . . 6 issues per year—50c per copy, 12 issues for $6 on newsstands)

SAVE $2.00 Over Regular Newstand Prices . . .

SUBSCRIBE TODAY . . .

Get The Next 12 Issues For ONLY $4.00

Each Issue a Collector's Item . . . a Dictionary of Hard-to-get Information

USE HANDY COUPON

Safaris Unlimited
P. O. Box 30-113
Dallas, Texas

Gentlemen:

I'll take that $2 gift. My $4 is inclosed for the next 12 big issues of Safaris Unlimited. Send 'em to:

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .....

State .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ribly. It was not uncommon for a horse to cut off a foot, or to cut himself so badly that he had to be destroyed. The people were not accustomed to the fences either. It angered them for their best horse or pet colt to be ruined forever. They resented having water holes fenced off, and they resented having the grass, the free range, fenced up. Before fences came, grass and water were free to everybody.

This situation led to what is known as the fence-cutters' war. All over the West, especially in the ranch country, men organized bands, went out at night and cut the fences, once or twice between every post. Fence wars raged in Texas, Kansas, Wyoming and probably in Montana. In Texas the situation became so bad that the governor called a special session of the legislature to deal with it. Laws were passed to compel the big ranchman to leave gates at regular intervals so that the little farmer who had been fenced in could get out of the pasture. Cutting a fence was made a felony, but there is no record that any fence-cutter was ever sent to prison. As a matter of fact, few were ever caught. It is said that it was made a felony to be caught with a pair of pliers used in cutting a fence. The fence-cutters lost the war. Barbed wire was invented in 1873. By 1895 most of the country had gone under fence, the fence-cutters had given up their struggle for free water and free grass, and barbed wire had been accepted as one of the unpleasant but necessary facts of life. It had come to stay, and its use has spread around the world.

Editor's Note: Readers interested in this story of barbed wire in more extended form should see Dr. Webb's THE GREAT PLAINS. It not only tells the story of barbed wire, but also that of the six-shooter, of the windmill, and other inventions and adaptations which the American people had to make before they could live on the Great Plains. It has become a famous book, and is referred to as a classic. We can supply this book in paper cover for $1.45; in the original boards at $6.50.

Steamboat Through Hell's Canyon

(Continued from page 33)

outcropping some years back, in an effort to blast it out of the channel. The job had never been completed and the drill had been left jutting out of the rock, a menace to navigation, which of course didn't actually exist for large boats.

The repair work done, the *Norma* was off once more at daybreak. Captain Gray was at the wheel, and his brother, First Mate A. W. Gray, was anxiously scanning the government charts in the pilot house.

Captain Gray's practiced eye surveyed the river ahead. "It just don't look good," he said to his brother. "What do the charts say?"

"All clear," the first mate replied.

He had no more than spoken when the *Norma* struck something that sent a shudder along her entire frame. Dishes clattered to the floor, men grabbed the rail to steady themselves.

Pulling in along the bank, it was discovered that a jutting reef hidden beneath the muddy surface of the stream had torn a gash along the ship's hull for forty feet, on the starboard side and she was taking on water.

Captain Gray seized the engineer's report and flung it out the window.

As the mate surveyed the damage, the ship swung into the current and started drifting downstream. The *Norma* was in bad shape but there was no place to land to make repairs.

When the *Norma* had struck the jutting drill and been damaged, some of the crewmen had become wary and then when the reef outcropping was encountered, they were all ready to pile off and walk back. Sensing this, Captain Gray steered for the center of the stream, making immediate escape uninviting. Getting ashore was becoming more and more hazardous. In a little while they would be at Sturgill Rapids, the point of no return, for once past the rapids it would be impossible to turn back with any type of river craft, including a row boat.

"Blow, Crow! I go steady with a cute Ute!"

The freightened crewmen began gathering on the forward deck.

Deck hand Mike Quigley shouted up at the pilot house, "Are we going to land, Captain?"

Captain Gray said nothing. He gazed straight ahead as the moments ticked away.

Picking up speed as the rapids approached with alarming swiftness, the *Norma* swung into them, a series of churning whirlpools and boiling water.

The vessel miraculously passed through Sturgill Rapids without further mishap and tied up at Sturgill Wharf, where repairs soon got under way.

For three days the crew worked furiously to shore up a bulkhead as close as possible to the elongated hole in the steamer's side, then the water was pumped out of the hold.

None of the crew believed that Captain Gray would continue the trip downstream. All thought he was going to try and take her back to Huntington against the rapids, which would have have been next to impossible. None was experienced with steamboats and so little realized the futility of such an undertaking.

Captain Gray was foxy. He told the crew he would make a short run down river just to see how the bulkhead was holding, before trying to negotiate the rapids with it. No one believed that, once headed downstream, the skipper would be fool enough to keep right on going. The only ones in on the secret were the engineer and the mate, who had reluctantly agreed to go along with the plan, sink or swim.

It was May 21 when the *Norma* swung once more into mid-stream, her prow pointed down the river.

She had gone but a few hundred yards when the men on deck scattered, diving into companionways and otherwise removing themselves from in the way of a sagging ferry cable that suddenly loomed ahead. It had been stretched across the river to accommodate a captive ferry and blocked the steamer's path.

Captain Gray yanked the bell cord, signaling the engineer to go into reverse.

The *Norma's* paddle wheel might not have been so robust when driving straight ahead, but pulling backwards it was a whiz. Before the cable was reached the vessel came to a stop and began to back up.

The crew came back to life—their faces a study in relief.

Captain Gray swung the vessel into the side of a rock wall and held her there while the crew made fast with ropes to jutting rocks or anything else they could tie to. When the engine stopped she drifted downstream a bit until the ropes straightened and there she poised while Captain Gray shouted for the ferry to lower its cable.

But nothing happened. He blew blasts on the ship's whistle, the sound hopscotching along the Snake's steep sidewalls, and still there was no action.

"Take two men and go over and lower that cable," Gray ordered his brother.

When the skiff reached the Oregon side, the mate and a companion found the owner of the ferry, a man named Brownlee, sitting idly by.

"We want the cable lowered so we can pass," Gray informed him. "You should have realized that without our having to come over here and make such a request."

"Naturally," said Brownlee, "I knew what that tootin' was all about, but I want to prolong your lives. You have a bullhead fool running that boat and not one of you will survive if you attempt to go through Hell's Canyon. I am within my rights in holding you here."

The mate put up an argument.

"I know what I'm talking about," Brownlee said. "I have been on top of those cliffs. They are so narrow a man could jump across."

"You lower that cable or we'll come ashore and lower it for you," the angry mate said. "And if we have to lower it, it'll stay lowered."

Protesting, Brownlee finally lowered the cable. But so much time had been lost, the sun had gone down and evening was at hand.

THE *Norma* was released and again she had her proud nose downstream. Captain Gray sighed with relief, although down inside him there was a stirring of fear. Fear, first, that the crew would mutiny, and again of the night. The ship was not equipped with a headlight, or any kind of a light for that matter, and ramming against rock cliffs at night was anything but fun.

The night that came on too swiftly was really dark, for the river at this point was overshadowed by high cliffs.

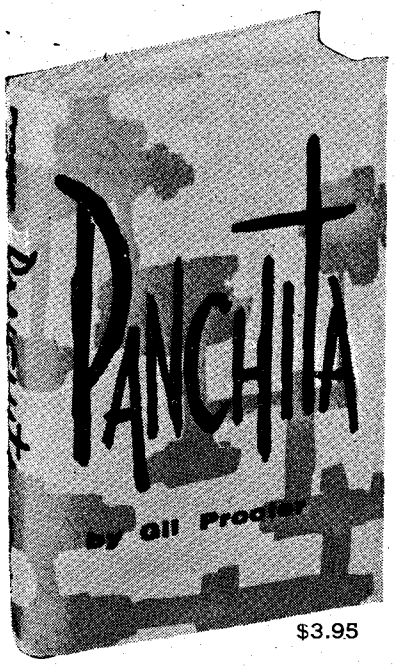
(Continued on page 42)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE PAGES OF OLD MEXICO'S FABULOUS PAST . . .

Pancho Villa Rides Again!

A TRUE STORY . . . filled with adventure and romance . . . gunfire, bloodshed and heartbreak . . . patriotism and bloody revolution



$3.95

by Col. Gil Procter
U. S. Army, Ret.

Once again, the hoofbeats of cavalry mounts echo in the moonlight along the sleepy Rio Grande. Once more, Pancho Villa's Dorados ride in bold resistance against the rich tyrannical landholders of old Mexico . . . attempting to free Los de Abajo (the underdogs) from their years of poverty and serfdom.

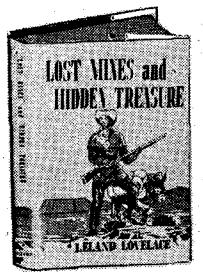
Lovely Panchita was a barefoot Indian girl from the tiny desert village of La Sangre . . . burning with patriotism and a desire to serve her country. Her lover was Mario Arteaga from the Hacienda San Vicente. Their romance will doubtless take its place among the immortal legends of all great love affairs.

The story of Panchita is every word true . . . written by a former United States Army intelligence officer who *actually knew* the exciting people he recreates in the pages of this book. *Panchita* is the touching story of an uneducated peasant girl who offered her life to her country, and became a twentieth century heroine as she served in the army of "The General" . . . the controversial border hero called Pancho Villa.

An authentic, exciting book, and a revealing story . . . for here the ruthlessness of Pancho Villa is softened by the true kindliness and deep feelings of the man for his native land.

Illustrated with authentic photographs. Foreword by Luz C. de Villa, widow of Francisco (Pancho) Villa.

All books on this page published by
THE NAYLOR COMPANY
San Antonio, Texas

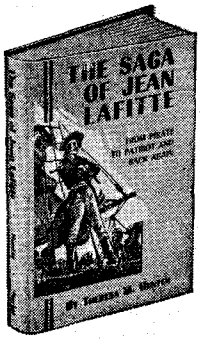


LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURE

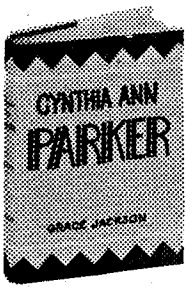
by Leland Lovelace

Get this book for information on millions of dollars of hidden and lost treasure. A fascinating account of some of the most famous lost mines and the lure of hidden gold. A top-selling book. $4.00

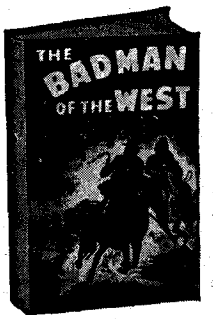
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! Mail the coupon to us today, or drop us a letter telling us which of these good books you want to own. Keep your books for ten days, read them, examine them. If you are not fully satisfied, return the books within ten days and your money will be refunded in full.



By Theresa M. Hunter
Thrilling exploits of a famous pirate. Lafitte's valorous part in the Battle of New Orleans puts him in the ranks of American heroes. $1.79



By Grace Jackson
Story of the kidnapped white child who was raised by Indians and lived to become mother of a great Indian Chief, Quanah Parker. Illustrated with photographs. $3.95



By George Hendricks
Read the truth about the old West and its famous outlaws. Intimate, factual stories about more than 250 famous bad men. Many photographs of notorious western "top guns." $5.00

Mail orders to TRUE WEST BOOK DEPT.

To:
TRUE WEST BOOK DEPARTMENT
P. O. Box 5008
Austin 31, Texas

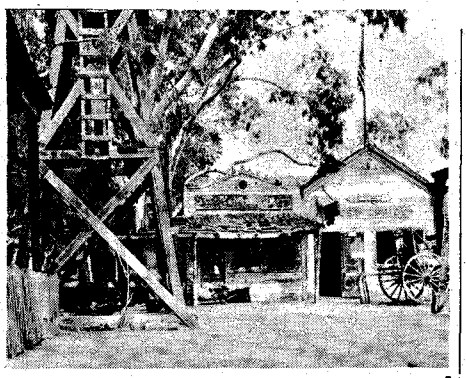
I accept your money-back guarantee offer. I enclose $.....
Please send me the books checked below. If I am not satisfied I will send the books back within ten days for a full refund of my purchase price.

Please send me (check the books wanted)

( ) PANCHITA by Col. Gil Procter, $3.95
( ) LOST MINES AND HIDDEN TREASURE by Leland Lovelace, $4.00
( ) THE SAGA OF JEAN LAFITTE by Theresa M. Hunter, $1.79
( ) CYNTHIA ANN PARKER by Grace Jackson, $3.95
( ) THE BAD MAN OF THE WEST by George Hendricks, $5.00

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



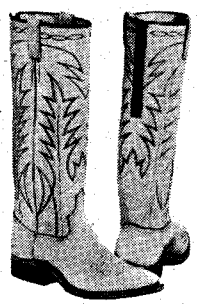
"Ghost Town" is a true replica of early gold mining towns. Many thrills await you as you wander through the streets of this old town. Hours of Free Entertainment.

WRITE FOR FREE PICTORIAL BOOKLET

KNOTT'S BERRY FARM & GHOST TOWN

P.O. BOX 338-A Buena Park, California

Order By Mail
Handmade Western Boots
—Comfort — Style — Quality—



The vamps and 16 inch tops with 6 inch Zipper in back are of beautiful soft glove leather. Nylon stitched, steel shanks, leather lined walking heel, narrow toe.
#2100—Beige
#2101—Black
#2102—Brown
Same Boot in Rough-Out
#2000—Beige
#2001—Brown
#2006-Black
$25.75
Same Style Boot in Suede
#2002-Royal Blue $23.75

$5.00 deposit on C.O.D. orders — You pay Postal Charges. We pay postage on Prepaid orders.
Our guarantee — For exchange or refund return boots postage paid undamaged and unworn within 10 days from date you receive them.
FREE CATALOG

(Give calf of leg measurement)

YSLETA BOOT COMPANY
Box 815
Ysleta Station 22
El Paso, Texas

FIND BURIED TREASURE!

GOLD, silver, coins, jewelry, strongboxes, battle relics! M-SCOPE transistorized electronic Treasure-Metal Locators detect them all. Used world-wide by successful explorers.
Exciting! Rewarding! Supersensitive, lightweight M-SCOPE offers greater depth penetration, no ground interference, over 200 treasure-hunting days of battery life. Indestructible fiberglass cases. Guaranteed. From $59.50. Easy Terms. Write today for FREE catalog.

FISHER RESEARCH LAB., INC.
Dept. TW-3, Palo Alto, Calif.

Send for your free copy of
"Western Americana"
Latest catalog of much-wanted out-of-print books at reasonable prices. Also: send your lists of books wanted. Free search service!
INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS
Box 3003-TW Beverly Hills, Calif.

INDIAN CRAFT SUPPLIES
Our 1960 catalog now available. 48 pages of Indian craft kits and supplies. Send 15c for catalog.
GREY OWL
INDIAN CRAFT CO.
4518 Seventh Ave., B'klyn 20, N.Y.
GE 6-3287 Dept. TW-1

Luck was with the *Norma,* however. She felt her way into a little cove and there spent the night.

The next morning Captain Gray took on a new pilot, a prospector who was camped at the Seven Devils and who claimed to know the river as he knew the back of his right hand. He claimed there wasn't an outcropping of any kind—not even a hidden boulder—that he didn't know. This gave the crewmen new courage and they quit their beefing.

For a time the going was smooth and the vessel passed the peaks of the Seven Devils.

"Watch for foam ahead," the captain warned the prospector as he stood at the wheel. "Foam may mean rocks."

"Don't worry, mister; I know every rock in this river."

Just as these brave and encouraging words were spoken, the *Norma* struck something that threw her half way over on her side. She straightened and then yawed the other way. Before the captain could reach the wheel she was being flung from side to side in the swirling current like an empty apple crate.

Captain Gray seized the wheel and did his best to straighten her out but she leaped like a bucking bronc, water spilling over her deck. Great gobs of muddy foam collected on the deck and poured down the open hatchway.

But the ship again responded to the wheel and righted herself.

Meanwhile the prospector had rushed to the deck and was screaming to the captain to stop the boat so he could get off.

Checking the speed of the craft in the canyon was like trying to stop a mountain on the move.

"Go ahead and get off!" Gray yelled down. "I ought to have you thrown off!"

But the old prospector thought better of the invitation and remained where he could jump if necessary.

A landing was made at Copper Creek where Captain Gray wanted to inspect the craft for the latest damage. The prospector hopped ashore and without a word vanished into the canyon, taking his pack with him.

While Grey inspected the hull, the crew hiked down the Oregon side of the river for a look at Copper Creek Falls, which the *Norma* would have to negotiate.

It was a sight to chill the stoutest riverman's blood. In the 300-yard stretch of white water the stream dropped eighteen feet and roared down with the sound of thunder in the canyon. On both sides the cliffs rose sharply several hundred feet.

Some of the crew members came back badly shaken.

"You'd better not try it, Captain, until you have a look at those rapids," one crewman said. "I'll feel a lot better about which ever we do—go on or go back—if you'll have a look first."

There was no turning back at this point. It was either go on or abandon ship. So Captain Gray went alone to look at the rapids.

From a rocky ledge he studied the currents, eddies and backlash of the stream. He decided the best course would be to drop into the rapids on the Idaho side, as there seemed to be less turbulence on that side. Gray also studied a perpendicular wall at which the *Norma* would be flung head-on, but he counted on the backlash to carry the craft away from it. He knew the power of surging water and was counting on his knowledge to carry them safely through. If wrong, it meant the end of the *Norma* and probably the end for most of the crew. But he had to take that chance.

RETURNING TO THE boat, the crew members were anxious to know what Gray's decision was.

"We're going through," he replied. "It's simple." He drew a chart of the channel and explained his plan. "She'll strike about there!" he said and planted his right foot on the starboard guard rail, ten feet aft of the stern.

"Run in a bulkhead six feet back of that to the midship keelson," Captain Gray told carpenter Tom Wright. "Have the mate back it up with cordwood. The water could rush in hard enough to tear away your bulkhead."

River-seasoned Tom Wright looked away from the bearded captain at the boiling stretch of white water and the sheer rock of the Snake River canyon beyond it. He shifted his eyes back to Gray.

"You ain't intending to go over that place, are you?" he asked. "You'll drown us all."

Gray chuckled. The carpenter, he remembered, was the man who had asked to go on this trip for the excitement of it. "Tom, you never had much notoriety, did you?" he asked.

"No. Why?"

"They have all our names that are on this boat. If you should be drowned, your name would be in every paper in the United States and Europe."

An hour later, the sound of hammering stopped. The captain heard a low mumbling aft. Walking softly to the bulkhead hatch, he heard the carpenter saying, "Damned old fool! Going to be drowned for excitement, because a damned fool wants notoriety."

But the bulkhead went in good!

It was here at this very spot that the crew of a smaller steamer called the *Shoshone* had deserted a few years back. It wasn't until months later that the *Shoshone* reached Lewiston, a battered wreck. The crewmen knew this and began grumbling among themselves. Sensing that trouble was brewing, Captain Gray gave the men a quarterdeck speech next morning.

"Boys, you have persuaded yourselves that there is danger to your lives in going over these falls, but there is not a particle of danger to your lives. This boat is built of enough wood to float her machinery and there are forty cords of wood in the hold. We could knock her side and bow in and while the wreck is floating we have boats enough to carry all of us ashore. There are enough life preservers for three apiece if you want them, but don't get excited and jump overboard. Snake River never gives up her dead. Now get ready to go."

Cheered by Gray's words, the men spurned the life jackets and took their places for the dramatic scene that was about to be enacted. The paddle wheel began to turn. The *Norma* moved out slowly, then picked up speed as she drew closer to the rapids. Finally she was in the white water on the Idaho side, heading straight for the slick face of the rock wall!

Speechless, the crewmen stuck to their posts. Now there was nowhere to go except straight ahead. Faces blanched as the rock wall rushed at them. Sec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTERN GUNFIGHTERS

1021 BIOGRAPHIES, 604 RARE PHOTOGRAPHS

An Album of leading western gun fighters. Actual photographs, factual thumbnail sketches, over one thousand in all, telling the truth about famous western gunslingers. Where they lived, how they lived and how they died.

Men like King Fisher, Ben Thompson, John Ringo, Bill Longley, Jesse James, the Youngers, Curly Bill, Wes Hardin, the Earps, Billy the Kid, and over a thousand others. You and your friends will spend many pleasant evenings poring thru its pages—reliving again the days of the golden, adventuresome west.

This giant size book with its colorful covers, both front and back is a virtual "Museum Piece!" Nothing compares with this great work. Listed in alphabetical order you can turn to any individual immediately. Names, dates places, etc. A book to be treasured.

SHERIFFS
OUTLAWS
MARSHALS
CELEBRATED
PERSONALITIES
IN THE HISTORY OF THE
WESTERN
FRONTIER

TV GUN HEROES UNMASK!!

How good men were some of the western "heroes"? Read for yourself. Some of the sup posed greats were anything but great!

Never before, never again will such a great book of Western History be produced. Twenty years of personal study, thousands of miles of travel to the scene, hundreds of hours checking old history court records, newspapers went into producing this great history of Law and Order in the early West, Expertly printed on heavy book paper bound in durable heavy bound four color covers this book should be $25.00 but we have produced it and offer it postpaid for only $15.00.

FRONTIER BOOK COMPANY

Box 1136 • Dept. TW • Ruidoso, New Mexico

onds more and they would crash into it. Even Captain Gray held his breath.

Ten feet from the cliff, the *Norma's* bow passed the mouth of Copper Creek. The eddy pushed her ever so slightly toward the center of the Snake. Gray backed strongly with the helm to starboard. He had to keep the unprotected stern from crashing. The bow, he knew, must take its chances.

The bow crashed against the barrier. The *Norma,* water pouring over her decks, stood stock still for a long moment. Then she bounded into quiet water. Only three timbers were broken —the hull was still whole.

The crew gave a feeble cheer, their voices quavering as the boat tossed and rolled her way into the worst of Hell's Canyon. Wright, who had stationed himself on the hurricane deck outside the pilot house, stepped forward shouting, "Hurrah, Cap! You start her for Hell and I'll go with you from this on."

In a few moments, Tom Wright must have thought the captain had taken him at his word. The high walls of Hell's Canyon were leaping at them with amazing swiftness. It was an ugly and formidable slit through the center of the earth into which little sunlight ever came—a place that was on intimate terms with death.

Here the Snake was no more than sixty feet wide in places. Huge swirls of boiling water shot up like scalding caldrons. The river plunged against one wall and was hurled from there ontc another with terrific crushing force. It was a place to pray, and some did.

Spray from the sides of the on-rushing ship flew high into the air and drenched those on board. The prow went under a few times as the craft plunged onward. Each time this happened, waterlike breakers from the sea rushed over the deck. It was a miracle that no one was swept away.

The newspaper reporter aboard, F. D. Farwell, later likened it to a hell that instead of fire and brimstone belched flying spray and roaring water. "The men contemplated their own helplessness with a feeling of awe," he later wrote.

Soon it was all over. The *Norma* glided out into still water and the rest of the way would indeed be a Sunday picnic. The old prospector had heard wrong, apparently, about the river above Hell's Canyon.

Catain Gray and his sturdy ship, without the loss of a single crewman, reached Lewiston on May 24, eight harrowing and unforgettable days out of Huntington, having traveled some 130 miles.

The crew of the *Norma,* their ordeal behind them, went on a free-wheeling liberty in the town they called "Idaho's only seaport." The ship was repaired and went into service between Lewiston and Pasco, after the grain harvest.

Hardy adventures in small boats still run the Snake's rapids, but the *Norma's* trip was the last attempt of a steamboat to negotiate Hell's Canyon.

The Man Who Won and Lost an Empire

(Continued from page 10)

plight became desperate. Never had his bank's funds been so low.

Adolph Sutro was also at the end of his rope, it seemed. Nowhere had he been able to obtain financing for his tunnel project. So far, Ralston had blocked every move.

Sutro turned to the miner's union for help. He convinced the men that the tunnel would save the Lode and produce more work. The union subscribed $50,000 for stock in the Sutro Tunnel Company, enough to make a start, and Sutro made the breaking of ground a big event. He served beer and barbecued beef at the tunnel site, only to find 300 Paiute Indians there to gobble it up. He sold a single share of stock to a miner.

When the wagons and Paiutes had gone home, Sutro stood gazing up at the mountain. The $50,000 would be only a drop in the bucket, but at least he had marked a beginning.

It was at this time that the Irishers started the rumor that Ralston's bank was in trouble. It couldn't last the week out. There was not enough money in its vaults to pay one-tenth of its obligations. How close this came to being the truth, no one but Ralston realized at the time. He heard on the afternoon on May 17 that a run had been scheduled for the following morning.

That night during the early hours of May 18, he, Harpending and Dore raided the mint and saved the day. How Ralston managed it is anybody's guess. It is assumed that he had the cooperation of some high government official. The gold coins were later replaced with gold bars from Ralston's vaults.

The abortive run on the Bank of California caused no loss of prestige. If anything, it only elevated Ralston in the estimation of most of San Franciscans.

(Continued on following page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACCURATE
EXCITING
ADULT

20

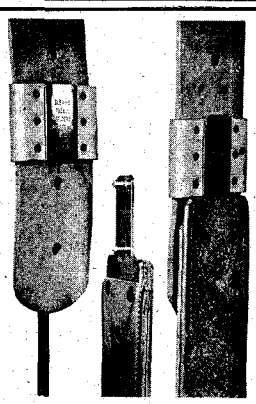
FULL COLOR AUTHENTIC
OIL PAINTING REPRODUCTIONS

NEW 8½x11 HARD COVER EDITION
HANDSOMELY BOUND

Book of factual and authentic biographies of the West's most famous characters. The only book of its kind with full color reproductions of the original 4' x 5' oil portraits by the famous western painter Lea McCarty, the first man to paint the gunfighters as they really were.

$5.00 per copy—order from

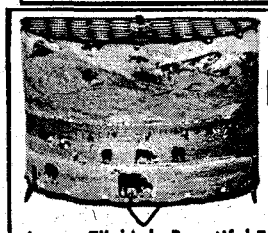
DALE McCARTY
305 Jean Drive, Santa Rose, California



Blevins Stirrup Buckles
NEW IMPROVED
$4.95
per pair

Sleeves same as older style, the tongue has no hinge or strap. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly and easy to install—won't slip or stick. Made of stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum. Sleeves covered with leather prevent rubbing horse or saddle. Available in 2½" and 3" widths. Order either new, improved or the old style buckle. Satisfaction guaranteed.

AT YOUR DEALERS OR
BLEVINS MFG. CO.
WHEATLAND, WYOMING



TV PHOTO LAMP
Only
$4.95
Prepaid

Lamp 7" high. Beautiful 5x12" Western scene hand colored. Complete with switch and cord. ONLY $4.95 prepaid. Can be personalized with your negative. Picture or color slide 50c extra. FREE details on other sizes.

CONAWAYS
Box 7261-TW San Antonio 10, Texas

$$$TREASURE$$$

New transistor metal detector finds lost or hidden treasure, coins, gold, silver, jewelry, relics. Profitable hobby. New underwater metal detector detects sunken ships, outboard motors, etc. in 300 ft. of salt or fresh water. Operates from a boat. Scintillation counter. Free catalog.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS
Dept. 7, 2545 E. Indian School Rd., Phoenix, Ariz.

RALSTON ALWAYS stood ready to go to the aid of a friend, and he was just as ready to gird for battle against an enemy. Since Adolph Sutro had become an enemy, through his efforts to further the tunnel project, the banker left no stone unturned that would block these plans. But he was unable to block the passage of a bill in Congress to aid the tunnel, which came about through the favorable report by the Ways and Means Committee. It still had to be approved by the Senate and it was here that Ralston brought his strength to bear and caused the bill to be sidetracked.

Suddenly word came from the Lode that a tremendous strike had been made in the Belcher, one of Ralston's properties. Within a few months one of the largest and richest bodies of ore ever found on the Lode was uncovered.

Before that year was out, Ralston and Sharon became richer by many millions. If anyone had ever disputed Ralston's power financially, they now had to take a back seat. Millions and millions in a constant stream of bullion flowed into his bank's vaults. With it he could have paid off the total obligations of every other bank in town, plus a few more.

Ralston now began to plan for the industrial welfare of San Francisco and all California. Nothing that would further the interests of city and state was too big for him.

Then out of a clear sky, a group of British bankers loaned Sutro $600,000.

"That's preposterous!" Ralston stormed when news of the loan reached San Francisco. He checked his contacts in England and the loan was confirmed. "Well, that's still not enough. We'll see that he doesn't get any more."

Overnight a mushroom town called Sutro sprang up at the mouth of the tunnel. Heavy machinery was moved in and work began in earnest, with 400 workers and whole droves of mules. Four shafts were begun along the route of the tunnel to furnish fresh air to the diggers.

The bill in Congress to advance Sutro two million dollars was nearing Senate consideration.

"We've got to elect you to the Senate," Ralston told Sharon. "It's the only way we can fight that bill successfully."

"All right," Sharon agreed, "if you think you can elect a yellow dog to Congress, I'll agree to run."

But Ralston soon realized he would have to hurry if he successfully blocked the tunnel bill. When the British bankers heard that Congress was about to advance Sutro two million dollars, they loaned him $800,000 more, but this was still a million and a half short of what he would need to complete the job. If Congress came through, he would be assured of success.

Ralston, however, had his fingers in too many profitable operations to worry too much over Sutro's success.

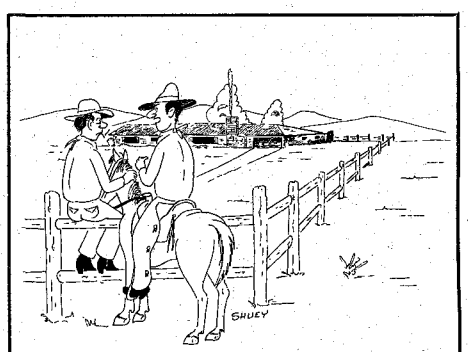
ONE DAY TWO weather-beaten prospectors calling themselves Philip Arnold and John Slack wandered into the Bank of California with a sackful of rough diamonds, sapphires and rubies. They told an incredible tale of finding a diamond field out in the Utah desert.

Ralston sent a business acquaintance, David Colton of the Southern Pacific Company, to investigate. When 100 miles from the scene of the discovery, Colton was blindfolded until he reached the site. He found rough diamonds scattered all over the desert, also rubies and sapphires. He reported back to Ralston that the field was worth at least $75,000,000.

Ralston spent $1,100 on a cablegram to his old sidekick, Harpending, who had accompanied him on the mint raid, asking him to return from England where he was vacationing, and take over operation of the claim.

Harpending, a cautious man, investigated the field and took some of the rough stones to Tiffany & Company in New York where they were found to be genuine enough.

On the strength of this, Ralston made a deal with the old prospectors, paying them $600,000 for their claim. Meanwhile he had asked Clarence King, a noted scientist with the Fortieth Parallel Survey, who was in the general area of the find, to look it over. King soon discovered that the diamonds and other stones were culls from African mines and were worthless.



"Danged if it ain't another nester."

Meanwhile Arnold and Slack had disappeared and were never seen again.

Ralston did not mind the loss of the $600,000 as much as he did the fact that he had used poor judgment. He assumed the total loss but broke with Harpending, whom he accused of double-crossing him. Harpending sold all his holdings to Ralston and left for New York, never to again return to California.

This fiasco soon forgotten, Ralston faced the world with his debonair smile, for he was still the undisputed master of California.

BY 1872 HIS POWER had even increased. He was gradually developing San Francisco into a great industrial center. He opposed the coming of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad which was a pet project of two San Francisco newspapers, the *Bulletin* and the *Call*. He was financially backing the San Francisco and Colorado Railroad, which the two papers opposed.

That year Ralston began the erection of the great Palace Hotel, and he saw to it that Sharon was a candidate for the U.S. Senate from Nevada. But Joe Goodman of the *Territorial Enterprise* of Virginia City fought Sharon vigorously and he withdrew from the race.

The blow of defeat was lessened, however, by the strike in the Belcher, which Ralston owned. Again millions rolled into Ralston's bank.

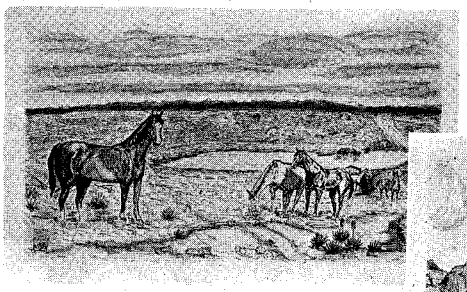
With no financial worries, Ralston now turned his attention to his pet project, the great Palace Hotel which was to exceed in splendor and innova-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTERN PRINTS

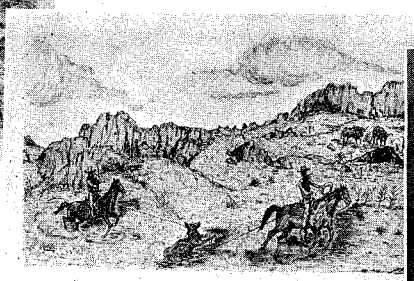
by BOB KISER

For Your Family Room, Den and Office . . .
ALL NEW, DIFFERENT AND ORIGINAL



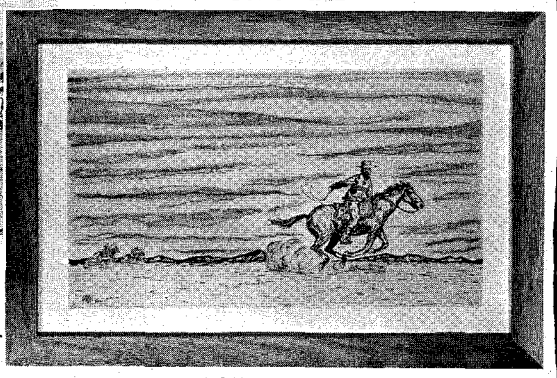
THE WATER HOLE

Fine reproductions of original drawings on heavy quality paper, 9" x 14". These Western Prints may be ordered for $2.00 each or handsomely framed in natural oak with Non-Glare glass at $5.00 each.
Allow 3 weeks for delivery.
We pay the postage.

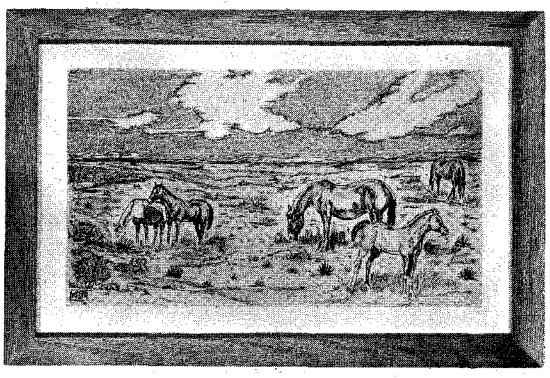


THE ORNERY CRITTER

The well known Western artist Bob Kiser from Colorado Springs, who paints in the tradition of the Old West. Enables him to invest simple life-like Western subjects with a fine quality. We believe these new selections are among the artist's finest work and that many more of you will welcome the opportunity to own prints of them.
Satisfaction Guaranteed



PONY EXPRESS



PEACEFUL GRAZE

WESTERN SCENES P.O. Box 2001 Colorado Springs, Colorado

Please send me the following items in the quantity indicated:

Title	Framed $5 each	Unframed $2 each	Total Price
PONY EXPRESS	_____	_____	$_____
PEACEFUL GRAZE	_____	_____	$_____
THE WATER HOLE	_____	_____	$_____
THE ORNERY CRITTER	_____	_____	$_____

Enclosed is remittance for total amount . . . . . $_____
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____
Colorado residents add 2% sales tax No C.O.D.'s Please

tions all other hotels yet built. All San Francisco watched as the structure grew out of the Market Street sand dunes.

Morning, noon and night, Ralston received an ovation wherever he appeared in San Francisco. In spite of the articles in the *Call* and the *Bulletin*, attacking him at every opportunity, he was the most popular man in California.

Sutro's tunnel meanwhile, with the funds from the British bankers, was driven to within 1,000 feet of its destination. Unknown to anyone but a small group, the Mackay-Fair crowd was tapping one of the richest bodies of ore on the Lode. Not even Ralston had heard a whisper of it. The other Irishers, Flood and O'Brien, had taken off their aprons and joined their fellow countrymen in this great triumph. The clique now sought to usurp Ralston's empire, with no holds barred.

Ralston was aghast at the magnitude of the reports. And Sutro was cashing in on it by borrowing more money from his English backers.

The Mackay-Fair strike, pointed the way for further explorations in the Ophir, a Ralston-owned property. When Sharon informed Ralston that a strike was imminent, the banker went all out to buy up outstanding Ophir stock, no matter what the cost. But he ran into a snag. Lucky Baldwin, another big-wig of finance, owned 75,000 shares of Ophir and would not sell at any price. The strike Sharon had predicted did not develop.

That spring of 1874 Sharon announced his candidacy once more for the Senate. Realizing that if Sharon won, his goose would be cooked, Sutro also entered the contest. That made it a three-way race between Sharon, Sutro and the incumbent, Senator Stewart.

Sharon won, becoming Nevada's junior senator. He promptly bought the *Territorial Enterprise* and canned the troublesome editor, Joe Goodman.

In order to shake some of the Ophir stock loose from Lucky Baldwin's grasp, Sharon and Ralston one morning bright and early dropped all their shares on the market, hoping to drive the price down to where they could recover Baldwin's stock as well as their own.

But Baldwin was wiser than they thought. He hung on to his stock and finally sold it to Ralston for an outrageous price, after he had been elected president of the Ophir Mining Company. The deal cost Ralston over $4,000,000.

On October 20, 1875, fire started in Virginia City and practically wiped out the town. Sutro refused to release any of his workmen to fight the fire, saying that if anyone left he was through. Many who had property or families in the town did walk off the job and were promptly fired.

Ralston was infuriated. "That old . . . should be run off the Lode," he told Sharon. "See to it that he never gets a dime out of Congress."

When finally with a great swoosh of air and gas down the length of the tunnel, the bore was completed, Sutro got out his contracts and soon was collecting his two dollars per ton for ore taken out in all the mines. It was a hollow victory, however, for the mines did not last long enough for him to recover one-third of what the tunnel had cost.

Ralston had acquired the entire Calavaras Valley watershed, into which he had dumped millions, and was trying to sell the project to San Francisco for

RELAX IN A STATE OF EXCITEMENT...
OREGON!

Become one of America's best-refreshed people this year! It's easy . . . make this your Oregon vacation summer. Here, in a single air-conditioned vacation package, is everything to make you rested and refreshed, relaxed and rejuvenated. Plan to live for two weeks in Oregon this summer!

Travel Information, Room 340 Highway Dept., Salem, Oregon | **Send me free information . . .**

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
Zone_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

$15,500,000. For the first time in his life he had to borrow money from friends. He touched Michael Reese for three-and-a-half million dollars, and D. O. Mills for two million dollars.

And on top of all this, mining stocks took a sharp drop on the market. When stock in the Ophir sagged to $55 a share, Ralston knew he was in real trouble.

IN EARLY AFTERNOON, August 26, 1875, lines a block long began forming in front of the Bank of California. There were only a few deposits, ninety-five per cent of the transactions being withdrawals.

At closing time the customers would not let the bank janitor close the door, and by 4:30 the crowd was a mob.

Ralston finally sent for the police and had the door closed forcibly, but it was much too late. There wasn't enough cash left to pay the checks that had come in through the clearings.

The bank did not open the next morning and at noon Ralston signed over everything he owned to a committee headed by Sharon and resigned.

"How could it have happend this soon?" he asked Sharon dazedly. "How could it have happened at all?"

Late that evening Ralston's body, clad in a bathing suit, washed up on North Beach.

But when news of his death spread, something happened to San Francisco. Every show, every meeting, and all public functions were cancelled.

All night long huge mobs milled before the bulletin boards, especially before the *Call* and the *Bulletin,* which still operated separately but would one day merge. The general public seemed to feel that the two papers had been instrumental in driving Ralston into a corner from which there had been no escape.

The next day the crowds were back waiting for the two papers to hit the streets with their early editions. When they did come out, there were deliberate hints of mismanagement and dishonesty poked at Ralston's banking operations. In a few moments there were angry cries from the mob in front of the *Call.* Police and military units were hurriedly summoned as the crowds grew uglier.

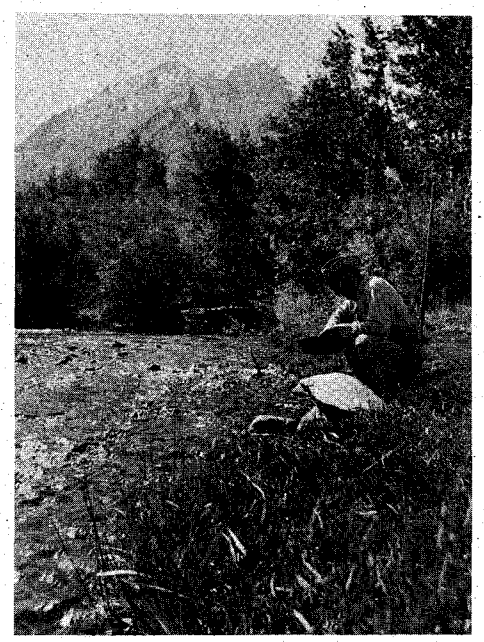
Shortly before noon mob violence broke out. A crowd of men rushed the *Call* offices and practically wrecked them before police and units of the Third U.S. Regiment under General Coey and Colonel Mason could stop them. They then turned their vengeance upon the *Bulletin* but militia stationed there broke it up.

Never before had any man in San Francisco commanded so much public respect.

The next day several thousand persons surrounded the church where the funeral was held and, joined by other thousands, went to the cemetery to witness the burial. There were so many people on hand that vehicles had difficulty getting to and from the grounds.

Strangely enough, almost all of Ralston's investments panned out well and made millions for Bank of California stockholders. The bank was reorganized and today is one of the leading financial institutions on the Pacific Coast.

In a little less than ten years Ralston had built an empire, and in less than that many days he saw it destroyed, for such are the strange tricks of fate.



Although the gold strike in Holcomb Valley was made nearly one hundred years ago, prospectors still pan for gold.

Hell-hole of the San Bernardinos

(Continued from page 19)

In a report filed with Secretary of State William G. Seward, Dr. H. G. Whitlock described the valley as a hotbed of Secessionists, operating as "Knights of the Golden Circle." It was the plan of these men, he declared, to capture Fort Yuma preparatory to taking the Mexican state of Sonora for the Confederacy. Unless two or more companies of soldiers were immediately assigned to Holcomb Valley, it was stated, "life at San Bernardino will soon become unsafe."

Describing the Secessionists as "active, energetic, and persevering fighting men," Henry M. Willis, candidate for state senator, also appealed for a troop of soldiers to be sent to Holcomb to keep order there.

With population of the valley grown to more than 2,500 persons, the state election of 1861 saw Holcomb lose the county seat to San Bernardino by a margin of only two votes. Among the repercussions of that inglorious defeat was a general riot in which more than a dozen persons were injured and one "Hell-roaring" Johnson attempted to kill the Holcomb constable but was himself slain by the law officer. Surging forward with the declared intention of lynching the lawmen, the enraged mob was barely brought under control by concerted action of fellow officers.

But it was not until the Independence Day celebration of 1864, that rowdyism in the valley reached its all-time peak.

That the Fourth of July might be properly observed without the presence of an American flag was unthinkable to Holcomb's Unionists. There being no such article in town, a committee of local Betsy Rosses set about contriving a reasonable facsimile. Utilizing the red and blue cloth from miners' shirts, a white petticoat, and tinsel stars cut from the skirt of a dance hall girl, the project was proceeding beautifully until the question arose: How many stars?

"Greek George," one of the camp's more notable gunslingers, held out for eighteen. A newly-arrived stranger, on the other hand—a drygoods drummer from New York—disputed this claim. When he had left the East Coast a month previously, he said, there had been thirty-five states in the Union, but there had been strong talk of admitting Nevada as a state. If this had since been done, he said, there should be thirty-six stars.

"Why not make it thirty-six, anyhow?" he beamed amiably. "What's one star among good friends?"

That he was not altogether "among good friends" was abruptly demonstrated to the little drummer.

Infuriated that anyone should dispute his authority, the sullen-faced gunslinger whipped out a .45 and shot the man dead!

If any witness was shocked by this sudden injection of tragedy, he managed to conceal that fact with admirable aplomb, for Holcomb Valley was an earnest adherent to the "Law of the Jungle," and every man was presumed able to stand on his own hind legs.

Thus was the door left open for a series of fatalities which would set that day forever apart in Holcomb's history.

First of the morning's slated events was a horse race in which betting sentiment was divided equally between the entries of this same Greek George and one "Blackbird" Johnson, an unsavory character who derived most of his income from the faro tables.

Leaving the other nags behind from the first jump, the favorites led off down the track, neck and neck. With first one and then the other drawing momentarily ahead, betting continued furiously throughout the race, and Greek George and Blackbird eventually had staked everything but the sweat-grimed shirts on their backs.

In a cloud of dust, perforated by shouts and curses and the popping of six-guns, the horses pounded into the home stretch and across the finish line.

The race, in today's track parlance, might be described as a photo finish. But no photographer with high-speed shutter was covering the Holcomb Valley track on that ninety-six-years-ago occasion. There was only the race judge—at that moment one of the world's prize examples of a man caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. Although thoroughly saturated with respect for the temper and ready trigger of the Greek, the judge was equally fearful of Blackbird Johnson, and after pondering the matter and weighing the respective circumstances, he named Blackbird's horse winner of the race.

Greek George exploded like 700 tons of TNT, but the race judge, transfixed by the threatening eye of Blackbird Johnson, stood firmly on his original decision.

It was not a lengthy argument. Almost before it merited such name, the Greek's gun was smoking and the race committee was looking for a grave digger—likewise, for a new race judge.

Somewhat awed, but still cleaving to its code of neutrality, the crowd parted and the victor swaggered through.

Next event on the program was a "Fight to the Finish" between a ferocious silvertip grizzly and an 1,800-pound wild Mexican bull.

Bull and bear fights were regular Sunday fare at Holcomb Valley. Betting always ran high and for more than a week Greek George had been laying money on this Independence Day bout.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By the time of the fight, he had close to $1,000 wagered on the bull's ability to gore the life from his foe before being crushed to death in the bear's mighty arms.

At the conclusion of the announcer's spiel, a momentary hush fell over the crowd encircling the pit. Spectators strained forward expectantly. The chute gates were thrown open. Out lumbered the mighty hulking figure of the grizzly, his blood-flecked eyes gleaming balefully in a nest of brown hair. From the opposite chute charged the bull, lowered head barely clearing the ground, and hot breath spouting from flared nostrils.

In the great swirl of dust that marked the meeting of those pitted foes, all details of combat were lost to view.

Minutes later, a solitary figure emerged from the melee.

It was the bear.

Soon as the arena might be cleared of the victor's presence, onlookers swarmed into the pit to post-mortem the dead bull.

It didn't take a medical examiner to see how he had met his end. His neck had been broken by the crushing power of his adversary's great arms. But when he stooped to examine more closely the deceased bovine, Greek George gave voice to a bellow of rage!

Some time prior to the match, the bull's horns had been sawed nearly all the way through—the thin sliver of bone left in each horn being sufficient only to hold the useless weapon to the animal's head. Upon contact with the bear's tough hide these remaining splinters had broken, and the bull's entire system of offense had collapsed like a pricked balloon. With it had collapsed the Greek's bankroll.

It didn't take any Perry Mason to learn which of the bruin backers had been responsible for the deed, and with that fact established, Greek George cut his third notch for the day.

Along with his social and sporting activities, it was George's responsibility to deliver the main patriotic speech of the celebration. Following this offering, he and a few chosen cohorts lined up and shot the tinsel stars out of the flag—all eighteen of them—and the crowd adjourned to its favorite bistros, where copious applications of liver liniment brought the soiree to a roaring conclusion.

Greek George's career as a gun fighter, incidentally, came to an end eleven years later at Deadwood, South Dakota, where he was fittingly annihilated by another prize gunslinger, "Wild Bill" Hickok.

ONE OTHER DAY of violence stands out notably in the history of early Holcomb.

In the first wild rush of discovery, the one thought uppermost in the mind of everyone was to stake the best possible claim and to hold it against all comers. In the confusion marking those days it was not unusual for claims to overlap, in which case the issue was usually settled in a manner satisfactory to the best fighter.

One such episode involved a Greek and a Chinaman, each of whom maintained he had arrived first on a certain claim site. Prodded by fellow miners with a lust for excitement, the two claimants agreed to a duel with knives as a means of settling the matter of ownership. As the appointed hour neared, the entire camp swarmed over to the

GOLDEN VALLEY, ARIZONA

FOR ONLY $10 DOWN and A MONTH

2½ ACRES $695 FULL PRICE

equivalent in size to 10 average city lots in America's fastest-growing state . . . Arizona!

Few places on earth compare with wonderful Arizona. It's one of America's fastest growing states bathed in golden sunshine, possessed of healthful, exhilarating climate where fog and smog are unknown! Temperatures at Golden Valley average mid 60's . . . no sticky tropical heat here! Arizona's population has more than doubled since 1950.

HUNTING—FISHING—HAPPY LIVING!

Like to Hunt? You'll find the hunting of your life all around—and in!—Golden Valley. There are waterfowl, quail, cottontail and deer in abundance. **Like to fish?** There's no closed season on the Colorado River or the lakes it forms. Year-round you'll catch wonderful rainbow trout . . . fabulous fighting large mouth bass. Nearby Lake Mohave is part of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area, described as "one of the ten best fishing areas in the nation!" **Water-sports?** Boating, water skiing and swimming are great!

MEET OUR NEIGHBOR!

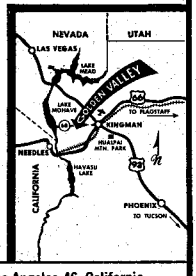
Bustling Kingman (pop. 7,000) is expanding toward Golden Valley borders. It has fine churches and high-standard schools, homes rich with green lawns and huge roses, excellent TV reception, a radio station, a newspaper . . . and a genuine Western welcome for newcomers. You'll like the energetic people in Kingman!

GOLDEN VALLEY RANCHOS

. . . is a new development in the 30 magnificent miles between Kingman and the Colorado River, near the fabulous Lake Mead National Recreation Area. For the first time, this peaceful desert Valley, ringed by purple hills, is being sub-divided into 2½ acre parcels, each fronting a graded street, each equivalent to 10 average city lots. Tree-clad mountains, sparkling lakes, picturesque mining towns and a modern city are minutes away, thanks to State Highway 68 which runs through the Valley! **Here is exploding Arizona in its most colorful expansion . . . a land rich in value today, even richer in its potential as Americans surge westward.**

IMAGINE YOUR PROFITABLE TOMORROW!

. . . and insure it today. Arizona land prices in this area have tripled in the last five years. Golden Valley Ranchos undoubtedly will increase in value as Arizona's population expands. Today's offer of 2½ acre parcels for $695 each may never again be possible! And you can watch the value of your land rise . . . and rise! Then occupy it or sell it. "More money has been made in real estate than in all industrial investments combined," **Andrew Carnegie said.**



Send $10.00 deposit for each Rancho desired to:
GOLDEN VALLEY LAND CO. Dept. 290
7471 Melrose, Los Angeles 46, California

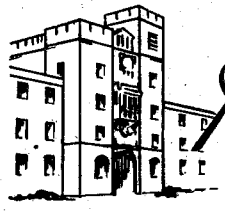
MAIL COUPON TODAY TO: GOLDEN VALLEY LAND CO., Dept. 290 7471 Melrose, Los Angeles 46, California

Yes! — Reserve acreage in Arizona's Golden Valley for me — $695 for each 2½ acre parcel — payable $10 down and $10 a month including 6% interest. No other charges. Send purchase contract and map showing exact location of my holding. You will return my $10 deposit if I request same within 30 days. I enclose $10 deposit for each 2½ acre Rancho desired.

SIZE ACRES	DOWN	PER MO.
2½	$10	$10
5	20	20
7½	30	30
10	40	40

Reference: Phoenix Title & Trust Co.

Name:
Address
City: Zone: State:
Phone:
Indicate No. of Ranchos ____ Total enclosed $____



"The Friendly School"
Augusta MILITARY ACADEMY

Renowned for developing boys of leadership qualities since 1865. Small classes and supervised study under men of proven ability develop concentration, intellectual progress. Graduates in leading colleges and universities. ROTC. Military training and Band. Located in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley. 3½ hours from Washington— 2½ hours from Richmond, Roanoke. All sports program designed to allow each boy participation in a variety of athletics. Remedial reading. Large gym and swimming pool. 1,500 acres of school in the country. Junior School—Grades 4 through Post Graduate. For catalog and "Life At Augusta" write Col. C. S. Roller, Jr., Principal, Box P. D., FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA.

Books Found . . .

Out-of-print books at lowest prices!

You name it—we find it!

Western Americana and Indian Books a specialty. Fast service. Send us your wants—no obligation.

International Bookfinders

Box 3003-TW Beverly Hills, Calif.

DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR BLADES
WHOLESALE SAVINGS BY MAIL

Precision-honed blue blades—finest quality American made. Your face will show the difference.

200 blue blades $1.95 postpaid

W. E. HARDY, BOX 547
Englewood City, New Jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTERN WAGON WHEEL HUB LAMPS

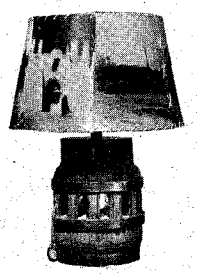


Table lamp as shown made from authentic old wagon wheel hub.

Night light beams through spoke openings. 3 famous cattle brands burned on hub top. (Your own brand, 50c each.) Lamp, $15.75; with shade, $29.95.

BEAUTIFUL WESTERN PHOTO SHADES

15" diameter with six 8x10 sepia-toned western prints (or from your own black and white negatives), will not buckle ..... $12.75.

SUSPENDED HUB LAMPS WITH BLACK CHAINS . . .

Ideal for patio or gate entrance. Light shines through spoke openings. ..... $15.75.

Write for illustrated descriptions, including pictures of different models. All items prepaid. Order today.

WAGON WHEEL RANCH
Box 1, El Rito, New Mexico

MEN'S NAVAJO BOOT

Original boot of comfort, inspired by the Navajo Indians. Rugged wearing qualities. White latigo rawhide soles, hand-moulded and laced for tough outdoor wear. Ties with rawhide thong, has silver conchas.
sizes 6 to 12

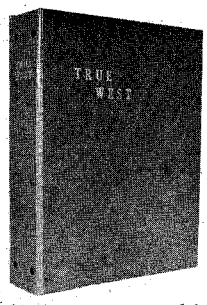
Rust, brown suede, or natural smooth leather with rawhide sole $10.95

Same boot with soft sole $6.95

Send for free Moc folder

WESTERN BRANDS
DEPT. TW-1023 ESTES PARK, COLORADO

TRUE WEST MULTIPLE BINDER



Only $3.00 each
Postpaid

- **Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of TRUE WEST at just $3.00 each, postpaid!**
- **TRUE WEST is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone. There are beautiful, four-color photographs on inside front and inside back covers.**
- **Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 12 issues. (Back issues available at 25c each). No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf!**

Circulation Department
TRUE WEST
P. O. Box 5008, Austin 31, Texas

I am enclosing $.....Send..... binders at $3.00 each to the following:

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

disputed claim. A space was marked out under a large pine tree and simple rules were agreed upon.

At a given signal, each duelist leaped for his opponent's throat, his razor-edged knife flashing wickedly. In and out under a large pine tree and simple the men sparred and slashed in fiendish fury. Onlookers, women as well as men, laid bets on the outcome and shouted in derision and encouragement.

With blood flying from a dozen gashes and flashing knives dripping red, the combatants closed in a final burst of battle, and once again went at it hammer and tongs, in and out, forward and back, faster than the eye could follow.

Suddenly a deathly pause came, a spectral silence. The duelists were reeling slowly in a locked embrace. Then, like puppets freed from their controlling strings, four arms fell limply, and both men crumpled to the ground.

Both were dead.

With payment and collection of wagers tossed into an impasse by the double fatality, the onlookers repocketed their money and buried the duelists where they had fallen. Using the bloodied knives of the contenders, the burial committee marked the spot by hacking a deep cross in the bark of the big pine tree, and with obsequies completed, the entire group retired to the nearest saloon where any guilty consciences were satisfactorily salved by cries of "Set 'em up!"

More properly speaking, the entire crowd, lacking one man, retired to the saloon.

One man scuttled over to the recorder's office to restake a choice mining claim, newly-vacated.

BUT EVEN AS Sodom and Gomorrah, their seniors in sin, the depraved towns of Holcomb Valley met early death. To God-fearing folk of the flatlands, the downfall of these fleshpots was seen as powerful proof of divine displeasure; but mining men are brazenly practical. Instead of attributing that demise to God's wrath, they blamed it on geology. They said that Holcomb's gold, despite its initial abundancy, was only a surface showing that disappeared with depth. With the easy pickings gone, the miners left and the boom collapsed. That's all there was to it, they said. In either case, the mountain-top gold rush came to an end less than ten years after its beginning.

On Union Flat and Clapboard Town, nothing remains today but the bare ground and a few old stone chimneys which protrude from the sage like the fleshless fingers of mouldering skeletons. Huge pines grow in the dust of long-silent streets, and maul oak and juniper have swallowed the arena where bulls and bears were pitted in mortal combat.

Leading easterly out of the valley, a rutted freight road passes Saragosa Springs, circles the shoulder of Gold Mountain, and dips down its desert face to the site of Doble. This was a place where mining continued actively as late as 1900. Yet, every business house and dwelling—even the streets of the town—have vanished as completely as if some master of the black art had waved over them a magic handkerchief.

Of all those stalwarts who once thronged the avenues of Doble, none was more colorful that E. J. "Lucky" Baldwin, early California financier and owner of important mining interests on nearby Gold Mountain. A connoisseur of both women and horses, it was Baldwin's frequent pleasure to race his blooded steeds on the hard shores of Baldwin Lake, half a mile south of town.

Cut deeply along the north edge of the townsite are scars of the old Snubbing Post road, over which supplies formerly were freighted to Doble and the towns of Holcomb Valley. Due to the road's terrific grade, ascending vehicles and their great loads could be inched up the mountain only by short, lunging pulls and repeated snubbing to wayside trees. At its lower terminus, this road joined with the Johnson Grade leading upward from Victorville, and near the junction of the two roads lay Cactus Flat, another pioneer way station. My first visit to this latter place revealed the presence of one vacant store building, several small dugouts and cabins, and a few dead fruit trees.

Half lost in the weeds at the west edge of the flat lay an old wooden grave marker, on the face of which was crudely lettered:

JOHN JOHNSON
He made this grade to Bear Valley.
He ranged sheep in Hollywood and Catalina in 1870.
He lies here facing Lucerne Valley
—An Old Pal.

How many other graves are lost between Cactus Flat and Greenlead, at the west end of Holcomb, is something no man knows; but, certainly, there are scores of them.

Of Doble's one-time occupancy, the only remaining evidence is a dozen-or-so neglected mounds in the old cemetery. Ten years ago there was still standing here one tall wooden cross, a short section of paling fence, and a few old wooden headboards. But, even then, there was not one inscription to reveal who sleeps in these hoary graves, and which of these bones rest in the good glow of righteousness, and which toss in eternal torment. No man can say. Like the wild stampede that lured them hence and the iniquitous towns they spawned, the nameless dead of Holcomb Valley have joined that "innumerable caravan" that is gone and forgotten, unknown, unsung, unwept.

Famous Cartridges of the Old West

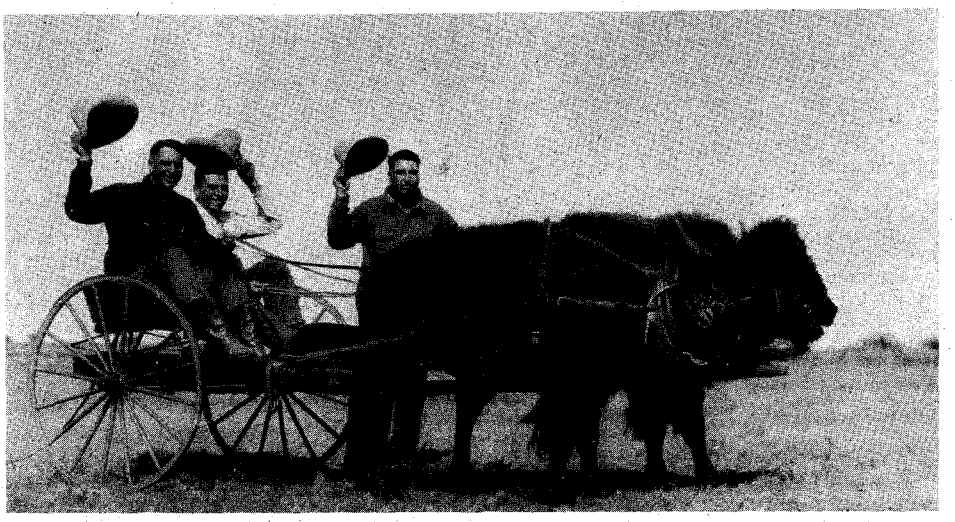
(Continued from page 15)

let to keep the lead from rubbing off in the barrel.

It may seem strange to see a shotgun shell among all the conventional cartridges but, if we pause to reflect and study the Old West we realize that the shotgun, while less glamorous than either the revolver or rifle, played a very large part in the winning of the West. It provided food and protection and many a law officer appreciated its effectiveness in a short range gun-fight. The shell here is a ten gauge all brass shell, but twelves were used too.

These were part of the Old West. Many were so popular that even now, eighty years after their introduction, they are still sold in fair numbers. Others are no longer made and have passed on like the men who used them. They were products of a unique time and place and they made history.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Driver Bill Cookash and Chuck Hall (standing) of Pierre with Bob Yokum's buffalo team. Scotty and Pete were broke to harness when young calves but as they grew older, they became less docile and wound up as meat in high-grade "hamburgers."

Buffaloed Bulls

(Continued from page 17)

other notch" and the train went careening down the rails at sixty miles an hour.

All at once, over the flattest terrain in all Texas, in the distance there billowed a plume of smoke. It was the crack Golden State Limited. But in the cab of the galloping goose the unseeing conductor and the crocked engineer continued their fight for the throttle. Fortunately, the passenger engineer was sober and sagacious. He saw that something was amiss, and promptly detoured his Pullmans to a spur track. (This was probably the last time in railroad history when a passenger train would be sidetracked for buffaloes.)

Meanwhile, on hurtled the "Alcoholic Special"—whistle screaming, cars rattling, trainmen hanging onto car steps preparing to jump. With a drunken yell from the cab, a screech from the whistle and a rataplan of hoof beats from the buffalo car, the freight zoomed past the Golden State like a misguided missile grazing a bystander. It slowed down only when, a few minutes later, the tosspot at the throttle pulled up at a frontier beanery which offered nourishment for all comers, drunk or sober.

IN THE EARLY hours of Sunday, one week after leaving Pierre, the train reached El Paso. As the fight had been scheduled for that day, Jones and Philip quickly looked up Yokum. But that worthy had done nothing in the way of buttering up Mexican officials for an easy crossing of the border. However, Charlie Birney, El Paso superintendent of the Mexican Central Railroad, was cooperative and the side-door pullman, now piloted by a sober engineer, was hauled across the river and spotted at the unloading chute of the Plaza de Toros. Here Felix Robert and a crowd of aficionados crowded about for a looksee at the curly-haired curios from Yankeeland.

Four regular bull fights—men against beasts—had been scheduled as preliminaries. This was to be climaxed by a fighting toro pitted against a peace-loving buffalo. On hand were more than three thousand spectators—Mexicans of all classes, from peons to plutocrats, and a lot of Texans from across the river. In due course, several bulls succumbed to the swords of the matadors. But the crowd, growing impatient, began to shout derisively that the gringos were suffering from cold feet and would fail to show.

Suddenly the door under the arched entrance opened, and in limped the larger buffalo. It was then discovered that the fetlock joint of the left hind leg had been dislocated, probably due to a box stall injury during the wild ride across Texas. But the natives were good sports and heartily applauded this strange looking animal who stood quietly in the middle of the ring, his massive head despondently lowered, his retractable landing gear somewhat bent.

When the door again opened, in dashed a handsome red fighting bull. At sight of the buffalo, he became visibly annoyed. The hair rose on his muscular shoulders, he pawed the earth, shook his head and snorted defiance. Then he charged. The buffalo never moved. He stood with his body at a quartering angle to the bull. This looked like an easy target for the sharp horns of the toro. But few men and beasts living south of the border are familiar with the ways of the bison. Cattle pivot on their hind legs; buffalo on their forelegs. Thus, at the instant of contact, the buffalo's hind quarters miraculously swung away. With a report heard all over the arena, the huge head received the bull's charge unmoved—as Gibraltar might have deflected a besieger's stone from an ancient catapult.

The bull was no quitter. He backed away and charged again—with the same result. Now the buffalo put a little more steam into his act and knocked the enemy to its haunches. Still game, the bull tried a third assault. Now the buffalo was really warmed up. He swung his hindquarters out of the way and butted the bull with tremendous force. As a result of this massive retaliation, the toro collapsed. With about as much fight left in him as flower-smelling Ferdinand of Spain, he staggered to his feet and wobbled to the ringside barrier.

Claiming the right to substitute another contender, Manager Robert brought in a second bull—with the same result. Three times he charged the buffalo, unsuccessfully, then turned tail and fled. A third animal met the same fate. Three panicky toros were now circling

Karl von Mueller's

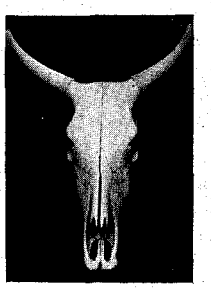
TREASURE HUNTER'S MANUAL

6th Edition

The first printing will be a deluxe collector's item, complete with laws, taxes, instrumentation, and just about all of the secrets of professional buried treasure hunters; plus a number of bonafide leads on known buried treasure in many states which the author will never have time to seek. Plans, schematics, and complete plans for building your own professional instrument for less than $30 will be included and explained.

If you want a copy of this first printing, send your name and address (no money) on a postcard to: Karl von Mueller, 2510 Rosedale, Orlando, Florida. Price is $5 and a postcard will reserve a copy in your name.

A word to the wise!!! This volume will be well worth 10 times the price to anybody interested in treasure hunting. The 5th edition costs $150 per copy if you can find an owner to sell his, and this 6th edition will be the jackpot edition.



BLEACHED COW SKULLS

FROM THE HIGH DESERT LAND IN MEXICO

These skulls are in perfect state of preservation; from high desert climate in Michoacan, Mexico. All with horns of varying lengths. Make spectacular wallhangers and conversation pieces; particularly well suited to modern decor; ideal for living area, study or patio.

Horns up to 8"...$6.95
Horns up to 12"..$9.95
Over 12" $14.95

All prices FOB, Brownsville, Texas
Satisfaction guaranteed.

WHITCO P. O. Drawer 1712, Brownsville 4, Texas.

Write for FREE Western Wear Catalog

RANCHMAN'S SUPPLY

Dept. T, Box 1375 • Denver 1, Colorado

SEND FOR THIS FREE!

Make money. Know how to break and train horses or ponies. *Write today for this book FREE,* together with special offer of a course in Animal Breeding. If you are interested in Gaiting and Riding the saddle horse, check here ( ). *Do it today—now.*

BEERY SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP
Dept. 1588 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5000 FIREARMS BARGAINS

Are you a gun trader? Gun collector? Or are you just plain interested in guns? If you are, you'll profit from reading the bargain-filled columns of SHOTGUN NEWS, now published twice each month. It's the leading publication for the sale, purchase and trade of firearms and accessories of all types. SHOTGUN NEWS has aided thousands of gun enthusiasts locate firearms, both modern and antique — rifles, shotguns, pistols, revolvers, scopes, mounts . . . all at money-saving prices. The money you save on the purchase of any one of the more than 5,000 listings twice a month more than pays your subscription cost. You can't afford to be without this unique publication.

Free trial offer!
Money Back Guarantee.

As a special introductory offer, we'll send you the next issue of SHOTGUN NEWS free of charge with your one year subscription. That means you get 25 big issues. What's more, if you're not completely satisfied, just tell us. We'll immediately refund your money in full and you can keep the issues you already have. Fair enough? You bet! Fill in the coupon below and mail it today!

THE SHOTGUN NEWS AT
Columbus, Nebraska

Yes, send me the next issue of **SHOTGUN NEWS FREE** and start my subscription for one year. $2 enclosed—to be refunded if I'm not completely satisfied.

Name .....

Address .....

City & State .....

NOW SET OR TAKE UP TROTLINE IN 5 MINUTES

2-WAY SWIVEL SAVES FISH

Trotlines have brass 2-way swivel hook guards — eliminate tangling, dismantling. Fish can't twist off! Needle sharp 4/0 hooks legally spaced.

FULLY ASSEMBLED — READY TO BAIT	Cotton Seine Cord 155-LB TEST	ALL NYLON 420-Lb. TEST
80 ft. TROTLINE on winder, 16 assemblies	$3.95	$5.75
100 ft. TROTLINE on winder, 20 assemblies	5.50	6.95
150 ft. TROTLINE on winder, 24 assemblies	6.95	8.95

Extras if desired: Roll-up Reel $1.00; Hook Guard $1.20 doz.; Brass U-shaped Brad (2 for each guard) 15c doz. Trotlines guaranteed. Ppd.

FREE WITH ORDER: 22-page illustrated booklet tells how, when, where to set trotline, etc.
NOTE: Mailed FREE at your request . . this Valuable Booklet and Full Information!

F. LAWRENZ MFG. Co. DEPT. F. 319 N. BISHOP AVE., DALLAS, TEX.

the arena in a frenzy of fear. By now the prepotent "Pride of Pierre" had lost all interest in the game. He laid down in the middle of the ring and disposed himself for slumber. The crowd went wild with enthusiasm, cheering and applauding this four-legged battering ram.

Manager Robert insisted on turning in a fourth bull. Again three passes failed to jar the buffalo. Instead, being really peeved at having his nap interrupted, he started to chase all four of the terrified toros. Because of his injured leg, the champ lacked sufficient speed to catch any of them. So the gates were opened and the four victims of bisontine prowess—literally "buffaloed"—high-tailed it to the corrals.

A WEEK LATER there was a ludicrous aftermath. Following another round of *corridas de toros,* starring a skilled and gaudily-dressed matador, it was planned to stage a contest between man and buffalo. This time it was the younger, the four-year-old animal, which a fearless matador named Cuco was expected to dispatch with his sword. To the knowledgeable Dakotans, this seemed an impossible assignment, for over the heavily-muscled hump of the bison, nature has placed a tough hide, an inch thick, and over that an almost impenetrable blanket of matted, wooly hair. Furthermore, the greater height of the beast compared with a fighting bull makes him a more difficult target for the man with the sword. Yet Cuco was confident, so much so that his self-assurance prompted Manager Robert to accost Yokum.

"I'll bet you $500 Cuco kills your buffalo."

Said Yokum, "Hell, I'll give you better than that. I'll bet you $500 the buffalo kills Cuco."

The bet was laid, but never paid as will be seen. Came Sunday, with the Governor of Chihuahua presiding over a packed arena. Following a colorful parade of participants, in dashed the beautiful red fighting bull that had opened the show against the larger bison the week before. But, strange to say, although this was to be a conventional man-against-bull, with not a buffalo in sight, no amount of chousing could get the bull "haired up." The combined efforts of horses, banderilleros, picadors, peones, capas and muletas were a flop. The brute kept trying to climb the barrier, so ardently did he want out. Then followed a scene unparalleled in the history of bull fighting.

One after another, three more animals were shoved into the arena. Each in turn refused to fight. Each in turn was retired to the stalls. The faint trace of bison "b.o.," hovering over the ring like powder smell over an old battlefield, was too much for them. The advertised four fights ended in a complete fiasco.

Manager Robert was frantic. To the Dakotans he wailed, "The President will call off the show and make us return the money."

"Well, what do you propose to do about it?" asked the Americans.

"We'll turn in the buffalo and see if he will fight the torreros."

"Just have your men stick a sword, or one of those pics in the buffalo and by gad, he'll fight."

Amid the clamor of the disgruntled crowd, the younger buffalo was hurried onto the scene. He was obviously looking for trouble. But when a few cautious passes with the capes were just beginning to get the beast "het up," there was a tremendous roar from the crowd. All eyes focussed on a blackboard in front of the president's box. Robert looked at the Spanish writing and burbled:

"They've called off the fight. I'll go and see what I can do."

He hurriedly barged into the president's box and launched an impassioned plea—but to no avail. Down in the ring courageous Cuco, with a banderilla in each hand, shrilled his own petition. He asked for permission to plant at least his two modest weapons in the beast's shoulders. The reply was to the effect that unless Felix Robert quit talking and got Cuco out of the ring, in addition to returning the gate receipts to the public, the president would fine each man $500 and suspend Cuco as a matador. And all the while there was a buf-

"Good morning! TRUE WEST magazine! Bang! Bang!"

falo spoiling for a fight and Cuco aching to fight him. But the president was adamant. The customers filed out, collected their entrance money, and went home. The downhearted Dakotans crossed the international bridge and sought a consolatory dram at the Coney Island Bar.

THE NEXT MORNING a deal was made with an El Paso butcher to buy the two buffaloes at $200 each. He figured he'd hang their carcasses in his shop as an advertising stunt. Crossing the bridge to Juarez to get the two animals, the Yankee impresarios in overalls found Manager Felix in his tiny office in bad humor, flanked by fierce Mexican rurales armed with six-shooters. Felix refused to give up the buffaloes. They were to be his, from there out.

"I lost $1,500 in expenses on yesterday's show," he shouted. "I'm going to sue you fellers for that amount and I'm going to put you in jail until I get ready to sue."

In Mexico, the Northerners reflected, there was no right of habeas corpus. They did not hanker to languish in a Mexican hoosegow indefinitely. They decided to arbitrate. Loud talk subsided and a deal was made. Robert would take the pick of the two buffaloes, the butcher would get the other. The manager chose the older, the butcher got the younger. With the meatman's $200 in their poke and a stirrup cup in hand at the friendly establishment of Powers and Amonett, things began to look brighter. Eventually Pierre welcomed back its three bullmasters, whose reminiscences were somewhat beclouded by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one unresolved issue: could Cuco have killed the buffalo, or would the buffalo have killed Cuco?

Perhaps a partial answer was forthcoming from a widely-traveled lady who appeared in Pierre long after she had seen the show at Juarez. Asked what had become of the Felix Robert buffalo, she said that several weeks after the fiasco, when the brute's leg had fully healed, it was advertised to fight another bull at Juarez. A pen had been built in the center of the ring made of four-by-four timbers, with a chute leading to it from the stalls. The buffalo was run in and a fighting bull followed. Under this arrangement, there could be no escape. The bull fought and was killed. Two others met the same fate. When a fourth was run in, the buffalo broke the pen as he shoved his dying opponent through the side. There was no clamor from the crowd for a refund.

As for what eventually became of Old Champ, the lady said, "I don't really know, but the story I heard is that they took him to Chihuahua and fought him there against the bulls. Then he was shipped to Mexico City to fight still more bulls, and the last rumor was that he was in Madrid."

The lady may have been right, but there is still no answer to the fifty-three-year-old question: could Cuco have killed the buffalo, or would the buffalo have killed Cuco?

The Lost Six-Shooter Mine

(Continued from page 25)

his wagon. He hunted through New Water Pass into the desert country around the Eagle Tails and the Cemeteries and in the Penachape Pass region. But he never found anything.

I BECAME ACQUAINTED with Daniel Culling in the early thirties. The reason—lost mines. I had been told that he had found a very rich gold mine with the aid of a Yuma-Mohave squaw. This same squaw had also tried to show Charlie Eichelberger a very rich native silver lead in the country between Quartzsite and the Bonanza Mine. Charlie had started out with her to go to the location but when they got deep into the Plomosa Mountains along the old Indian Trail, he became afraid they would run into Indians and turned back. Culling had even tried to get the old squaw, whom he knew well, to show it to him. The only thing she would do was to point to the Plomosas and say, "It is there. Two days. One sleep. All black rock. You go look, you find." There was no doubt in Cullings' mind that this silver find and Orme's silver were one and the same—and so I heard his version of the Billy Orme find.

Culling assured me that when Billy first arrived at the Station that he was sober and told a very straight and positive story. Culling was interested in the find and decided to do a little checking. The next time he saw Eichelberger he asked if Billy had stopped in Quartzsite and Eichelberger had said yes, he had and that he was very drunk.

Some months later, Daniel had been hunting cattle in the Ranegras Plain south of Hope Valley and had stopped at a ranch house where there was a corral and windmill. An inquiry there brought out the fact that after sunup one day (about the time of Billy's dis-

INTRODUCING ... The Safety Single Shot with the Six-Gun Look!

all-new .22 caliber Savage 101

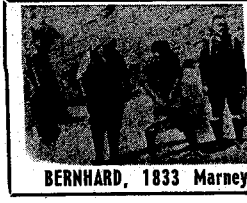
It's here... a unique single action, single shot pistol combining modern safety, authentic Western lines, the feel of a fine revolver. Single shot design, rebounding hammer assure safety; gun must be reloaded for each shot. Reliable, accurate, economical. Ideal handgun for beginners... handy for fishermen, hikers, campers. Perfect for plinking, target sport, family fun. .22 long rifle, long, short. At your dealer's now. Free catalog of Savage, Stevens, Fox firearms. Write *Savage Arms, Chicopee Falls 41, Mass.*

ONLY $19.50

Savage® 101

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE. SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA.

FREE CATALOG
Save on Your Western Needs
Send for complete fully illustrated Western Clothing and Saddlery catalog. 64 pages of quality Ranchwear and Riding equipment. Lowest prices. We pay the postage on all orders.
JACKE WOLFE RANCHWEAR
FREE 62 E. 2nd So., Salt Lake City 1, Utah



If you are looking for lost mines or buried treasure, we can help you find it (if it is there). Save time and money. We give accurate depth. We also do water locating, with a written guarantee.
BERNHARD, 1833 Marney, Los Angeles, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covery) the lady of the ranch had seen a lone rider water his horse, fill his canteen and wash his face. The man had left without coming to the house. She said the man seemed to fall asleep as soon as he had the horse started on the trail through the hills toward Culling's Well. The old Indian Trail to the tanks in the Harquahalas was the trail she pointed out.

It would have taken Billy three long days from Culling's Well to Ehrenberg in a light two-horse wagon. A drunken miner asleep on a horse and traveling the old Indian Trail at night would have required three days to have covered the ground on this longer route from Quartzsite to Culling's Station. Dan inquired and found that Billy had not come along the wagon road as he had not appeared at either Mesquite Well or Desert Station. So if Billy had taken a route north of the road, he would have had to pass the old Desert Station where the horse would have stopped for water. There are tanks where water can be found along the old Indian Trail through the Plomosas and in the little Harquahalas.

Dan Culling put in a little time looking for the rich ledge but never found it. He did express the opinion that Billy's ledge was somewhere in the area either between Ramsey's Mine (in the west of Black Mesa in the Plomosas) and the Ranegras Plain or between the mine and the Quartzsite area. And that it would be on or just off the old Indian Trail through the mountains.

FROM AN OLD prospecting friend of mine, I learned Hamblin's version of the find. He had interviewed Hamblin after Hamblin had quit looking for the mine, in order to get the story straight. Hamblin told him that it was sometime after Billy got back from the trip that he found the ore and assayed it. Billy told him that he had left Ehrenberg after dark, that the horse had either gotten lost or had turned back to the river for water. They were on a well-defined trail but he was not sure whether he was north or south of Ehrenberg, so he turned the horse around and started him in the right direction, then had fallen asleep. He would wake, take a drink, then fall asleep. How long this went on, he didn't know. Whether it was the first, second or third morning he found the rich ledge he wasn't sure. He did not know at which well he had gotten water, nor was he sure of the direction he came from when he arrived at Culling's Well or Stage Station. He was sure only that he was always on a well defined trail, that he had not stopped at Quartzsite, Mesquite Well or Desert Station. Therefore, he told Hamblin, he must have gone through New Water Pass into the desert country around the Eagle Tails and the Cemeteries and had come into Culling's Station from around the end of the little Harquahalas through Penachape Pass. So it was in this area that Billy spent his later years searching for the silver.

Several important discoveries in silver have been made since Orme's time but none of them ever produced a six-shooter with Billy's name on it. This is a pretty fair indication, the old-timers say, that Orme's ledge has never been rediscovered.

Orme's ledge came to be known as the Lost Six-Shooter Mine but it is not to be confused with the original Lost Six-Shooter Mine, which is supposed to be somewhere in the same general region. There is also quite a difference in the two discoveries—the original one was gold; Orme's was silver.

I am inclined to believe that the rich ledge crops out somewhere in the hills between Ramsey's mine and the plain, near the top of the ridge on the Black Mesa; that at the ledge the water or rain falling there will divide and flow both ways down, east and west; that the east side of the vein is at the top of a very steep wash, and only a few pieces of float have been washed down the mountain side, and these pieces will be large and not small ones. I also believe that the ground and wash on the west side is almost flat and that no float has washed away from the vein more than a few feet. The ledge will be high up, as daylight hit there at least one hour to one and one-half hours before it hit the plain or valley (the woman at the ranch house and well told Dan that it was shortly after the sun had hit the ranch that she had seen the horse and man).

While the desert jealously guards Billy Orme's ledge, some day a man who is persistent in the face of heavy odds will find a fortune beyond his wildest dreams when he uncovers a small mound containing a six-shooter with the words, "Billy Orme," carved on the handle.

Sitting Bull steals nine Crow ponies. He gave the white mare to sister Pretty Plume.

Sitting Bull's Picture Story

(Continued from page 21)

After much palaver, they were finally brought out from Washington for his inspection. Sitting Bull identified them as his and patiently and carefully explained each scene, except the ones showing the killing of white men. "It is bad medicine to stir up old hatreds," he said, explaining his refusal. He also expressed surprise at the white men's shock at the sketch depicting him lancing the Crow woman. "The women of the Crows fought beside their men in battle," he explained. "If I had not killed her, she certainly would have killed me!"

Remembering the countless Sioux women and children ruthlessly shot down by the soldiers, Sitting Bull must have found their squeamishness over the slain Crow woman ironic indeed. He did, however, accept the Army's offer to provide paints and brushes needed to complete his pictorial autobiography.

During the two years of his detention at Fort Randall, Sitting Bull made two more sets of sketches—one series of twenty-three and another of thirteen. The set of twenty-three he gave to Lieutenant Wallace Tear, who had befriended the lonely old warrior. The smaller set the chief presented to Daniel Pratt, the post trader at Fort Buford. Both sets traveled by devious routes through the years to the Smithsonian Institution, where they remain today.

Some interesting changes were observed in the later series of pictographs. The 1870 sketches were drawn in a flat, primitive, two-dimensional style. The work done in the early 1880's was three-dimensional. In two of the drawings presented to Pratt, the chief made a creditable attempt to show people fullface rather than in profile, which was all he could manage in 1870. Also, in the set presented to Lieutenant Tear, he scrawled his name in English. The twin mysteries were explained when it was learned that a German artist named Rudolf Cronau had visited Sitting Bull at Fort Randall and given him some rudimentary lessons. An American trader named Gus Hedderich had taught him to write his name during the Sioux's long stay near Wood Mountain in Canada.

THE NATION-WIDE hatred of Sitting Bull flared to new heights of anger and insult in 1884 when the chief made the grievous error of accepting the invitation of one Colonel Alvaren Allen to make a public appearance tour of fifteen cities of the United States. Colonel Allen, after getting an okay from Washington to take the chief on tour, promised Sitting Bull that he would have an opportunity to talk to the Great White Father in Washington, discussing the serious problems confronting the Sioux Nation.

The chief never got the chance to meet President Arthur. Allen carted him around the country solely to exhibit him as "the fiendish slayer of General Custer." Sitting Bull could speak no English, and when he greeted his hostile but curious audiences in Sioux, Allen interpreted his friendly words as a lurid description of how the Sioux destroyed the soldiers at the Little Big Horn. This same callous formula was followed the next year when Sitting Bull toured with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. Cody's side show barker threw in added theatrical touches, by bawling out that the chief planned to go on the warpath again and "wipe all the palefaces from the earth!" The naive crowds of that far-off day believed each word implicitly and cursed the old chief and spat upon him. Five minutes after each performance they were eagerly buying autographed photographs of Sitting Bull at $1 apiece.

Sitting Bull never again went on the road after his 1885 trip with Buffalo Bill. Returning to the reservation that fall, the aging chief engaged in a five-year struggle with Indian Agent Major James McLaughlin to preserve his position as head chief of the Sioux.

The coming of the Ghost Dance craze to the despairing Sioux in 1890 caused the fearful agent to request authority from the Indian Bureau to arrest Sitting Bull. Three successive droughts had reduced the Indians to abject poverty, making the thought of a Red Messiah irresistible. All the Sioux, even Sitting Bull, danced the sacred dances and sang the sacred songs while praying for the deliverer to come. Newsmen sent dispatches East that the Sioux were dancing to go again on the warpath, headed by "that bloody monster, Sitting Bull."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Word came from Washington to arrest the chief.

On the bleak dawn of December 15, 1890, forty-three Indian police—scornfully called "Metal Breasts" by Sitting Bull's loyal followers—made the attempt to arrest the great leader of the Sioux. In the savage fight that followed, Sitting Bull, his seventeen-year-old son Crowfoot, and six of the chief's bodyguard were killed. Six of the police were also killed. Sitting Bull's mangled and mutilated body was dumped into a wagon and taken to Fort Yates for hurried burial in a corner of the post cemetery.

As Buffalo Bill Cody tearfully remarked upon hearing the news: "If them damn pitchers hadn't been played up all over the newspapers, pore ol' Bull might've been allowed to die in peace instead of bein' murdered."

True enough, Sitting Bull's pictographs started the gory legend that led to his violent death—but the yapping of Buffalo Bill's side show barker helped to build and keep it alive.

"Yesnoyesnoyesno!"

(Continued from page 4)

for the liquor that some of our heroes, outlaws and historical figures had consumed. Since the magazine *is True West* and liquor *was* a part of the west, I'd say put the ads where they belong, right in the middle of all that other good reading. You might even put some in the ink, for the full Western *flavor*. —M. A., Sanderson, Texas.

Dear Editor:

Any advertisement you put in your magazines is a source of revenue and my gosh, that's what you are in business for—to make money, ain't it? I buy your magazines for the true stories and western lore and I read every word of them. I don't see how any advertisement can change the tempo of your books, so go to it. Do you know that the male population of Baltimore is considered "adult delinquents." Yes, sir! Somehow, the TV critic of a Baltimore paper figured that 90% of the males look at nothing but westerns on TV so he referred to us as "adult delinquents." By being called that, do we rate a first over Texas males?—J. R., Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Joe:

I hope you can keep your boots and spurs on and be a rugged enough "Son of the West" not to stoop to liquor or beer advertising in either *True West* or *Frontier Times*. I take both magazines. I am a firm believer that liquor and/or beer are one of the most insidious, destructive forces in America and the use of it certainly needs no more encouragement.—G. E. S., Artesia, New Mexico.

Gentlemen:

I don't see why anyone would object to liquor ads as it is another of God's gifts and when used moderately we can enjoy it as such. But I do take exception to your cartoon on page 38 of the June issue of *True West*. The reason I subscribed to your magazine was that it contained no filthy advertising or articles for which you are to be commended. Please don't spoil it now by letting this sort of trash creep in.—J. G. F., Midland Park, New Jersey.

K4 has all the features you'll want

WEAVER SCOPE

The choice of American shooters...for its accuracy, its sturdiness, its fine optics. The Weaver Model K4 has a constantly centered reticule; only the image moves when the adjustment screws are turned. All threaded joints are sealed with Neoprene O-rings—a positive compression seal. All lenses hermetically sealed. Nitrogen processed to prevent fogging. See America's largest selling hunting scope at your dealer. Model K4 about $45.

©1960 W. R. Weaver Company

Model K crosshairs are always accurately centered; only the image moves when you turn the adjusting screws.

No more off-center reticules like this when you use the Weaver Model K with fixed reticule and internal adjustments.

Please send your 32-page full-color catalog on Weaver-Scopes and Mounts.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

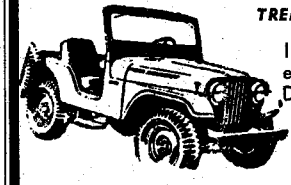
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

DEPT. 61 W. R. WEAVER CO. EL PASO, TEXAS

THE WORLD'S MOST USED, MOST PROVED SCOPE

BUY SURPLUS NOW DIRECT FROM U. S. GOVT.

TREMENDOUS SAVINGS—BUY AT FRACTIONS OF ARMY & NAVY COSTS



Individuals can now buy direct from U. S. Govt.—Surplus Government property located in Depots throughout the U. S.—Depots are located in every state and overseas.

FOR SALE: Boats; LST's; LCVP's; Aircrafts; Helicopters; Marine Engines; Radar; Sonar; Radiotelephones; Walkie-Talkies; Nautical Instruments; Electronics; Etc.

ALSO: Jeeps; Trucks; Tractors; Trailers; Amphibious Vehicles; Farm Machinery & Implements; Tools; Generators; Engines; Automotive Supplies; Etc. Thousands of other items too numerous to mention.

SEND FOR BULLETIN: "Depot List & Procedure" $1.00

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS SALES • P. O. Box 425 (Dept. WS) • Nanuet, N.Y.

REACH!

$17.50 Limited Offer

For Greater Protection!

A GENUINE ENFIELD REVOLVER

.38 S & W Caliber — 6 Shot — Snub Nose

Designed for quick draw! The ideal weapon for the plain clothes detective or personal protection.

Fires powerful .38 S & W ammunition available anywhere.

These revolvers GUARANTEED New or Excellent Condition

Send only $10.00 deposit Balance C.O.D.

FIREARM SHIPPED F.O.B. RAILWAY EXPRESS

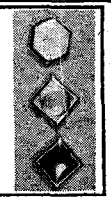
PACIFIC WEAPONS CO.
7471 Melrose Ave., Dept. 290
Los Angeles 46, Calif.

SNAPS FOR WESTERN SHIRTS

Pearls in Ocean, Fresh Water, Plastic & Synperl. Attaching Tools.

Write for FREE FOLDER and PRICE LIST!

FASTENER SUPPLY COMPANY
1508 So. Robertson, Dept. E,
Los Angeles 35, Calif.



REAL ESTATE BE A BROKER

PAYS BIG! SEND FOR FREE, BIG, ILLUSTRATED CATALOG NOW! Graduates report making substantial incomes. Start and run your own business quickly. Men, women of all ages, learn easily. Course covers Sales, Property Management, Appraising, Loans, Mortgages, and related subjects. STUDY AT HOME or in classrooms in leading cities. Diploma awarded. Write TODAY for free book! No obligation. Approved for World War II and Korean Veterans

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

WEAVER SCHOOL OF REAL ESTATE (Est. 1936)
2020 T Grand Kansas City, Mo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUNT or FISH in MEXICO

We can take you to most any part of Mexico for all types of game and fish in this country. Prices vary depending on region you wish to hunt or fish, but they will be the lowest possible.

If you are interested in wonderful fishing, the bass and trout season is in full swing right now and will be until September. Even some of the best spots can be made on a short trip.

You may go after tarpon, snook, marlin, sails—any type salt water fishing on a year 'round basis.

Transportation, for the most part, will be by air. All equipment furnished except guns (can be rented), ammunition, and personal equipment. Best available guides.

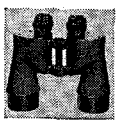
Hunting runs from November through March. Deer, birds, javelina, jaguar, ocelot—you name it! Trips into the deep jungles, or most anywhere you want to go in Mexico.

Tell us what you want and we'll take it from there.

JORGE E. JOHANSEN
Hamburgo 305-B, Mexico 6, D. F., Mexico

BARGAINS

WAR SURPLUS! American-Made!
7x50 BINOCULARS



Big saving! Brand new! Crystal clear viewing — 7 power. Every optical element is coated. An excellent night glass — the size recommended for satellite viewing. Individual eye focus. Exit pupil 7 mm. Approx. field at 1,000 yds. is 376 ft. Carrying case included. American 7 x 50's normally cost $195. Our war surplus price saves you real money.

Stock No. 1533-T.W.....only $55.00 pstpd. (tax included)

FREE CATALOG-TW

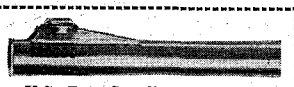
128 Pages! Over 1000 Bargains!

Huge selection of lenses, prisms, war surplus optical instruments, parts and accessories. Telescopes, microscopes, binoculars, science and math learning and teaching aids. Request Catalog T W

EASY PAYMENT PLAN AVAILABLE! DETAILS WITH CATALOG!

EDMUND SCIENTIFIC CO., Barrington, New Jersey

THE



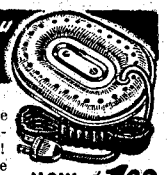
Streamline U.S. Pat. Canadian Pat. Allowed
Complete job for most guns, $25
Plus return PP & Insurance

ANTI-RECOIL GUN BARREL

The muzzle brake that is precision machined into your rifle barrel, avoiding unsightly hang-ons. Controlled escape for highest kinetic braking, minimum blast effect and no jump practically. All but prevents jet thrust (secondary recoil). Guaranteed workmanship. FOLDER. Dealer discounts.

PENDLETON GUN SHOP 223 S.E. Court Ave. Pendleton, Oregon

New Easy Way Gives You
HOT WATER



Saves Time, Work, Money

Amazing New Portable Pocket-size Electric Water Heater gives hot water . . . where and when you need it! Place in water and plug in! No fire to build. No hot water to carry. For bathing, washing clothes, dishes, etc. Saves time, work AND money! AC or DC. Just follow SIMPLE DIRECTIONS Order NOW!

NOW ONLY $1.98

SEND NO MONEY—Just name and address. Pay postman only $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Satisfaction or return in 10 days for money back. RAPID SPECIALTIES CO. Dept. HB-1456, Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

TW and FT at 19c PER COPY?

Where else on earth can you buy copies of *TRUE WEST* and *FRONTIER TIMES* for 19c per copy? For a list of specials, see page 65

Dear Editor Small:

We realize the difficulty you have in maintaining such high class periodicals especially in view of the competition of the second-rate stuff on the stands. We are sympathetic. Nevertheless, we say, "Let's keep 'er clean!" There are already some four to five million alcoholics in our good land, and about sixty-five million drunks. I hope you stick it out.—J. L. C., Huntsville, Texas.

Dear Old Joe:

One of the things that attracted us to your fine magazine *True West* is, it is a "clean" publication. No objectionable thumbing through liquor ads—beer, wine, etc.—to get to the thrilling story we want. We don't have many magazines coming into our home but the ones that do have such ads we tear them out at once. I wonder if it would help you any financially to raise the subscription rates and the issues from 25c to 35c.—Mr. and Mrs. S. M. C., Yucaipa, California.

Howdy, old Joe:

Whatta you mean you can't run whiskey ads? I think you should have anyone kicked off the payroll that don't know that there was a saloon on purty near every corner and many more in the middle of every jerkline town in the West around 1900. When I punched cows through Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, the saloons ran about five to a small town—one mercantile store, one livery stable, added. A big town would have fifteen to twenty saloons—three or four livery stables and three stores. A real small town like Red Rock, Montana, just had one saloon—nothing else. If you're going to have a "True West" that's real true, then you can't get away from whiskey. Those old towns just plum "smelled" like whiskey. I know, for my Dad owned and run them.

From Cripple Creek to Silver City to the Yukon and Goldfield, I was raised in those whiskey-soaked old towns and neither my Dad or I or any of my family has ever "drunk." It didn't hurt us to see a whiskey ad, or a sign saying "Beer on Draught." My vote goes for you to take all the whiskey ads you can get, but make the advertisers tie their bottles up to a hitching rack, make 'em keep the pictures in their ads in keeping with the old-time atmosphere of your magazines and in tune with the old times.—D. V., Central Point, Oregon.

Gentlemen & Ladies:

You ask for public opinion on liquor ads in your magazine. Opinions of people uninformed don't mean anything. Actual experience does. I have delivered liquor to people in every station of life that I know of—doctors, lawyers, ministers, members of the WCTU and Dry Federations, Prohibition lecturers and bootleggers. I don't know of any one that don't use it.

Speaking of keeping a magazine clean—liquor must be clean or people wouldn't be drinking it. A person that might object to liquor ads in your magazine could be a hypocrite or a fanatic.—F. J. C., Albion, Nebraska.

Dear Sirs:

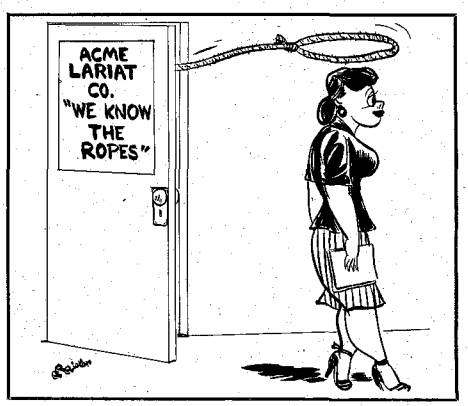
The reason for this letter is to tell you that I would like to see liquor advertising left out of your magazine. Every day I see the real result of liquor and it would ruin your magazine for me if you advertised it.—Dr. R. F. C., Grand Junction, Colorado.

Gentlemen:

My family reads and loves every word of *True West* magazine, then we supply a teen-age gang and Boy Scouts' hang-out with old copies. We have long admired your magazine for the clean and interesting stories of the West—truly a magazine for the whole family, which is free of liquor and sexy ads. I would rather pay more than see you start liquor ads and I believe most parents feel the same way.—Mrs. P. H. S., Hobbs, New Mexico.

Dear Sir:

The sale of liquor is not illegal in many places, so why object to accepting its advertising? The men of the old west drank enough of it to float a large frigate, which fact you know. Do you want gangsters to be bootlegging again? I do not. A member of my family who is now dead was a bootlegger and I know some of its evils from experience.—V. E. S., Hufsmith, Texas.



Dear Joe:

I can understand wanting to keep the magazine fit for the family (it's my nine-year-old's favorite, just as I predicted it would be with the first issue) but it's not a Sunday School periodical. You can put out a wonderful publication, but for goodness sakes, don't put on the mamby-pamby airs of the preachers and bootleggers.—J. B., Corpus Christi, Texas.

Dear Editor:

As I was born in the Far West, sixty-three years ago, and have seen and remember some of the "Old West" in Oregon, California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, I would like to add my two-bits worth to the liquor question.

I remember that towns consisted of one or two general stores, a drugstore, and about a dozen saloons, with possibly a bank, hotel and the assay office. Some saloon keepers were fine, civic-minded men, a credit to any town, while others were just run-of-the-mill, good, bad and indifferent. But liquor was definitely a part of all western life. It was the cure-all for most ills, from snake bite and shock to a sure cure of the common cold. Liquor was the recreation of the miner, prospector, cow-poke and merchants, in any community, and was found buried in the flour sack at most ranch houses and line shacks in case of trouble. Some brands of whiskey are still around today that are proud of their part in "Winning the West."

I have memories of the lone "Beer Saloon" in the outlands of the border states, and the cantinas of New and Old Mexico. It was a cool place to stop on a hot and dusty ride through a lonely land. My vote is for liquor ads, if it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will keep *True West* and *Frontier Times* on the newsstands, as I think they are the only magazines that give a true picture of the West that was!—R. M. T., Winston, Oregon.

Dear Mr. Small:
Liquor ads? Why not? Certainly the liquor business is legitimate and the taxes they pay entitles them to advertise. Of course some people may object but so what? If it wasn't liquor, it would be something else. Just because one reads a liquor ad is no sign one has to run out and get drunk. The liquor people don't encourage that kind of thing, and so as far as I'm concerned, take the ads, it's business.—Mrs. R. A. S., Amarillo, Texas.

Sir:
I subscribed to both your magazines in the name of my grandson so that I could send it on to him and his brother who are in London where their father is to be a year or two. I figure there is much interesting history in the magazines and in a better, cleaner atmosphere than in much of the reading being offered to teen-age boys and girls. I am happy to have your magazine to give my grandsons, but I'd not be happy were it full of liquor ads. In fact, I'd no longer send it to them.—M. I. W., Laramie, Wyoming.

Dear Joe:
In your June issue of *True West* you asked the opinion of the readers about liquor ads. I admire you folks for not running them so far and that goes for tobacco also. Hope you can hold out.—L. L. H., Mantica, California.

Dear Sirs:
In reference to no liquor ads, I believe most of the readers wouldn't mind. Sure, *True West* and *Frontier Times* are nice home families' magazines. So are our daily newspapers and most of them carry liquor ads. I sure hope you get lots of letters on this telling you so.—B. M., Lincoln, Montana.

Fightin' Physicians on the Frontier

(Continued from page 31)

The doughty Scotch doctor exploded with a letter to the Secretary of the Army.

"May God forbid that a son of Caledonia should ever desert his child or disown his clan," he wrote. Then he resigned from the services to devote the rest of his professional life to curing the ills of Indians and whites alike.

For his multitudinous services a saddlebag doctor sometimes made as little as $75 a year. Dr. Francis A. Lang, who practiced on the high prairies in the 1880's, recalled in his memoirs being paid in hay and grain for his horse, potatoes by the sack, butter, milk, cream, or if it was winter and nature's ice box was functioning, a quarter of beef.

USUALLY THE FIRST TRAINED doctors in a region were military surgeons. Such a surgeon, Colonel William B. Davis, wryly remarked that in most parts of the West you had to shoot a man to start a graveyard. At Fort Totten where he was stationed, they froze to death, too. With the temperature hovering around fifty below zero for weeks on end and howling blizzards sweeping down on this Dakota post, Davis' first three deaths were freezings. Cases of frostbite were frequent and severe.

Probably the chief medical problem of Army surgeons year in and year out was scurvy. On their diet of salt meat, white bread, soda biscuits, syrup, lard, black coffee and hardtack, the soldiers could not long remain healthy. They rarely obtained fruit or fresh meat and vegetables. Not until each post was required to have its own truck garden did the situation improve.

Army surgeons took to the field with the troopers when an Indian fight threatened. Dr. Thomas Maghee rode into the fight at Bates Creek on July 4, 1874. He was dressing a soldier's wound when a Sioux bullet grazed his forehead. Here is the official War Department version:

"While dressing the wound of Private Gable, he was the object of the direct fire of an Indian, partly hidden in a ravine, until, laying down his instruments for a moment he took his carbine and stepping out a few paces, killed the Indian and then returned quietly to his work."

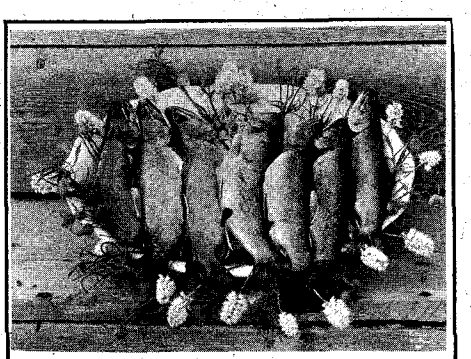
Maghee then packed the wounded man 100 miles on horseback through heat and dust to safety.

Later, Dr. Maghee went into private practice at Rawlins, Wyoming. In the dead of winter with thermometers pushing forty below, he made regular trips to patients on the Snake River, sixty miles distant. The only way he could survive these long trips was to ride until he got thoroughly cold and then dismount. Holding onto the tail of his horse, he would run until he was warmed up again. Then he'd mount and ride until once more he was so stiff with cold that he had to get down and literally run for his life.

Neither Dr. Maghee nor any other saddlebag doctor had a nurse to help him. Only the shepherds, cowboys, miners or homesteaders were on hand to tend an injured friend. They weren't the sort who would faint at the sight of blood. Dr. Maghee recalled how tender and patient they were with the sick. With the aid of untutored men like these, he undertook plastic surgery on the face of a sheepherder who had discharged his shotgun in his face. After thirty-nine operations, the victim's face was restored.

Not all the great doctors who practiced in the Old West confined their contributions to medicine. Dr. Lafayette Houghton Bunnell accompanied the famed Mariposa Battalion in 1851. Pursuing the hostile Indians, the force camped opposite the stupendous cliff now known as El Capitan. It was Dr. Bunnell who gave the name Yosemite to the yawning valley which today draws visitors from all over the world.

Dr. John Evans often wrapped himself in his shaggy buffalo robe and slumped down on the floor of a frontier cabin to get a few hours of rest. Lying there in the filth, he dreamed of great seats of learning in the West. His dreams became reality when he founded Northwestern University in Evanston, a town which bears his name, and Denver University in Denver. Abraham Lincoln made him the second territorial governor of Colorado. As governor, Evans proved a master at maintaining peace with the Indians during the Civil War, when the settlements were exposed to savage attack.



IT'S TERRIFIC

A trout-filled creek runs right through Dell Creek Ranch in the beautiful Hoback country of Wyoming! Fishing's almost within casting distance of your cabin—believe THAT or not! Good beaver pond fishing higher up.

Idyllic, invigorating—the scenery is splendiferous. Nothing "dudeish" about this ranch. Yet we have modern guest cabins with real ranch cooking. This is a real working ranch. The publisher of this magazine and his family stayed here four weeks and had the time of their lives. For information on rates write to

JIM & MOLLY'S
DELL CREEK RANCH

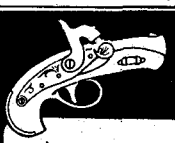
Highway 187 • Bondurant, Wyoming

DELUXE .22 Cal. REVOLVER

only $13.95

Precision made 6-shot revolver by Europe's finest gunsmiths. 5 inches over-all length. Polished blue steel. REAL . . . NOT A BLANK. Fires .22-caliber short ammo. Side gate loading, screw-in ejector rod. Ideal for plinking, target practice or protection. 10-day money-back guarantee. Only $13.95. C.O.D.'s require $5.00 deposit. Shipped F.O.B. Chicago, express charges collect. Send cash, check or money order to:

IMPORT ASSOCIATES & CO.
33 W. Harrison St., Dept. TW8 Chicago 5, Ill.



WANTED!!

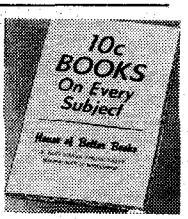
Any interesting material including Guns, other Weapons pertaining to Old West, Frontier, Civil War, Gold Mining Days; Wells Fargo guns, accessories. Old Colt revolvers, Winchester & Sharps rifles, large knives, diaries, posters, equipment. TOP CASH PRICES PAID! Immediate replies to all correspondence. We pay all shipping costs. DEAL with CONFIDENCE.

ANTIQUE ARMS MUSEUM
Dept. TF-8, 44 West Putnam Ave.
GREENWICH, CONN.

WORLD'S FINEST LITERATURE

Western Classics, Science, Fiction, Philosophy, Self-Improvement, Religion, Sex-Education. Almost 2000 titles! Sixty page catalog 25c.

BETTER BOOKS. W68
722 East Silver Spring
Milwaukee 17, Wisconsin



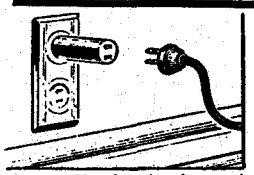
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU CAN
LIVE or VACATION Luxuriously
IN
MEXICO

for $180.00 per month

Female maids $12.00 per month, chauffeurs $30.00 per month. Gin, Rum, Brandy 80c fifth. Filet Mignon 50c lb. Fishing, golf, sports, night life. Send for your personal report which tells what Mexico has to offer you, from an American viewpoint. Send only $2.00 for your illustrated 48 page booklet.

STONE of MEXICO U.S. Office
Dept. 290. 836 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles 46, Calif.



NOISY RADIO T.V.

Simple plug-in condenser filters noisy electric line interference at source

ORDER ON APPROVAL—ONLY $1

Just plug-cord from appliance creating disturbance into Cleartone condenser. Then plug Cleartone into wall socket. Filters both AC and DC current. Over 2,500,000 sold to owners of all makes, models radio and TV sets, old and new.

Try 10 Days At Our Risk

If not delighted return for purchase price refund. Only $1.00—3 for $2.50. If C.O.D. postage extra. Cash orders add 25c and we ship postage paid. Don't put up with noisy radio or distorted TV pictures without trying Cleartone's 10-day test. Rush order today.

RAPID SPECIALTIES,
Dept. SE-1456, Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

SKIN! SUFFERERS
An Old Frontier Remedy...
Black Root
SKIN BALM

Black Root Skin Balm old frontier specific, private formula of my forefathers over 100 years. Tried and proven an amazing treatment for itching psoriasis, pimples, chafe, cracking eczema, wrinkles, athlete's foot, rash, acne, dandruff, dry skin, other skin ailments. One box usually does the trick. Hospital size, $3.00 post paid. Money back guarantee. Hiram's Black Root Corporation, 3120 TW, North High Street, Columbus 2, Ohio.

SELL Advertising Book Matches

FULL OR PART TIME!

No experience needed to earn Big Daily Cash Commission plus premiums for both you and your customers. Be a direct representative of the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect for new Tenorama, Glamour Girls, Hillbillies, safety series and dozens of other styles. All wanted sizes 20, 30, 40 stick matches. Quick daily sales, steady repeat business. New FREE Master Sales Kit makes selling easy. WRITE TODAY for full details.

SUPERIOR MATCH CO.
Dept GX760 7530 S. Greenwood, Chicago 19

MAKE BIG MONEY

raising either Chinchillas, Guinea pigs, Rabbits, Mink or Pigeons for us. This is your big opportunity to get started on the road to prosperity with us, and to have an income for life. Send 25c for full information that explains everything about the big proposition we have to offer you.

KEENEY BROTHERS FARMS
New Freedom Pa. R. No. 2. Box No. 108

Certainly saddlebag doctors and military surgeons alike, and many irregular practitioners, too, met the same hardships, knew the same adventures as other men, enjoyed the same triumphs in the winning of the West. But true to their calling, these were men who found the challenge of disease even more fascinating than the challenge of the westering frontier.

Bisbee's Five Black Ghosts

(Continued from page 14)

Sample was flashing money around and was traveling in the company of a man resembling Howard. He sent word immediately to Deputies Hovey and Hill of Graham County.

A posse took after and outran a surrey rented by Sample and Howard who were unsuspectingly taking two girls for a ride. Concealed by the road side, they waited for the surrey to come within range. Suddenly, with drawn guns, the posse stepped out onto the road.

"Hands up!" commanded Hovey. "You, Howard, drop your gun then drop Sample's. You women stay still."

One girl had been sitting on Red Sample's lap. He threw her across the surrey dashboard as he went for his pistol.

Sample instantly received a serious wound. Both men surrendered now, begging for mercy, hands high.

Unfortunately it was not that easy. The girl tossed onto the horses' rumps was screaming. The surrey horses stampeded, started to buck. Hovey shot one of them through the head, and as it fell in the harness it pulled the other one down, helpless. The panicky girls got up and fled on foot. The two men were disarmed, handcuffed and headed back to town. A posse man's horse replaced the dead one.

Sample didn't die. A few weeks later he and Howard were ushered through an iron door in Tombstone. When the lock had clicked behind them, they recognized a third man huddled there in the dim light on a steel bunk. It was John Heath. For a long moment the newcomers glared at him and he at them. Three of the black ghosts of Bisbee were already in reunion.

Six weeks had passed, but the horror of the massacre in Bisbee remained fresh in people's minds. Three of the killers were accounted for, including Heath, their scout. That left three to be found. And hints of them began to pop up in many strange and curious ways, no doubt because people were so incensed toward them.

One day Bill Daniels was approached by a very elderly Mexican who almost whispered a word of advice—"Señor Daniels, mi amigo, it would be wise if someone made a leetle treep to Sabinal."

Daniels, knowing the Mexican people, played it cool. He asked no impulsive questions, he just nodded, then calmly said, "I could go, my good friend. Perhaps I should have more than one name to use. Is good?"

His friend nodded and faded away. Daniels understood. He had been given a valuable tip.

Sabinal was a village in Chihuahua, deep in Mexico. Daniels surmised that one of the robbers had fled there, and that the Mexican grapevine had reported him. So Daniels posed down there as a New York buyer of smelted mine ore, and thus had outward reason to be in the village. He acted boldly, frequenting the few cantinas and generally acting his part. And it paid off. He spotted Dan Dowd in short order.

He could not just go up and arrest Dowd. For one thing, this was Mexico and he had no authority here. For another, Dowd might have friends that he, Daniels, couldn't know about, and they might well shoot the American officer down. So Daniels waited until night.

When Dowd was walking in the shadows after a night of carousing, a form stepped from behind a tree just behind him. There was the muffled sound of a blow. Dan Dowd groaned and sank to his knees.

Daniels handcuffed him, gagged him and carried him bodily to a wagon and team he had rented. He dumped his man in without ceremony and quietly drove away. It was a dangerous and uncomfortable trip, but he thus got his man back to the international line and into Arizona. Part of the trip was in an empty boxcar on a train, and most of the time both men had to go hungry.

But at the end of it, the cell door in Tombstone opened once more, and one more ghost was added to the reunion.

Bill Daniels then resumed work in Arizona Territory. As an Indian might, he started "circling," searching for some hint of a trail by spreading the word again, asking for any kind of relevant information, offering rewards for any news of value. His work consumed weeks, months, but he went doggedly on even when it seemed hopeless. Friends told him the two remaining killers probably had fled to the Pacific Coast or Mexico City. He kept on searching.

One day in the town of Deming, New Mexico, where he had spread the word of his search among the merchants a Mexican shoeshine boy came running down the board sidewalk and stopped panting before him.

"Señor," this boy gasped, "el barbero—the man—she is need you—she have the raisings—queek, you coom—el barbero—"

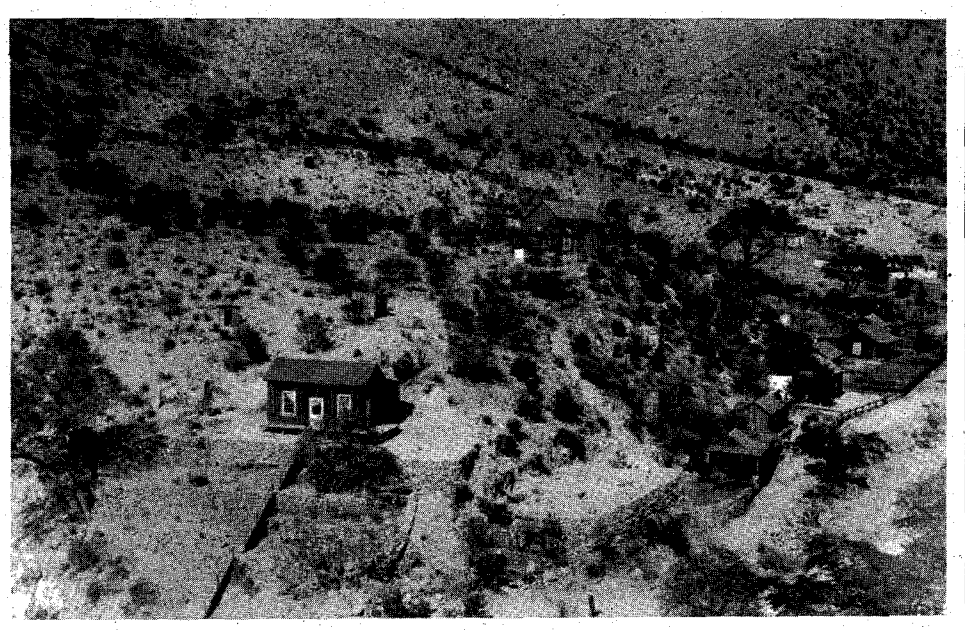
He struggled with his English and his breathlessness, but he tugged at Daniels' arm and the man began walking with him. Finally Daniels learned that "raisings" should have been "razor"—a razor in the hands of a barber. But where, what?

Down the street two blocks was a barber shop operated by Augustin Salas, a very fat and jolly citizen given to much laughter. He was not laughing when Bill and the lad arrived. He was standing over a customer in the chair, the chair tilted back as usual. And the barber held a very sharp razor at the customer's throat.

This scene has since been dramatized by western artists, notably Lon Megargee of Phoenix, who hilariously pictured the barber's anything-but-hilarious situation. Several frightened men stood waiting with the barber when Daniels arrived.

"Señor officer!" Salas greeted him. "Queek, the handcuffs! Thees man coom for a shave with the much wheeskers. I cut them off, I look—aha! Is the man Kellee. I say to him, 'You are Kellee' and I feel his neck muscles get tight. Is proof—hah! No es verdad?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Arizona Pioneers Historical Society Photo

Bisbee, Arizona, about 1883.

It was true indeed. Kelly lay there under the blade, not daring to move, but cursing. Daniels acted fast. He disarmed the bandit, snapped handcuffs on him and took him away. He tried to pay good citizen Salas a reward, but that gentleman refused it. The Mexican boy got a fortune for his work—$20 in gold. The Salas barbershop got priceless word-of-mouth advertising all over the region. Bandit Kelly got a quick reunion with the other black ghosts, in the jail at Tombstone.

The ghost roster in captivity now showed only Bill Delaney as missing. And he might be anywhere in a radius of 2,000 miles, the officers knew. By now almost everybody in that area knew of the Bisbee crime, and sooner or later Delaney would do something to reveal himself. Once more the Mexican grapevine showed life. It suggested that Daniels go to the town of Minas Prietas in Mexico. He had a detailed description of the man, and took a Mexican along as guide and interpreter, along with a fellow officer. Near the town they halted, but sent the Mexican in alone, carefully briefed. We can reconstruct his part of the drama from his own report.

He found Delaney without trouble, due to the accurate description and to the fact that few Americans were in the town anyway. So he approached him direct, as the officers had suggested. "Señor Delaney," said he, "I have a message. A friend asks you to come to him."

The man stiffened a little, but remained calm. "You got the wrong party, fellow," he said. "My name's Summers. You must be mistaken."

The Mexican smiled. "No mistake, señor. This friend said to tell you he is Dan Dowd."

"Oh, well, then. Yeah. Where at is Dan? Can you take me to him?"

"Seguro si."

They rode out together, inconspicuously, as if on business in the rural areas. Presently the Mexican pointed to two saddled horses in some shrubbery, and smiled, then lingered behind. Delaney, no doubt lonely for companionship, dismounted and walked right up to the horses, calling happily, "Hey, Dan old man, where you at? It's me, Delaney."

The bushes parted and there stood Daniels and his companion, guns cocked. The Mexican messenger had now drawn his gun too. Delaney had no choice but to surrender. He stood there, swearing viciously.

Presently all five of the murderers, along with Heath, the man everyone claimed had masterminded the robbery, were in the Tombstone jail. And their trial came fast. There was no question as to their identity or guilt, and their conviction was assured. The judge sentenced all but Heath to be hanged. Heath, he said, who had not actually participated in the robbery but had helped plan it, had turned informer and therefore was entitled to life imprisonment.

The citizens of Bisbee would have none of that. With little more ado than if they were rounding up a maddened bull, they rode in a body to Tombstone, ordered all officers to stand apart, and took the man Heath out. He began screaming.

"I recollect how them people in Bisbee screamed when you all shot them down innocently," one mobster remarked, laconically, adjusting a noose.

They left him, hooded and kicking, dangling from the cross bar of a telegraph pole.

They allowed the law to take care of the remaining five. Sheriff Ward had a gallows erected big enough to hold all at once, the five traps controlled by one pull of a string. And immediately the court order was carried out.

The sheriff pulled five black stockings on as many heads. He put on the ropes. He waited, head bared, while a priest spoke briefly. Hundreds of men and a few women, all deadly silent but intent, surrounded the gallows. As the priest closed his prayer, a few muffled sobs, from relatives of those slain in Bisbee, were heard in the clean, clear Arizona air. Sheriff John Ward jerked his trap string.

Black ghosts? They were black-hooded, and black of character—soon they were motionless, black ghosts forever.

VIBRA-FINGER
(FULL LENGTH)
U.L. APPROVED
NOVEL DESIGN
ALLOWS LOCALIZED MASSAGE IN NEEDED AREAS!
Lack of proper massage can bring on such problems as pyorrhea, soft, irritated gums; it can result in loosening of teeth and bad breath. Send today for your personal, hygienic VIBRA-FINGER.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or return within 5 days.
ONLY $9.95 POSTAGE PAID
OR $3.00 DEPOSIT, & BALANCE C.O.D.
ATLAS INDUSTRIES
Dept. 290 7471 Melrose, Los Angeles 46, California

TANNING
Will tan anything from a mouse to a moose. Hair on, or various leathers. Buck skin, elk, moose, goat, cattle hides and all others. No tooling leathers.
MANUFACTURERS
Leather jackets, gloves, RUGS & ROBES.
- IN STOCK -
RUGS & ROBES, tanned furs, pelts, skins, leathers, buck skin.
FREE PRICE LIST
VALCAUDA FUR CO.
National Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
Quick • Efficient • Reliable

Get Yourself FIXED FOR LIFE in the Big Pay Shoe Business!
I'LL PUT UP THE MONEY
It's no trick at all to make big money—FULL OR SPARETIME—with the only shoe line featuring baby shoes in addition to shoes for all the family with new Family Discount plan. Lifetime security. Amazing new "Spring-Step" cushion invention proves it by actual demonstration. Only ORTHO-VENT has it! There is no other shoe in the world like it. Repeat orders are sure, steady. One try and a customer is sold for life. Profits are BIG. Orders are sure and easy with the most amazing 2-minute demonstration in the history of the shoe business. No experience needed. No investment to make. Everything, including actual cut-a-ways, furnished free! Be the big-pay ORTHO-VENT man in your territory. Write TODAY!
ORTHO-VENT SHOE COMPANY
3307A Brand Rd. Salem, Virginia
I GIVE PRODUCERS THEIR OWN SHOES AS A Bonus!

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Join our successful authors in a complete publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Send for FREE manuscript report and copy of How To Publish Your Book.
COMET PRESS BOOKS
WRITE Dept. TW-7
200 Varick Street, New York 14

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

Our Greatest Indian Fighter

Indian enthusiasts who were unable to buy the first edition of 1946 will be pleased to learn that the University of Oklahoma Press has published a new edition of *General George Crook—His Autobiography* ($5) edited and annotated by historian Dr. Martin F. Schmitt.

Crook, the greatest Indian fighter in United States history, was graduated from West Point in 1852 and spent all of his military career, except for the four Civil War years, in western Indian campaigns from Canada to Mexico. In 1890, when he died of heart failure, he was in charge of the Department of Missouri, the most active of western frontier U. S. military assignments. His campaigns for war and peace included the Rogue River and Yakima engagements in the 1850's, Paiute troubles in the late sixties and the Apache struggles of the seventies and eighties.

Battle of the Rosebud, fought on the anniversary of Bunker Hill, was the only major defeat General Crook suffered during his Indian fighting experiences. Had his troops formed a junction with Terry's command, the U. S. army defeat at Little Big Horn may never have occurred.

Crook also served courageously in the Civil War. His humiliation was great when captured by Confederate Captain McNeill's raiders at Cumberland, Maryland. A few weeks later he was returned to the Union Army during a prisoner of war exchange and his good friend General Grant placed him in charge of all of the Cavalry of the Potomac.

Crook understood the Indians whom he defended after conquering them. He wrangled with General Oliver O. Howard and General Nelson A. Miles over bad treatment of the Indians by the military. Crook was consumed with a continual rage against General Miles for deceiving the Apaches and forcing them to live in a Florida penal colony. This rankled in Crook's memory until he died and worry over the problem hurried his death, according to a statement made by a member of his family.

Publishing of Crook's rediscovered papers has greatly added to historical knowledge of the U. S.-Indian fighting era.

Indians

Lewis Henry Morgan—The Indian Journals 1859-62 (The University of Michigan Press, $17.50) edited by Leslie A. White is one of the admirable contributions to western literature for 1959. This handsome book on Morgan's first-hand account of his travels through the Great Plains and into the Rocky Mountains is richly illustrated with colored and black and white pictures, drawings and sketches. Here is combined the vivid writings about Morgan's experiences in untamed America with the beautiful art of Bodmer, McKenney and Hall, Catlin and Lewis who painted the dramatic scenes of frontier America including trappers, freighters, missionaries, half-breeds, full-bloods, wild animals, rivers, boats, prairies and mountains.

Anthropologist Morgan has written a rare document about primitive conditions in the plains and mountains and also has provided some of the best known facts about different Indian tribal customs, beliefs and languages.

Cannibal Coast (Naylor, $5) by Ed Kilman is the first definitive history of the giant copper-hued cannibals, the Karankawa Indians of the Texas Gulf Coast. First Americans to greet early Europeans that landed on the Texas Gulf Coast, the Kronks enslaved Cabeza de Vaca of the ill-fated Narvaez expedition of 1528, welcomed La Salle's exploring fleet in 1869 and later massacred the surviving remnant of nearly 300 colonists who had come with La Salle to establish a French foothold in Texas. They resisted Spanish colonization and harassed to the bitter end the encroachment of Stephen F. Austin's settlers. Austin signed a treaty with the Kronks which the latter never kept. They stubbornly resisted subjugation and finally were exterminated.

The author regards the Kronks as the meanest, greediest, laziest, most treacherous, lecherous, vicious, cowardly, insolent, aborigines of the Southwest. Kronk warriors were magnificient physical specimens, standing six to seven feet tall. Ravenous cannibals, they were feared and despised by other tribes because of their beastly character. They were amphibious hunters finding food in coastal bay waters and inlets. Alligators were a favorite food and Kronks were skilled at shooting fish in the water with bow and arrow or spear.

Cannibal Coast deals with the fury of the raw Texas coast frontier where a tempestuous race of first Americans fought Christian advancement for nearly 300 hundred years before they were exterminated. Author Kilman has done a resourceful job of research on a rare phase of Western Americana.

A Fighting Parson

The Fighting Parson (Westernlore, $7.50) is a biography of Colonel John M. Chivington by Reginald S. Craig. It presents a well documented account of the two major military experiences in the Civil War of the controversial figure, John Chivington.

While serving as presiding Methodist Elder in the Denver, Colorado, district, the Reverend Chivington was appointed a Major in the Colorado Volunteers by Governor Evans. The Volunteers were rushed to the support of Union forces facing Confederate General Sibley's army in New Mexico. During the battle of Glorieta Pass (New Mexico) superior Confederate forces were slowly crowding a stubborn Union army back toward the Pecos River. Unexpectedly, Confederates appeared under a flag of truce requesting an armistice to care for their wounded and dead. Later, the Union general learned that Major Chivington and his Colorado Volunteers had destroyed Sibley's supply train of eighty wagons—everything he had for his campaign except supplies carried by his troops. Sibley's army was forced to retreat to El Paso.

Governor Evans later placed Colonel Chivington in command of the third Colorado Cavalry to help federal forces protect Colorado towns and ranchers from murderous attacks of Plains Indians who had killed 208 men, women and children, including ranchers, emigrants, herders and soldiers. Following both state and federal orders, Chivington made a surprise attack on Black Kettle's large band of Cheyennes on the Big Sandy near its junction with Rush Creek, southeast of Eads, Colorado.

The author presents a mass of facts and opinions about both sides of the Sand Creek controversy which helps the reader make a more informed evaluation of the issue. Regardless of how you consider Chivington as a man, you will find this book stimulating reading.

Great Cowboy Artist

Cowboy-Artist, Charles M. Russell (Messner, $2.95) by Shannon Garst is the first biography of the famous Montana artist written especially for younger readers. An interesting book that would have been better had the author checked some of her information a little more closely.

Unique Western Wildlife

Hunting Pronghorn Antelope (Stackpole, $6.50) by Bert Popowski gives the best written account to date of the pronghorn. This unique creature, with odd body characteristics and of unusual habits, is native only to North America and has no other living kin on the globe. He has been with us for ages. Antelope fossils at Rancho La Brea in California are ten thousand years old. Some fossil antelope ancestors in Nebraska sediments are said to be several hundreds of thousands of years old.

The pronghorn's homeland is the Great Plains, extending from north into Canada to deep into Old Mexico. Once numbering forty to sixty-five million head, hunters recklessly reduced them to about 30,000 by 1924. As a result of valiant conservation work on the part of a few men, numbers have increased to over 300,000 head.

The author gives interesting facts about history, habitat and habits; antelope distribution, hunting needs and methods; predators; and care of meat and hides.

Big Bend Tales

Walter Fulcher's *The Way I Heard It* (University of Texas Press, $2.75) is a thin volume of tales of the Texas Big Bend as edited by Elton Miles. Fulcher had been soldier, sheepherder and cowboy before he became a dry rancher and school board member in the Terlinqua desert. He was friendly with the Spanish-speaking people and they told him the tales set forth in this book. Fortunately, Fulcher wrote them down before he died. He added some tales of outlaw doings from his knowledge—the most revealing having to do with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the killing of Ben Kilpatrick, "The Tall Texan of the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang." These tales are plain wonderful and make you wish there were more. The photos are very good indeed and the book is worth the money.

Vacation Time Is Near

Those who seek reliable facts about western travel opportunities will want to own a copy of *Guide to the Wyoming Mountains and Wilderness Areas* (Sage, $6.50) by Orrin H. Bonney and Lorraine Bonney. Here is a brief history of Wyoming's romantic and troubled past. In addition, there are several chapters giving details on mountain climbing, river running, fishing, hunting, recreational haunts, camp grounds, outfitters, geology and forestry. There's full information on maps, roads, lodgings plus numerous enticing illustrations.

Anza-Borrego Desert Guide Book Paisano Press, $2.50) by Horace Parker is excellent on Southern California's last frontier. It is profusely illustrated, including one drawing by Frederic Remington, and contains a great deal of interesting history of this arid region. Good maps, trip logs and the index all add to its usefulness.

Gunmen

George Hendricks wrote *The Badmen of the West* (Naylor, $5) back in 1941 just before he took off to the wars for five long years. The current printing (somewhat revised) is the third. Under such headings as "Motives and Influence," "The Technique of the Bad Man," "Who Were the Bad Men?" and "The Philosophy of the Bad Man of the West" the author has made a clinical analysis of the western bad man. The organization of the material makes it almost impossible to trace the career of one particular bad man—the emphasis is on the composite. A top job of research and a real attempt to explore the psychology of the bad man plus a good bibliography and index makes this a good buy.

Buried Treasure on the Little Big Horn

(Continued from page 27)

History," who thinks the vault should be opened through legitimate negotiations with the Cheyenne tribe and its contents thoroughly and intelligently studied and evaluated.

Said Dr. Kuhlman, "It is easily possible that the vault may contain clues of the greatest importance, particularly the contents of the envelope may shed light on questions still puzzling Custer historians, such as what became of the personal belongings taken from the bodies of Custer and his troopers."

Mrs. Wright, defending her plea for the opening of the vault now said, "If properly uncovered and preserved by archeologists, the value of the money, religious articles, letters and pictures of loved ones would be infinite from a historical viewpoint."

Moncure has promised to discuss the opening of the manila envelope sometime in the future. Whether the resulting exposed information will reveal the location of the strange treasure of the Little Big Horn remains to be seen.

Only time will tell and there are many, this author included, who hope that "it will tell," soon!

Learn KARATE
...the DEADLY DEFENSE!!!

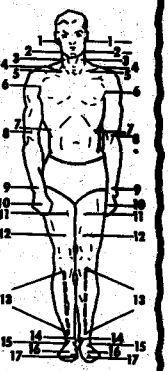
You'll Step Aside For No Man When You Master Karate, The Perfect Protection

LEARN AND MASTER KARATE, the world's most deadly form of unarmed combat. Your hands, feet and elbows are transformed into lethal weapons of defense when you know how to use them.

KARATE— will enable you to execute a blow, requiring a minimum of strength, to any one of thirty-seven key points of the body, that will disable, or temporarily paralyze an opponent. When you are a master of Karate, knives, clubs, or even guns, held at close range are useless against you. **IN A FLASH YOU CAN DISARM AND RENDER YOUR OPPONENT COMPLETELY HELPLESS.** Karate is the only violent form of Judo taught today. In his new, fully illustrated book, titled "Karate, open hand and foot fighting," Mr. Bruce Tegnér, one of the world's leading Karate exponents, quickly and simply shows you how to become a Karate master. It's actually easier to master than Judo. His step by step pictorial teaching method enables you to learn:

1) **Karate's striking methods:** Illustrations in this section show you how to make lethal use of your finger tips, elbows, knees, heels and nine other parts of your body.
2) **Nerve Centers and Pressure Points:** How to temporarily disable, stun or paralyze your opponent.
3) **Twelve Defenses against Simple Attacks.**
4) **Twenty Defenses against Deadly Attacks.**

Clearly illustrated charts show you exactly where and how to strike. LEARN WHY JUDO EXPERTS FEAR AND AVOID COMBAT WITH A KARATE MASTER. STEP ASIDE FOR NO MAN. WALK WITH CONFIDENCE. Let Mr. Tegner train you as he has successfully trained thousands of others. KARATE IS DEADLY—KARATE IS PROVEN. Karate was devised by Buddhist Monks and preserved through the ages by men such as Mr. Bruce Tegner. **START TODAY TO TURN YOUR OWN BODY INTO THE MOST EFFICIENT WEAPON AVAILABLE.** Mail the coupon below and your copy of "Karate, open hand and foot fighting" will be rushed to you by return mail. Read and examine the book for seven days **at our risk.** See for yourself how through the pages of this book you will increase your self-confidence, mental well-being, and all around physical being. **You must be fully satisfied or you may return the book for a full refund.** We are able to make this money-back offer because we know the amazing results thousands of people just like yourself have achieved by purchasing, and reading Bruce Tegner's "Karate".



Bruce Tegner

Yes, I want to become a Karate master. I enclose $2.98. Send my copy of Bruce Tegnér's "Karate, open hand and foot fighting" immediately. If the book isn't everything you say it is, I may return it within 7 days for a full refund.

☐ I am over 18 years of age or have my parents-guardians permission to study Karate

KARATE Dept. 290
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

Subscribe Today...

to

TRUE WEST

Box 5008 Austin 31, Texas

The magazine that brings you
ALL TRUE — ALL FACT
STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

12 issues (2 years) $3.00
24 issues (4 years) $5.00

I enclose $..... Send TRUE WEST for ..... years, starting with your next issue.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

New..... Renewal.....

This is a Gift Subscription. Please send one of your Special Gift Announcement Cards with my compliments.

Sent By.....

HYDRAULIC JACK REPAIRS

Earn While You Learn at Home

Millions of jacks in gas & auto-service stations, truckers, body-shops, riggers, factories, farms need servicing. We show you HOW—easy step by step directions—what tools to use. EARN UP TO $5 an hour, in spare time, in your own basement or garage. Start your own business NOW. Write for folder TW-7 & free bonus offer.

Institute of Hydraulic Jack Repair
P.O. Box 50, Bloomfield, N. J.

LEARN

VENTRILOQUISM

Easiest Method Details Free

SMITH
Dept. W, 2125 N. Bigelow, Peoria, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GALVESTON

A sparkling isle in the Gulf of Mexico, sprinkled with palms, oleanders, and other tropical plants. 32 miles of beach and sparkling surf to enjoy. All sports and entertainment facilities. Fishing is tops—night life bright—perfect for your vacation. Write today for color folder and full information.

Your hosts on the beach are

hotel BUCCANEER and hotel GALVEZ

- SWIMMING POOL
- COMPLETELY AIR CONDITIONED
- TELEVISION — RADIO
- SUPERB SEAFOOD

AFFILIATED NATIONAL HOTELS

ALABAMA
HOTEL ADMIRAL SEMMES ..... Mobile
HOTEL THOMAS JEFFERSON ..... Birmingham
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
HOTEL WASHINGTON ..... Washington
INDIANA
HOTEL CLAYPOOL ..... Indianapolis
LOUISIANA
JUNG HOTEL ..... New Orleans
HOTEL DESOTO ..... New Orleans
NEBRASKA
HOTEL PAXTON ..... Omaha
NEW MEXICO
HOTEL CLOVIS ..... Clovis
SOUTH CAROLINA
HOTEL WADE HAMPTON ..... Columbia
TEXAS
HOTEL STEPHEN F. AUSTIN ..... Austin
HOTEL BROWNWOOD ..... Brownwood
HOTEL BAKER ..... Dallas
HOTEL TRAVIS ..... Dallas
HOTEL CORTEZ ..... El Paso
HOTEL BUCCANEER ..... Galveston
HOTEL GALVEZ ..... Galveston
HOTEL JEAN LAFITTE ..... Galveston
CORONADO COURTS ..... Galveston
HOTEL PLAZA ..... Laredo
HOTEL LUBBOCK ..... Lubbock
HOTEL FALLS ..... Marlin
HOTEL CACTUS ..... San Angelo
HOTEL MENGER ..... San Antonio
ANGELES COURTS ..... San Antonio
VIRGINIA
HOTEL MOUNTAIN LAKE ..... Mountain Lake
HOTEL MONTICELLO ..... Norfolk

TELEPHONE
NEW YORK—Murray Hill 66990
CHICAGO—Mohawk 45100
WASHINGTON—Executive 36481
MEXICO CITY—10-4800
GALVESTON—5-8536
CLEVELAND—Prospect 1-7827

AFFILIATED NATIONAL HOTELS

Apache Laws

(Continued from page 11)

THE DANCE OF thanksgiving was held in the summer after the gathering of the fruit of the yucca, which was ground and made into cakes. The tribe would assemble to feast, to sing, and to give praise to Ussen. The prayers of thanksgiving were said by all, and when the dancing began the cakes were carried by the leaders who added words of praise occasionally to the usual tone sounds of the music.

The social dances usually were given as a coming out party for a chief's daughter when she reached the age of puberty. These dances lasted for two or three days with the young girl taking a very active part in the activities. The entire tribe is invited and many friends of the tribe are also invited to attend. Everyone takes part in the dancing—even the friends of the tribe that has been invited.

The Apaches, like many of the other Indian tribes of the United States, obtained their salt from lakes. Their source was a small lake in the Gila Mountains. This salt lake is shallow and the bottom of the lake is covered with a brown crust. The salt adheres to this brown crust when it is broken. The pieces of crust may be washed clean in the lake but when washed in other water the salt will dissolve.

When on salt gathering expeditions, the Indians are not allowed to kill game or attack an enemy if he should come to the lake. All creatures are allowed to come and go as they please without molestation.

Laws controlled the Apache Indian's activities just as effectively as our laws govern the things we do today.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 37)

rock from the side of a hill and find gold, or rather color, in it. This does not make a mine.—Marcus E. Rawlins, 219 South Marina Street, Prescott, Arizona.

Muy Señor Mio,

It don't make a darn bit of dif what anybody says about the Superstitions for there *is* gold up there and some uranium. I've washed out nuggets with a dry washer designed by Doctor Kellogg of Guthrie, Oklahoma, F. F. Burdick, president of Burdick Cabinet Company, and myself. I'm still drawing small, small semi-occasional royalties on the small glory hole.

I'm over four score now and lived in Topeka, Kansas, all through the eighties and knew all of the cow towns and a large number of the gun slicks. Lincoln sent my father to Kansas in 1863 and saw him elected County Attorney in 1864. His job was to get the James and Younger boys to cross into Kansas and throw the book at them. I met and talked to Boston-Corbett and Geronimo when he was a prisoner of war at Fort Sill.

Because of my father's job, I got to go with him to Fort Smith in Indian Territory where I saw Judge Parker. We stood within 100 yards as the Dalton gang was shot down at Coffeyville. I played draw and shot craps with Jesse, Junior and Frank, the executioner, when they ran a cigar store just back of the *Kansas City Times* office in the Junction Building. I was going to medical college then.—Dr. W. D. Chesney, Milton Junction, Wisconsin.

Dear Gents,

Maybe "Truly Western" readers can help me out. I'm looking for more information on a lost ledge of gold near or on Monly Peak in the Panomint Mountains about Death Valley.

In 1925, Ernie Huhn and A. M. Russell located a rich ledge of heavy gray rock which contained free gold. Something happened to these men where they were unable to return and the location of the ledge was forgotten.—Barry Colby, New Auburn, Wisconsin.

Dear Sirs:

I recently acquired a map from a friend of mine. He had it for about eighteen years. According to the map, there is a treasure that was buried back in the 1650's by the Spaniards who were in revolt with their native country.

Everything, historically and geographically, checks out. One of the signs turned out to be a gold placer and it was found at the turn of the century. It was very profitable but the most important is the buried loot. That has not been found!

According to the map, there is a lot of gold and silver. I have been to the location, found some of the signs—everything except the real treasure. I am not saying the loot is there because I don't know. All I can say is that everything I have checked indicates it could be true.

But I do not have the money, instruments or car to look more. If someone would like to invest, all I would need is money for food and tools. The map is in old Castilian. It says the treasure contains 100 atajos, eighteen atajos, eleven atajos, ten atajos. An atajo means a pile or bunch. One atajo means a burro loaded with sixty pounds on one side and sixty on the other.

It's a chance but with the treasure indicating so much, who can go too wrong with spending a little money for food?—A. Tomas Hernandez, 151 N. Estrella Street, El Paso, Texas.

Saving Our Ghost Towns

Dear Joe:

Saving our ghost towns is a wonderful idea, but I don't think there is any way to put it into effect. It would be worse than the fight of fifty years ago to save the Redwoods. The project was finally crowned with success but not without a lot of heartbreaks and time being poured into it!

In the vicinities where the ghost towns are, there is a marked apathy concerning them. "What the Sam Hill, they're just a lot of old buildings. Some good brick there, though. Let's pull down that old chimney and salvage those bricks," is the typical attitude toward the crumbling sights.

But if any outsider shows any interest in buying one of the towns or even a homesite therein, immediately the envisioned "value" shoots up out of all proportion to the true worth of the place!

I know of two moneyed men who have tried within the past two years to buy the old town of Belmont, Nevada. The state or the county owns most of the property along with three individual owners. But nothing has come of it be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cause the men want to buy all the townsite or none of it.

I'd say we're just about twenty years too late. The ghost towns' worst enemy came in the guise of a building materials shortage in World War II and years subsequent.

Theron Fox has been butting his head against the wall of public apathy for years. He has tried to save Belmont by addressing groups, sending out brochures and he has done everything a mortal could do. But Belmont still isn't saved.

The best we can hope to do is to save towns not quite ghosts, such as Jerome, Arizona, Austin, Nevada and others. There is talk of re-aligning U. S. Highway No. 50 to by-pass Austin and talk of moving the county courthouse to Battle Mountain. If both of these eventualities come to pass, poor old Austin is doomed. This is the home of the oldest hotel in the state, the oldest bank, oldest newspaper and one of the oldest courthouses. Every year sees a few more of the historic buildings razed here.

I'm with you, Joe! It's a great idea to save the ghost towns but the owners just don't want to sell or restore!—Nell Murbarger, 709 W. 19th, Austin, Texas.

"That's Texas over there!"

Little Wolf—Natural Death

Howdy, Mr. Small:

In your column, "Ask True West," of the January-February issue, one of your answers is incorrect. You say that the famous Cheyenne chief, Little Wolf, was killed by Frank Grouard. Actually, Little Wolf died a natural death in 1904 at the age of eighty-three.

He was buried in a standing position on a hilltop overlooking Rosebud Creek. His body was encased in a very large cairn of stones. In 1904, the body was taken to Lame Deer, Montana, the seat of the Northern Cheyenne or Tongue River reservation, and buried. A stone was put up over the grave by George Bird Grinnell, the well-known Indian historical writer. I am an adopted blood brother of the Cheyennes, named after Ish-i-eyo-nsi-si or Two Moons.

Upon Little Wolf's return with a remnant of the tribe from Oklahoma, he killed Starving Elk in a drunken rage at the post trader's store at Fort Keogh—near Miles City, Montana. Cheyennes were very strict about one member of the tribe killing another, but since Little Wolf was so highly regarded, he was not punished. Instead, he punished himself by breaking his medicine pipe, gave up the serious ceremony of smoking and lived mostly by himself.

His daughter, Lydia Wild Hog, married a scout with the army at Ft. Keogh during the Ghost dance troubles in 1890-91. She lived in Sheridan for a number of years. A little over a year ago at the age of eighty-seven, she was struck and killed by an automobile. I was fortunately able to get her life story before her death.

The Cheyennes come in and visit with me frequently. I was born in Montana in 1889. My father went there in the buffalo days. I was adopted by the Sioux fifty-four years ago when tribal adoptions were authentic and not commercialized tourist entertainment as they are today.

Incidentally, I knew Paul McCormick who was mentioned in the article on Baker's Battle.—F. H. Sinclair, Press Building, Sheridan, Wyoming.

Geronimo—No Medicine Man!

Hai-ko la Shishobe,

I cannot remain silent and still be called a Chief of the Chiricahua. Why do people have to write a romance and present it as the truth, especially about the Indian purporting to come from the lips of Apaches? I am speaking of the Geronimo piece.

I belong to two Indian societies; Hako and Midi. Our oath, in translation, is one of deep love and respect. It means to respect your lodge, no quarreling may be done therein, visitors must be welcomed, feasts must be prepared for relatives of diseased brothers and sisters of the lodge and members of the "Wakancacipi" are regarded as equal.

As a small boy, I went through the ceremony as only the chief of the Chiricahuas can experience. My grandfather, that I might carry on as the last hereditary chief of our people, said, "Upon this child, son of my son, we are to put the signs of the promise which Mother Corn (Earth) and Kawas (the all powerful Brown Eagle) bring. The promise of children, of increase, of long life, of plenty. The signs of these promises are put upon this little child, but for its generation that the children already born may live, grow in strength and in their turn increase, so that the family and the tribe may increase and continue."

Cochise was a member chief of the Hako as was Tahzay. Nachise was not a member and neither was Juh who became chief upon Tahzay's death. Juh was one of the three priests who assisted in the ritual although he had a small part.

Geronimo was never a member of the Hako. He was not taught the art of healing, the secret herbs of our religion and rituals that only a chief can know. Geronimo was a war chief. I liked him and visited him several times before his death. I was instrumental in having my cousin, Nachise, settled permanently on the Mescalero Reservation where he became a fine leader of men and a good cattleman. Geronimo's daughter, Agnes, died of typhoid fever at Fort Sill. His son, Bobby, and daughter, Eva, lived at White Tail, New Mexico, until recently.

Now, there are some things to be corrected in the article, "The West's Bloodiest Pass." My great-great grandfather, Cochise's father, died in 1835

MEN PAST 40

Afflicted With Getting Up Nights, Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness, Tiredness.

If you are a victim of the above symptoms, the trouble may be due to Glandular Inflammation. A constitutional Disease for which it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home.

To men of middle age or past this type of inflammation occurs frequently. It is accompanied by loss of physical vigor, graying of hair, forgetfulness and often increase in weight. Neglect of such Inflammation causes men to grow old before their time—premature senility and possible incurable conditions.

Most men, if treatment is taken in time, can be successfully NON-SURGICALLY treated for Glandular Inflammation. If the condition is aggravated by lack of treatment, surgery may be the only chance.

NON-SURGICAL TREATMENTS

The NON-SURGICAL New Type treatments used at the Excelsior Medical Clinic are the result of discoveries in recent years of new techniques and drugs plus over 20 years research by scientific technologists and Doctors.

Men from all walks of life and from over 1,000 communities have been successfully treated here at Excelsior Springs. They found soothing and comforting relief and new health in life.

EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

When you arrive here our Doctors who are experienced specialists make a complete examination. Your condition is frankly explained and then you decide if you will take the treatments needed. Treatments are so mild hospitalization is not needed—a considerable saving in expense.

RECTAL-COLON

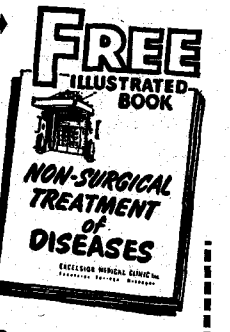
Are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. These disorders, we can successfully treat for you, at the same time we treat Glandular Inflammation.

REDUCIBLE HERNIA

is also amenable to a painless Non-Surgical treatment that we have developed. Full details of this treatment given in our Free Book.

Write Today For Our

The Excelsior Medical Clinic has published a New FREE Book that deals with diseases peculiar to men. It could prove of utmost importance to your future life. Write today. No obligation.



EXCELSIOR MEDICAL CLINIC
Dept. B 8351
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me at once, your New FREE Book. I am interested in full information (Please Check Box)

☐ Hernia ☐ Rectal-Colon ☐ Glandular Inflammation

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

TOWN_____

STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(20c per word, cash with order)

Books & Magazines

TRUE WEST—all issues now available, in good condition. Price Daniel, Jr., Box 1945, Waco, Texas.

"INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE" by W. P. Clark. Famous classic reprint edition. $10.00. Free specimen pages. Rosicrucian Press, Box 908, San Jose 26, California.

100,000 NEW BOOKS, 10c each! Free Catalogs Titles! Amazing subjects! Free Book Offer! "Bargains", 1323-TF Chaparral, Corpus Christi, Texas.

TRUE WEST, Vol. 1, Nos. 2 and 3. Offers. Charles Linford, 1333 Hopkins, Berkeley, California.

BLACK SAND AND Gold—$3.95. Authentic book on Alaska, Klondike Gold Rush, years 1897 and '98. Has 419 pages with photographs. Autographed. M.O. or C.O.D. Ella L. Martinsen, 30 East Victoria, Santa Barbara, California.

COMPLETE SET True West to date. Make offer. F. I. Drexler, Mill Valley, California.

TRUE WEST SPECIALS: 7, 9, 12—$15; 10, 11, 14—$8; 5, 6, 8—$5! Charles L. Crum, 4322 Victor Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

FIRST 20 ISSUES True West for Sale. Excellent. Make offer. Liggett, 127 N. Palm, Ontario, California.

FOR SALE—Books from my library: Theater, Circus, Fiction, World War, Biography. Scarce items True West. List on request. Clarence H. Weihe, Box 102, Dept. TW, Postville, Iowa.

SEX TO SHAKESPEARE. Thousands of Book and Magazine Bargains; List, Dime. B. Rhodes, 411 Davidson Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

FACTUAL BOOK, "Spanish Gold and Lost Dutchman." One dollar. L. Rosecrans, Star Route, Mesa, Arizona.

ALL TRUE WEST'S except no. 2. Make offer. Bunnell, 3825 East Tulare, Fresno, California.

THAT SPECIAL BOOK you wanted located without obligation. Overseas contacts! The Book Wrangler, Box 11-TW, Alameda, California.

SALE! TRUE WEST, No. 8 to date. Make offer. Jack Burrows, 1910 K Street, Ord, Nebraska.

TRUE WEST No's. 1-25. Will sell right or trade. What have you? Prefer Indian relics or Western pistol. Elmer Gillaspey, Gretna, Nebraska.

Business & Employment Opportunities

WANT GREATEST CASH CROP working for you? Write Ginseng, Asheville, North Carolina.

FRANCHISES MAKE PROFITS! Join thousands of men earning high incomes from their own franchise business. Many openings. NFR's service can guide you. Request details. National Franchise Reports, WP-528, 333 N. Michigan, Chicago 1.

PROFITABLE assemble plastics. Information list, sample, $1.00. George Kollar, Route 1, Box 165, Quakertown, Pennsylvania.

Indian Relics

SELLING over 100,000 ancient Indian relics, arrowheads, spearheads, tomahawks, pipes, water bottles, etc.; Small perfect stone tomahawk, $2.00; large perfect grooved tomahawk, $3.00; Indian skulls, $25.00; Clay pipe $4.00; Grooved war club, $2.00. List Free. Lear's, Glenwood, Ark.

2 INDIAN WAR ARROWHEADS, Scalping Knife, Flint Thunderbird, Spearhead $4.00. Catalog Free. Arrowhead, Glenwood, Arkansas.

FOUR PERFECT ARROWS, Flint Thunderbird, drill, pottery pipe; $5.00. List Free. Billy Brantley, 2734 St. Louis, Fort Worth 10, Texas.

Western Merchandise

BOOTS, Handsome Western styles, Free Catalog. Austin Boot Company, Box 5303-W, El Paso, Texas.

FANCY WESTERN SHIRT SNAPFASTENERS, 62 colors and kinds. Fringe, shirtmaking supplies, new Velcro Fastener. Free catalogue. Campau Company, Box 76055-G, Sanford Station, Los Angeles 5, California.

Hand polished Wall-hung Cowhorn Lamp. Beautiful redwood base. $4.98 postpaid, less shade. Beadle's, 1407 West 10, Austin, Texas.

WESTERN SADDLES easily made with free information and catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-A38, Fort Worth, Texas.

BUCKSKIN GOODS: Moccasins, gloves, vests. Sarah Lefthand, Box 28, Elmo, Montana.

Homesteads & Claims

CANADIAN HOMESTEADS—160 Acres. File age 18. Government land 50c acre up. For information, send $1.00 to Frontier Surveys, Box 246, Vanderhoof, B. C., Canada.

Educational & Instructional

STUDY TO BE doctor of psychology, metaphysics or divinity. Correspondence course only. Neofarian Fellowship, Desk 17, Pickwick Bldg., Kansas City 6, Missouri.

LEARN AUCTIONEERING. Free catalog! Missouri Auction School, Box 9252R9, Kansas City, Missouri.

of a natural death! The territory was owned by Mexico at that time and it was practically impossible to get permission at Santa Fe to go through at that time. The Johnson party who killed Juan José for their scalps, was working for the Mexican government and even the Mexicans did not use the pass at that time because of the Apaches.

Tevis and Steck were members of the Indian Ring and Tevis never saw Cochise. Above all, he never threw him out of the station because that's just about too far fetched. To me and my people, it was sickening and laughable!

There was only one white man at that time who had the run of the entire territory and that was an old Jewish tin peddler. He was welcomed among all the tribes. He told stories of another world to the Indians, traded with them and gave the children and people many things they could use in exchange for silver and turquoise.

Nachise was not the son of Geronimo . . . but the son of Cochise. The Escanolea I knew did not live in Dr. Steck's time. The Escanolea mentioned in the story was a Mojave Indian, a member of the Whiskey Ring, the same caliber of man as Mickey Ward or Mickey Free.

Jasper Kanseah died in September at the age of seventy-five. The paper stated that he was one of Geronimo's band. Well, he was—a four-year-old tyke at the time of the battle. I knew him well. He always told the white men that he was one of Geronimo's warriors and they believed him. He and I were at Carlyle at the same time. I was twelve and he was sixteen in 1903. Four years before, I signed a copy of our treaty of 1869 at Yuma, Arizona, for President Roosevelt.—Joseph C. Evans, 6117 Woodlawn Avenue, Maywood, California.

Seven Troughs Correction

Dear Sir:

I was reading over an old issue of *True West* and became extremely interested in the Nell Murbarger article, "Seven Troughs Bonanza." I happen to be one of the two parties mentioned in the Coalition Office and there are a few facts I'd like to correct.

My name is Kallenberger—not Kalenbaugh—and I was the companion of Ellsworth Bennett on that terrible afternoon. Both of us were in the Coalition Office at the time. Mr. Bennett was the assayer and I the surveyor and office assistant to the general manager of the company. After viewing the literal explosion of the black supercharged cloud by the bolt of chain lightning and sensing just what the accompanying roar meant, both of us dashed outside and were immediately drenched. The term "raining buckets of water" is no exaggeration. When the fifteen foot wall of solid mud (it seemed) appeared in the bend of the canyon and the cabins began to collapse like card houses, I realized instantly what peril was in store for Mazuma (a mile below Seven Troughs and built in the canyon).

I frantically called Preston's store in Mazuma and shouted, "Water, water! Cloudburst, get out!" Fred Preston was on the phone and he quipped, "We've got lots of water down here, too!" But before he could say more, the water struck his hotel and knocked it off its lower floor. The upper part was gently set down facing downstream but the store was left intact.

Mike Whalen was Seven Troughs' only casualty. A night shift worker, he was asleep when the flood struck and rode the flood for about two miles. When we found him on the flat at the mouth of the canyon, his weight appeared to be much more than his usual 160 or 165 pounds. Actually, he was rammed with sand. Mr. Trenchard suffered the same fate although he was found alive. He was so filled with sand and gravel that he passed away that night. Mrs. Trenchard was a large woman and was thrown into the flood when their store collapsed. She was found alive three miles out on the flat.

After the flood, Bennett and I climbed to the scars left by water at the top of the hill northwest of the canyon. The very top had cuts at least forty feet long and three feet wide. The explosive power of the water must have been terrific. For years the earth had been trampled by the small hoofs of sheep. Little wonder then that a wall of mud traveled the canyon.

Today Mr. Bennett lives in Nevada City, California. I hold forth fifteen miles northeast of the ghost town of North Bloomfield.—W. W. Kallenberger, North Bloomfield, Nevada City, California.

Frontier Times—A Double Back?

Gentlemen:

Just one explanation why I have not been taking *Frontier Times*. Since it came out after *True West*, I thought you might have been doubling back and reprinting some or all of the stories that had been printed in earlier issues of *True West*. I knew it was put out by the same people and would be just as good but as I thought they might be the same stories, I just didn't care to pay for the same thing twice.—James D. Boothe, 7402 Songfest Drive, Pico-Rivers, California.

Man, No! They're actually the same magazine—different titles to keep them on the newsstands longer. We hope to make a bi-monthly out of FRONTIER TIMES real soon and thus effect monthly issuance—TRUE WEST one month, FRONTIER TIMES the next.

Malcolm Clarke Error

Gentlemen,

May I take this opportunity to compliment you on your fine magazine and to correct a glaring error in the article by V. L. Kellogg, "Massacre on the Marias."

Malcolm Clarke, a pioneer fur trader of Montana, was my great-great uncle. His sister, Charlotte Ouisconsin Clark (the first white child born west of the Mississippi) was my great-great-grandmother.

Egbert Malcolm Clarke (he added the "e" to the end of Clark) was born July 22, 1817, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, the son of Major Nathan P. Clark and Charlotte Ann Seymour of Hartford, Connecticut. When he was two years old, his family moved to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and Malcolm attended the Kinmont Academy, a classical school in Cincinnati taught by Alexander Kinmont, a celebrated educator of boys. At seventeen, Malcolm entered West Point, but was dismissed from the institute because he soundly thrashed a cadet.

Soon after this, he went to Texas to join his uncle, Sam Houston, in the struggle for independence. At the age of nineteen, on a voyage from New

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Historical Society of Montana Photo

On his way into Yellowstone region, photographer W. H. Jackson took this picture of Lieutenant Colonel Baker, ninth from the left, and a group of army officers at Fort Ellis, Montana Territory, in 1871 . . . one year after Baker's court martial for the Massacre on the Marias.

Orleans to Galveston, he took command of the ship because the captain refused to keep his agreements with his passengers in regard to furnishing ice and other necessities. At Galveston, he surrendered himself to Sam Houston and was completely pardoned.

Malcolm obtained an appointment in the American Fur Company through his father's late friend, John Culbertson. He traveled to Fort Union, Montana Territory, in 1841 at the age of twenty-four. Here, due to the fact that he killed thirty grizzlies in thirty days, he was given the name "Four Bears."

Malcolm was well liked by the Indians. He settled with his wife, the daughter of a chief, in the Little Prickly Pear Valley near Helena in 1864 and sent his children to the states for their education. Shortly before the tragedy of 1869, he had gathered his family at the ranch.

Mr. Kellogg has it that Malcolm was killed while at a meeting with the heads of the tribe. I believe the truth will show how devious and treacherous the Indians were, making the later massacre seem less of a blight on the reputation of the whites in the area.

In the spring of 1867, a party of Indians consisting of Ne-tus-che-o (a cousin of Malcolm's wife) and his wife, mother, sister and brother were visiting with the Clarkes. They had been there a week when a dark stormy night hit. The next morning, the Indians were gone and so were Malcolm's horses and spyglass. Campers who knew his horses were able to capture several when the Indians passed and return them to Malcolm. Together, Malcolm and his son Horace rode to the Pi-kan-i village. They were greeted by Ne-tus-che-o, seated on Horace's favorite pony. Horace took the horse from him, gave him a cut with his riding whip and called him a dog, whereupon twenty young Indians surrounded him and commenced a death dance. The old men of the village quickly put a stop to it and reprimanded the braves. Malcolm addressed his wife's cousin, calling him "an old woman" and told him that he could be forgiven for the theft of his horses but not his spyglass.

The second winter found Malcolm friendly with the Indians and he stayed with them for the season.

The "senseless killing," as Mr. Kellogg says, was indeed just that but it was done by whites who had received news of the attack upon four or five wagons by Indians who later proved to be Crows.

Malcolm went to the Indian camp (I don't know if Horace was along) but he was not killed there. He returned home safely (with or without Horace). Within two weeks, Malcolm's horses were again stolen and within a month, 800 had been stolen from the settlers and the Pend d'Oreille's.

On the evening of August, 1869, Malcolm, aged fifty-two, heard the dogs barking. It was 9 p.m. and he paused in his game of backgammon with his daughter, Helen, then resumed the game. Four Indians entered, one of them Ne-tus-che-o, and unknown to the Clarke family, thirty more lurked outside. The Indians seemed nervous but they talked for some time, had supper and adjourned once more into the living room. Isabel, one of Malcolm's daughters, noticed that Black Weasel was crying.

Horace went with Mountain Chief's son to find a couple of horses and was shot down but fortunately not killed. Because of his Indian blood, he was not scalped. Malcolm had been outside the house several times during the visit but when he left the house the last time, he was ambushed.

After the murder, the Indians left in confusion then came back to loot and kill the remainder of the family. Mrs. Clarke dissuaded them and they left. Crowfoot, who later became the most powerful chief among the North Blackfeet, had shot Malcolm.

Thus was Malcolm Clarke murdered at his home by Indians among whom he had lived most of his life. While the savagery of his murder does not excuse the massacre it touched off, it does justify some panic on the part of the white settlers in the area.—Paul L. Van Cleve, IV, St. Mary's College, California.

Cowboy Charley Russell

Dear Joe:

Just reading Elizabeth Cheney's article, "Notes on Charley Russell," brought back memories of the time I saw Charley in action.

Great Falls, Montana, was my home town and I did a little trail work and cow punching there. On page 36, Elizabeth says, "the horses were kept in a rope corral at night." She also says

CLASSIFIED

(20c per word, cash with order)

Miscellaneous

SEW Aprons at home for stores. No charge for material to fill orders. In our fifth successful year. Write: Adco Mfg. Co., Bastrop 57, Louisiana.

WESTERN HISTORY PHOTOGRAPHS. Robert Sams, 944 Shades Glen Drive, Birmingham 9, Alabama.

A TRUE, OLD TIME COLT frontier six-shooter in firing condition. $75.00. Money back guarantee. Antique and Collector's guns are our business. Also gun books. Illustrated Catalog, $1.00. Jackson Arms, 6209-F Hillcrest Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

AUTHENTIC INDIAN SONGS AND DANCES on Phonograph Records—Catalogue on request from Canyon Records, 834 N. 7th Avenue, Phoenix 2, Arizona.

RECEIVE MAIL. Amazing samples. Something Different. Credit Coupon 20c. Persil, 436 New York Avenue, Brooklyn 25, New York.

RARE EXOTIC IMPORTS. Catalog $1.00 Refundable on first order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Quality House, Box 853, Kannapolis, North Carolina.

ELECTRO-SCRIBE! Engraves all Metals. $2.00. Beyer Mfg., 10511-TW Springfield, Chicago 43.

FIRE DEPARTMENT Greeting Cards. 25 assorted, $2.50. Hobby Mat, Balsam Lake, Wisconsin.

HOMEBREWED WINES, BEERS. The best you ever tasted. Complete Instruction Manual—$1.00. Dean Products, Box 40TW, Elberton, Georgia.

Prostate trouble can ruin a man. What cured me will cure you. Information, $1.00 for this ad. R. H. Taylor, 260 Hughes Street, Keyser, West Virginia.

OLD FASHIONED FRUIT CAKE with or without rum or brandy. This is the real thing. Recipe for baking this cake, $1.00. Madeline Wardell, Route 3, Box 258A, Lansing, Michigan.

GOLD, SILVER DETECTORS. Very sensitive. $2 for plans to easily build your own. Material costs less than $1. Decter, 353-W, Menard, Texas.

FREE ILLUSTRATED CIRCULARS—Exciting pictures for your living room, library, den, office. Wood-burning locomotives, horse, buggies, antique automobiles, eagles. Many others. Weinman Art Prints, Post-office Box 275, Elkhart, Indiana.

FOR SALE—8 x 10 portraits of Sitting Bull taken from original photo in my possession, $2.50. Mrs. K. D. Johnson, 108 Bonnie Brae, Newcastle, Wyoming.

FREE: MOON BITING CHART, for Muskie, Northern, Wall-Eye, Bass. S. R. Blackstone, 403 Powers Ave., Madison 4, Wisconsin.

MEXICAN BOWIE KNIFE, $4.50. Sixteen inch African Bushman, $3.45. Combination knife, twelve tools, $3.50. All with sheath, postpaid. Money back guarantee. Free illustrated literature on other knives. James Spriggs, Wildwood, Virginia.

FREE INSTRUCTIONS "How to fillet and clean fish the easy way." Write Outdoor Sports Products, Box 35, Vanderveer Station, Brooklyn 10, New York.

GET CHEAP LAND, you could make huge profit as I did. Directions, $1.00. Stark Sandman, 14321 Wentworth, Chicago 27.

BURIED TREASURE MAP, Louisiana and Gulf. Pirate Lafitte and others. $1. Dept. 243, MAPS, 703 Cigali Building, New Orleans.

FREE HYPNOTISM, Self-hypnosis, Sleep-learning catalog. Records, tapes, books, equipment. Write Drawer FT-697, Ruidoso, New Mexico.

GUARANTEED CURE for distemper in dogs. Post paid $1.98. Wm. C. Davis, Box 155, Itmann, West Virginia.

WANTED! Names, addresses dealers in western, southern postcards. Diana Richman, 401 Crescent Avenue, San Francisco 10, California.

AMAZING, new "Universal" knife and scissors sharpener. Sharpens fish knives, hunting knives and kitchen knives. Vest pocket size. Free instruction sheet included. Only $1.00 postpaid. Outdoor Sports Products, Box 35, Vanderveer Station, Brooklyn 10, New York.

"WINEMAKING, BEER, Ale Brewing." Highest powered methods, recipes. Illustrated. $2.20. Eaton Bookstore, Box 1242-R, Santa Rosa, California.

COWBOYS-COWGIRLS — Thousands of available photographs. Range, Roundup, Rodeo, Old-Time and new. Champs, greatest riders, bull doggers, etc. Send 25c to cover cost and postage for list. Montgomery Foto Service, 1519 Wyandotte Street, Kansas City 8, Missouri.

Leathercraft

FREE "Do-It-Yourself" Leathercraft Catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-A37, Fort Worth, Texas.

Rare Coins

RAREST CC MINT DOLLAR, 1885 Uncirculated $7.50. 100 page illustrated catalog, 50c. Shultz, Salt Lake City 10, Utah.

RARE 1884 CARSON CITY Uncirculated Silver Dollar, $7.00 each. Butts, Box 889, Torrington, Wyoming.

SELLING—Indian Head Pennies, roll, 50, $5.75; other coins. Rare Weeklies 50c each. Buying True West coins. Clarence Orser, Washington Avenue, Bemidji, Minnesota.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charley did not know much about cattle, "could hardly tell a bull from a steer" also that he could neither rope nor ride well.

Charley Russell did not brag about his work. He simply held his job with the Judith Roundup eleven years and I can tell you for sure, Liz, that old Nels True and Horace Brewster did not keep any hands around just for ornaments. Charley was not the best rider but he got by and some of those old "knot-heads" were tough ones. But when he let go with that rope, he usually got something and it wasn't atmosphere. Sometimes when he brought the cavy in one of the boys would hand him his rope and say, "Just drop a loop over that buckskin" or it could be a bay. I have seen Charley give just that one little swing over his head and send the rope out to settle down lightly where it was aimed. I never saw him miss. We didn't keep horses in rope corrals at night but turned them loose into the cavy where they could eat grass till Charley, the "night hawk," brought them into the rope corral in the morning.

I wonder just how Charley did such a good job painting those steers if he "could hardly tell the difference between a bull and a steer." A steer was a steer and a bull was a bull when he painted them. We old punchers knew that for sure.

I don't remember any dentist in Stanford in the old days and I had to go clear to Lewistown to Dr. Hedges to get a tooth pulled. All we had in Stanford then was Stough Mitchell's big store, a livery stable, blacksmith shop, a couple of saloons, post office in the store and a few cabins the residents lived in. There was a horse doctor—some went to him for humans, too.

I worked at Utica for Walter Wait. He was in partnership with Jim Morris. They had a saloon and hotel there in Utica and Walter Wait had a ranch up in the hills on upper Sage Creek. Worked for Nelson True, also. Pike Miller, Walter Wait's brother's partner, brought Charley Russell to Montana in 1880 to make a sheep herder out of him.

Charley was just a kid and his father wanted him to get his belly full of the West so he could settle back in St. Louis, Missouri, into business.

Charley isn't all legend as his art work will testify. He was a great guy. He was a good cowboy, a philosopher, a humorist and the greatest of western painters.—Bryon Claude Stork, "Rawhide Shorty," 2609 W. Everett Avenue, Spokane, Washington.

"Rawhide Shorty" is the author of the book, Rawhide and Haywire.

Confession From Canadian Reader

Howdy, Joe:

Your "No Liquor Ads?" made me think of the following piece and it might be appropriate to put it in now.

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar and my wife made me empty the contents of each and every one down the sink. So I proceeded to do as my wife desired and withdrew the cork from the first bottle. I poured the contents down the sink except for one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with the exception of one glass which I drank. I extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the good old booze down the bottle except a glass which I devoured. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, then threw the rest down the drank. I pulled the sink out of the next cork and poured the bottle down my neck.

I pulled the next bottle out of my throat and poured the cork down the sink, all but the sink which I drank. I pulled the next cork from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the cork.

Well, I had them all emptied and I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles which were twenty-four. So, counted them again when they came around again and I had twenty-four and as the houses came around, I counted them and finally I had all the houses and the bottles counted and I proceeded to wash the bottles but could not get the brush in the bottles. So I turned them inside out and wiped them all and we went upstairs and told my other half all about what I did and oh, boy—I've got the wifest little nice in the world.—Carl G. Muller, Box 375, Terrace, B.C., Canada.

"Why don't you learn to single foot like other horses?"

Holliday and "The Handkerchief"

Gentlemen:

The November issue was my first introduction to your fine magazine. I certainly do compliment you on its contents.

For years I have read books and magazine articles concerning the Old West. Your article on Doc Holliday reminds me of something I read some time ago.

Doc Holliday was a dentist from Macon, Georgia—a victim of tuberculosis. He was living in Tombstone, Arizona, when he was challenged to a duel by a tough character of that locale. Holliday accepted the challenge, then asked his opponent what would be the weapons. "The handkerchief," was the reply.

Holliday stared coldly at him, then said, "Sure, that's okay."

This was a "game" in which the participants would dig a grave, remove their upper garments, get in the grave, take a handkerchief corner in his teeth and the other corner in the teeth of his opponent. Each man had a knife and they remained as close as the handkerchief between their teeth until one fell dead in the grave. The victor agreed to bury his opponent.

Holliday had only a short time to live but the other fellow still had his years to look forward to so he decided against it.—D. N. Bower, 3205 Westona Drive, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Oregon Territory Familiar

Howdy Mr. Small,

Your April *True West* was tops and "The Lost Grizzly Mine" was of special interest to me.

I was born at Kerby, Oregon in 1893, so I am about the same age as Tom Bailey and know Josephine and Jackson Counties quite well. My father and I built the crossroads store at Provolt on the Applegate River in 1906. He sold out to Frank Bailey in 1907. There were several families of Bailey's but I never met Tom Bailey.

I remember hearing of two or three lost mines, the names of which I have forgotten. Until I read Mr. Bailey's story, I had never heard of any of them being found. An old prospector came to Provolt in search of the Blue Bucket mine but he never found it.

Between spells of wanderlust that began at the age of fourteen and took me all over the cattle country from Texas to Montana, I did a good bit of prospecting and trapping around Josephine and Jackson Counties. I'll bet it was old Dr. Flannigan who tried to patch up Jake.

I agree with Tom Bailey that that country is a prospector's paradise. In the spring when there is plenty of water for panning, one could usually make a couple of bucks a day with gold at $16.00 an ounce.

I rather think it was a renegade grizzly that got Jake Ormond. Those little black bears in that country are practically harmless and inoffensive in my experience and observation. There was a renegade grizzly named Old Reelfoot that ranged into Jackson County.—Jack Green, Star Route, Stonyford, California.

A Home In Pioneer Days

Dear Sir:

Have you ever thought of an article telling about the home-making of pioneer women? A modern day homemaker, with all the latest inventions at her fingertips, finds it very difficult to imagine what those brave women had to contend with in order to make homes for their families. Certainly, such women have merited some recognition in the history of the west.

A second suggestion I have is for more Indian lore. Again, not so much about the struggle between the Indian and the white man, but about their life within the various tribes. It would seem that all I have ever read about the Indian is on their struggle to retain the land or the injustice of the white man's placing the Indian on reservations. There have been many tales along those lines but all are showing only the savage side of the red man.

I do not believe the Indian was always a savage, fighting man. It is my contention that during peaceful times they loved, married, and reared children with the same emotions as the white man. Could it be possible to have some articles on that side of their life?—Mrs. Morice Wuelfing, Route 1, Greenville, Michigan.

Good suggestion! We'll welcome good letters, shorts or full length articles on the two subjects mentioned above.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOUR MORE GONE!

You have been able to order Nos. 5, 8, 13 and 17 in the past for 50c a copy. They are gone now. That makes sixteen issues out of print! Three more are going fast.

The instant our supply of a back number is exhausted, many dealers and collectors charge from $1 to $5 per copy (and get it!)—so stock up, boys, while we have some left.

This magazine is like a fiddle—it definitely gets more valuable with age. If we only had a good supply of those first fifteen issues! We have been offered up to $30 per copy for the most valuable numbers—and they are only five years old!

SPECIAL!

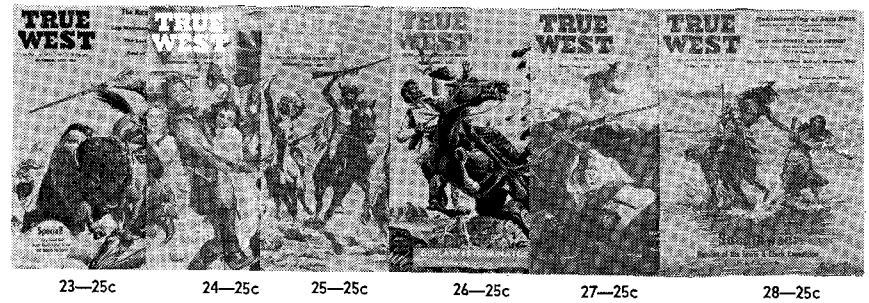
Why don't you invest in **TRUE WEST?** Lay in a supply now while we have them, and let them value with age. Like life as a whole, we have none of some, too few of too many, and too many of a few—so are willing to sell you certain issues at special prices. Even though they are listed at 25c each, we'll sell copies of Nos. 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37 and 38 of **TRUE WEST** and all issues listed of **FRONTIER TIMES** (with the exception of 1FT) at **JUST 19c PER COPY!** At the rate our back issues are going, even one year from now they could be worth 50c per copy—and that's no bull.

INVEST IN TRUE WEST!

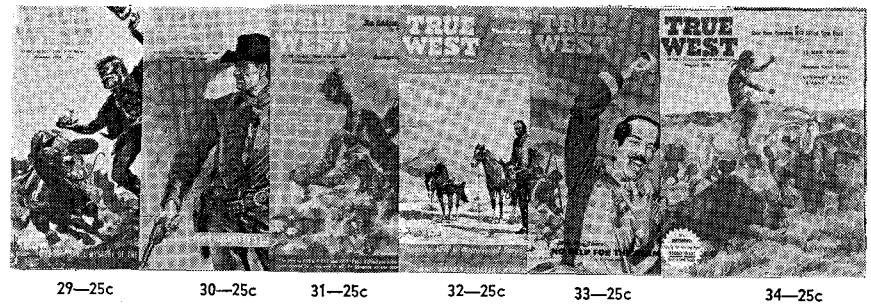
If you want to make an investment in back issues, we'll quote wholesale rates if you buy fifty or more. The following may sound silly but it's true (we know!)—they are as safe as good bonds and infinitely more valuable from a money-making angle.

Along with your order, why not turn to page 59 and take care of your gift subscriptions and perhaps extend your own. Then you can cover the whole shebang with one check, money order or germy bills!

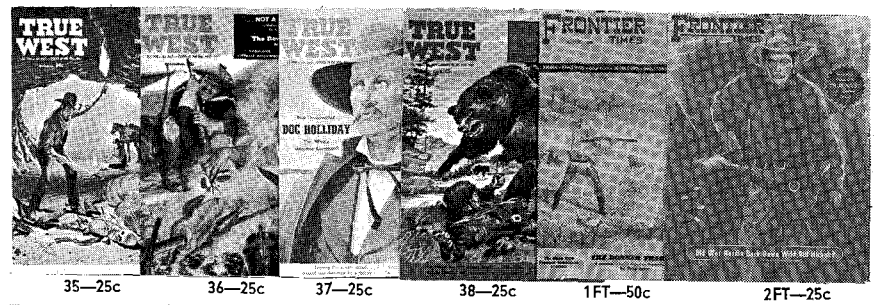
15—50c 16—50c 18—50c 20—25c 21—25c 22—25c



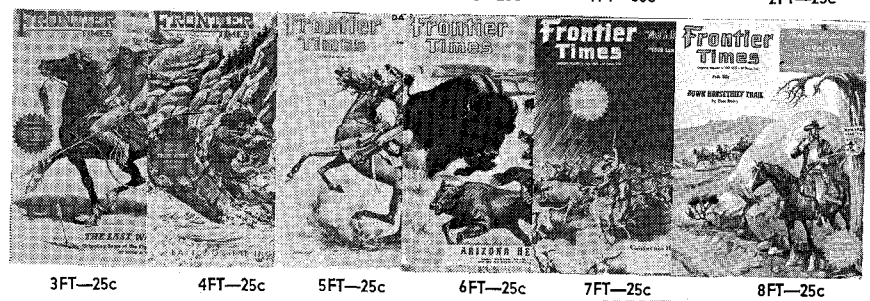
23—25c 24—25c 25—25c 26—25c 27—25c 28—25c



29—25c 30—25c 31—25c 32—25c 33—25c 34—25c



35—25c 36—25c 37—25c 38—25c 1FT—50c 2FT—25c



3FT—25c 4FT—25c 5FT—25c 6FT—25c 7FT—25c 8FT—25c

Man, it isn't much trouble! We get cussed every day for not having certain numbers—so we're tellin' you, Podner—they're going fast. Order now and you won't be cussin' us later!

9FT—25c 10FT—25c

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

BOX 5006-TW • AUSTIN 31, TEXAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

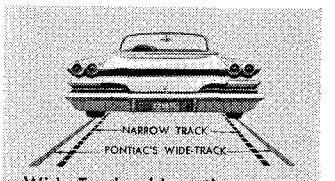
The 1960 Bonneville Convertible

The most able pleasure craft ashore is a Wide-Track Pontiac

This is the roadworthy car with Wide-Track Wheels.

This is the car that answers your commands with flawless precision on curves and turns. And this is the car with the ground-gaining Tempest Engine to sweep you along with that wind-at-your-back feeling (even when you go on money-saving regular gas with Pontiac's 425E Economy V-8).

Once aboard, you travel first-class. Pontiac's color-coordinated interiors are fabulous. Created from high-fashion materials, they're tailored and fitted with painstaking care. See your Pontiac dealer; take a Wide-Track drive.



Wide-Track widens the stance, not the car. With the widest track of any car, Pontiac gives you better stability, less lean and sway, accurate control.

PONTIAC THE ONLY CAR WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

SEE YOUR LOCAL AUTHORIZED PONTIAC DEALER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED